OLD WEST

47304
Summer,
1976
75¢
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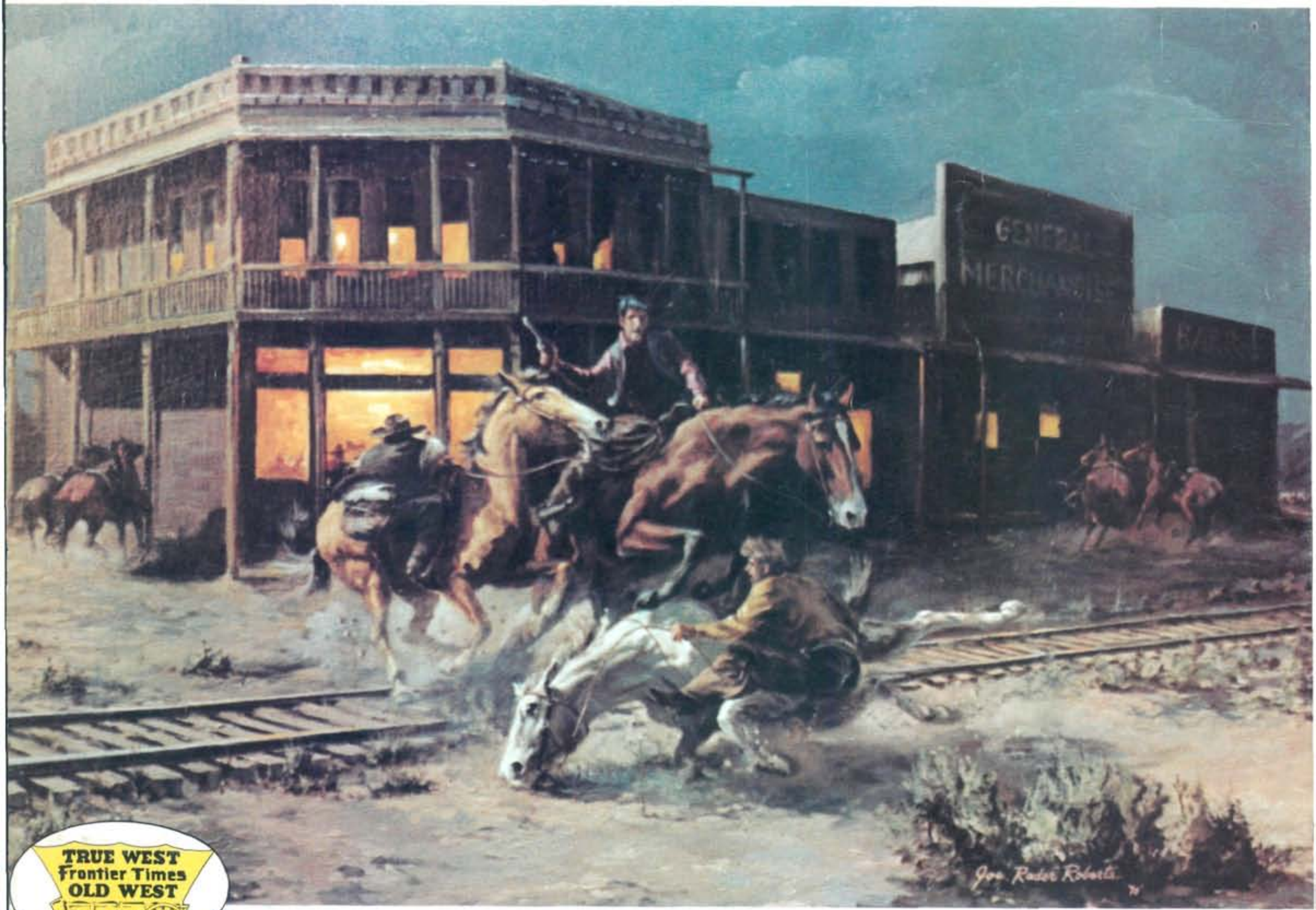
BILL BOX DIDN'T WEAR A GUN

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN FLEET

TILL THE LAW CUT US DOWN!

By Walt Coburn

(See page 4)



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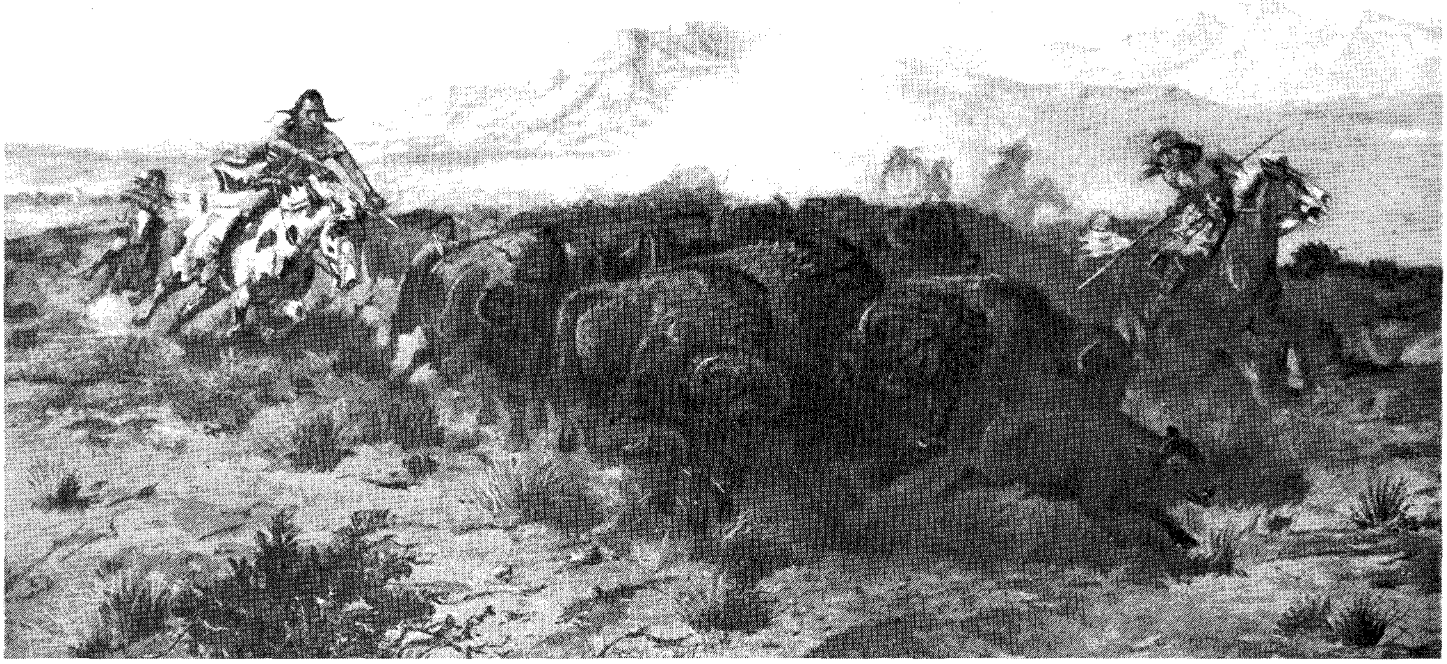

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—*A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11*
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, *11½x8*
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—*The Cattle Drive*, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—*The Jerkline*, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—*Mad Cow*, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
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66—Single Handed, 14x9½
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68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
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76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
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79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
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85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
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88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
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90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
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112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

BREAD!

Bread (The Encino Press, $7.95) by Sarah Morgan is a different cookbook—it is devoted entirely to recipes for mixing, kneading, covering, letting rise, and baking bread. Your reviewer found the chapter devoted to cornmeal and Mexican breads of the most interest but each to his own. If muffins are your favorite you will find numerous recipes for them. If the author missed any variant of the numerous kinds of loaves, rolls, muffins and such specialties as sourdough biscuits, pancakes, waffles, scones, crepes and pizza you know more about bread than your reviewer. Bill Wittliff designed the book and the format is pleasing indeed. Very good.

SKI TOURS

Millions of years ago the Rocky Mountains rose above the western Great Plains to form the high front range in Colorado. Snow-fed streams eroded great canyons into the mass of mineral-bearing mountains where mining bonanzas later were developed. Now most of the mines are exhausted but the streams are still eating westward into the mountain mass and their waters nourish the cities, towns and farms on the plains which lose altitude eastward. Today the snow fields from the front range to the Continental Divide provide the playground for thousands of skiers who pioneered a new and profitable recreational industry. *Colorado Front Range Ski Tours* (The Touchstone Press, P. O. Box 81, Beaverton, Oregon 97005, $5.95) by Tom and Sanse Sudduth provides facts on location, routes, and housing or camping facilities on fifty-four developed sites. There is a clear picture of each skiing site, plus a map and narrative description of the area and facilities. A glossary gives the skier helpful local mountaineering terms. The beautiful pictures of mountain snow scenery should stimulate interest in winter sports.

BORDER PATROL

Peter Odens, dean of the American Southwest desert rats, has published his eighth booklet on one of the nation's arid hotspots. *The Desert Trackers* (Men of the Border Patrol) may be purchased from Pete at P. O. Box 222, El Centro, California 92243 for $2.00. *The Desert Tracker* describes border patrol technology of the area around El Centro, California, a section with problems similar to those of the rest of the border from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Peninsula of Lower California. Created in 1924, the Border Patrol was established largely to prevent unauthorized aliens from entering the United States. Prevention of smuggling narcotics and other undeclared merchandise were the other major reasons for putting border patrol men to work. Yearly the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service returns 500,000 illegal aliens, and the number is increasing. The hungry, poorly equipped Mexican worker seeks higher wages in the land of his northern neighbor. Pete describes the utter pathos of bone-weary wetbacks as they ride over dusty, bumpy roads in crowded seats or in car trunks when they are smuggled into the United States. At best, patrolmen estimate they catch only one in nine of those stealing across the border. This form of smuggling is a phase of Americana that few U. S. citizens know much about. Odens gives his readers a look at this immense social problem which is complicating affairs in our nation.

WILD BILL

They Called Him Wild Bill: The Life and Adventures of James Butler Hickok (University of Oklahoma Press, $12.50) second edition, revised and enlarged, by Joseph G. Rosa includes much new material from the Hickok family, including letters sent by Wild Bill. James Butler Hickok (1837-1876) was only thirty-nine when he was shot through the back of the head by John McCall in a saloon in Deadwood, South Dakota. During his relatively short life he served as a scout, detective and a spy during the Civil War, a United States marshal in Kansas, toured for a while with Buffalo Bill Cody, prospected for gold, and farmed. Rosa, through research, has removed much of the controversy surrounding this exciting man, and reduced the number of killings credited to Hickok from over one hundred to seven. Rosa's review of the reports of the gunfight at Rock Creek near Fairbury, Nebraska where Wild Bill's reputation began, contains accounts varying from eleven men killed by Hickok to three. His pistol duel with Dave Tutt on the public square in Springfield, Missouri on July 21, 1865, while giving ample evidence of his marksmanship, still furnished controversy over the distance between the two men and other details. Wild Bill was exonerated at the trial since he had fired last, but the local press did not welcome the verdict. Later incidents with their various accounts in newspapers and other writings helped build the Wild Bill legend. Rosa's text draws freely on historical records and correspondence, which are quoted at length. Hickok emerges as a warm, friendly person, not quickly moved to violence. Of all the claims of how he got his name, the one that his brother Lorenzo was called "Tame Bill" and James was called "Wild Bill" impressed this reviewer most. The account of Wild Bill's assassination, the trial, and execution of his murderer includes much material from court records, the letters McCall wrote in jail, and a letter from his sister received on the eve of his execution. Perhaps the greatest mystery of Hickok's life was the motive for his murder. Rosa's book is exciting reading. Extensive footnotes, a bibliography, photographs of Wild Bill, and an index add to the book's value. Highly recommended.

YARNS—LEGENDS—LIES

A Treasury of Western Folklore (Crown, $9.95) is a revised edition of the long OP classic of 1951. Mr. Folklore, our old friend Ben A. Botkin who compiled and edited the first edition, was responsible for the numerous additions. The original informative foreword by Bernard DeVoto is retained. The additions include some Scandinavian immigrant stories, examples of Indian humor and some new angles in the sagas of Billy the Kid, Calamity Jane and Deadwood Dick. Quotations from a couple of Charlie Russell's inimitable stories, many from the writing of J. Frank Dobie, and all the other favorites from the first are again available. Strongly recommended.

COMANCHE CLASSIC

Comanches—The Destruction of a People (Knopf, $12.50) by T. R. Fehrenbach is the story of one of the most powerful and feared of American Indian tribes, from the prehistoric beginnings of these people to their final defeat. Originally a nomadic tribe of primitives barely surviving in the harsh environment of the Eastern Rockies, they suddenly discovered the horse which had been brought to the Southwest by the Spanish settlers. The Comanches bred horses by the thousands and with them they became masters of the plains. For more than one hundred years their raids blighted the plains even into Mexico. They destroyed the dream of Spanish empire in North America, blocked the French advance into the Southwest, and delayed the advance of the Anglo-American conquest of the continent for almost sixty years. The Comanches raised war and raiding to sheer exaltation; they stood for violence, cruelty, and blood courage, and they could not be quickly or easily cowed. But finally in the mid-nineteenth century they were conquered and virtually annihilated by the Texas Rangers and the U. S. Army. Fehrenbach is a brilliant story teller and is not a romanticist. He describes Indian life as it must have been—filled with fears, superstitions, hunger, cold and danger as well as with almost unbelievable satisfaction and dedication to their own way. Recommended.

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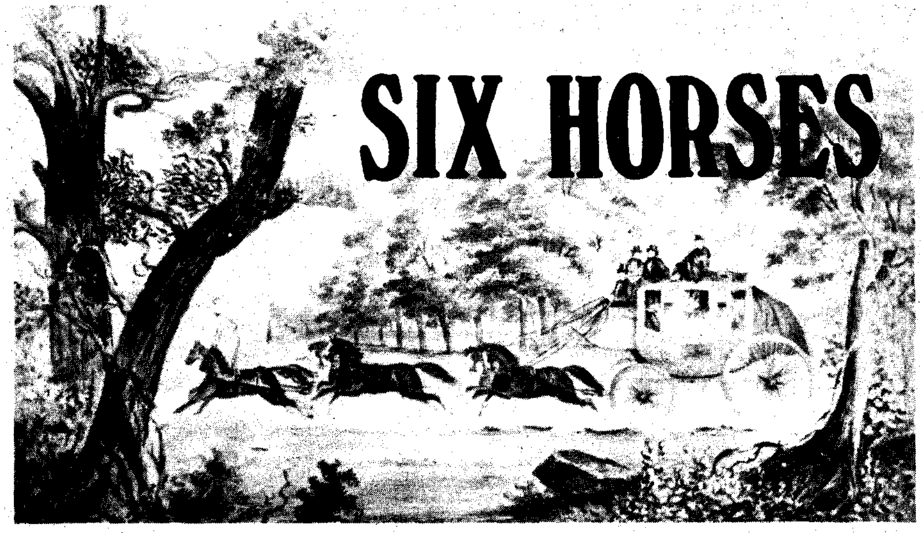
OLD WEST

A Joe Small Publication



California Stage Co.

SUMMER, 1976 VOL. 12, NO. 4 WHOLE NO. 48

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Hammon, Oklahoma

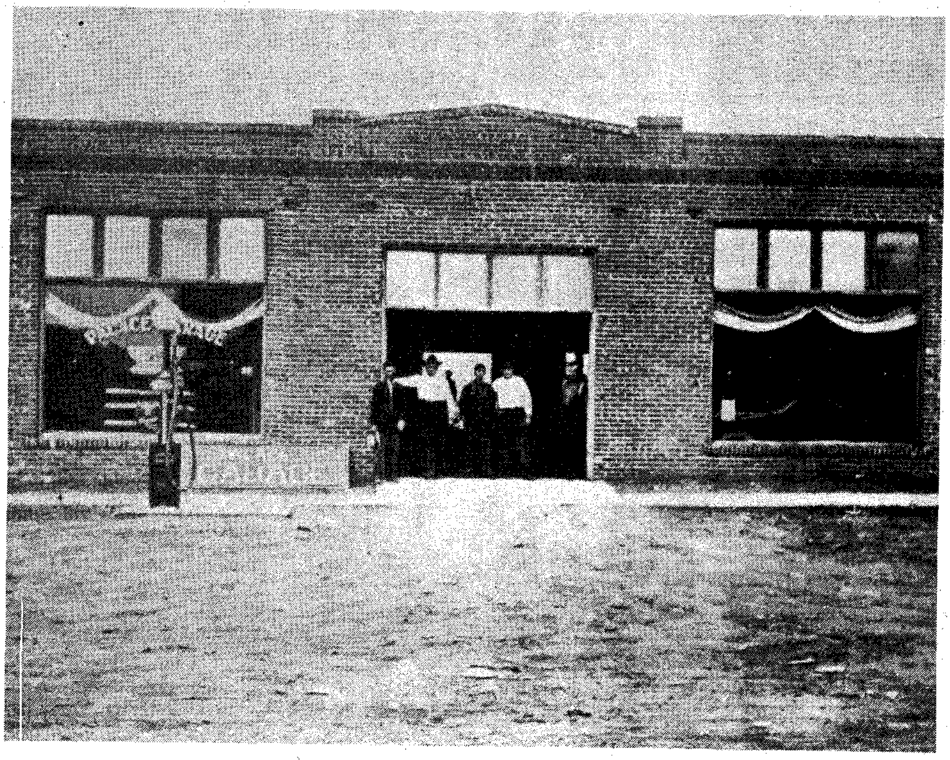
Last spring Hammon, Oklahoma hosted the Cheyenne-Arapaho celebration to honor the pioneers and early days of that area. Hammon, in Roger Mills County, got its post office in 1894. It was named for J. H. Hammon, an Indian Agent. There was an old Hammon and a New Hammon—like a lot of other towns it had to follow the railroad.

When the buggies gave way to cars L. G. Chavey and I formed a partnership with the idea of starting a garage there. It was sometime in 1916. Los Kerns offered to sell us his car parts stock and give us a one-year lease on his building.

We made a deal with him, but before our lease ran out we built the Palace and moved to it. The starting capital for our Palace Garage was $300 cash and a set of hand tools. We operated about two years and I then sold my interest to J. W. (Jack) Walton.

During the pioneer celebration people were asked to dig out any old photos they might have. I found this picture of the Palace that was made in 1917. H. J. Conley, L. G. Chavey, and J. W. Walton have passed on. Sam Creach and I live in Leedey.—E. E. McFarland, Leedey, Oklahoma 73654

From left to right: L. G. Chavey, H. J. Conley, Jack Walton, Sam Creach and E. E. McFarland.



Hinkle Family of New Mexico

I read with great interest your reprint of *Early Days of a Cowboy on the Pecos* by James F. Hinkle. All through that story in the Winter, 1975 OLD WEST I kept watching for another name to crop up, and wondering if the man who owned it might have been in some way related to the author.

Amby Hinkle, my grandfather, owned and operated a cattle ranch in Ellis Canyon near Socorro, New Mexico in the early and middle 1880s. His brand was the Double A Bar Above. My mother, who lived to be ninety-three, was the youngest of his five children. There were three girls and two boys.

The last of the Hinkles on my mother's side died three years ago and I have berated myself ever since the passing of my last uncle for not taking the time and effort to ask him a few important questions. I am sure my grandfather's early life in the West would make interesting reading today. In his youth he was a lawyer, later becoming sheriff of Gunnison County, Colorado where my mother was born in 1880. He later moved his family to New Mexico where he prospered in cattle.

I have often heard Mother speak of a Jim Hinkle somewhere back down the line of her distant relatives. Now I wonder if she was referring to James F. Hinkle, the man who wrote the book and was ex-Governor of the state she so loved, New Mexico.

Thanks for a fine magazine.—W. Lee Allen, P. O. Box 507, Snohomish, Washington 98290

Villa-Pershing Story

Your article about Pancho Villa in the Winter edition, 1975, on page 19, written by Ford Green, confirms something I was told many times in the early 1930s.

At that time I was Medical Officer for a C. C. C. Company at Fort Bliss, Texas. The superintendent, or boss of the working activities, was named Van Haslan. He was eight to ten years older than I, was a native born El Pasoan and could spout Spanish or Mexican like any native across the border. He was an excellent spinner of tales about the early days in El Paso, as handed down by his father. Oddly enough, every time I tried to check his veracity, he was proven to be correct.

His biggest "windy" (to my mind at that time) was when he was working as General Pershing's private interpreter while the General was in Mexico. The most unusual part of this story was that he had sat around campfires interpreting between Villa and Pershing personally. This was always a little hard for me to believe, but I finally had to accept it as truth because I was never able to prove him a liar.

Another thing that Van told me was that Pershing entered Mexico with the orders, "Chase Villa, but don't catch him." He had the feeling that the Mexico expedition was basically a training exercise for the Army and General Pershing, a most remarkably rapidly promoted officer.

After seeing the picture on the bottom of page 19 which shows Pershing and Villa talking face to face, maybe Van was telling the truth after all!—Martin C. Flohr, M. D., 109 South Pine Street, P. O. Box 787, Williams, Arizona 86046

Remembers the Ranches

My father, Harley Reynolds, happened to run across an old issue of your magazine dated Fall, 1969, in which there is a story on the J J Ranch by Ike Osteen. My father worked in 1890-91, when he was sixteen or seventeen years old, for the old Tate Ranch and the J J Ranch. He remembers one of the men pictured, Ed Bell. He worked with him and described him as a very good looking man with very blue eyes.

My father was very excited over this article. I thought the author, Ike Osteen, would like to know that he said it was just

(Continued on page 38)

Walt tells how he wound up in the calaboose and how much fun he was having...

Till The LAW Cut Us Down!

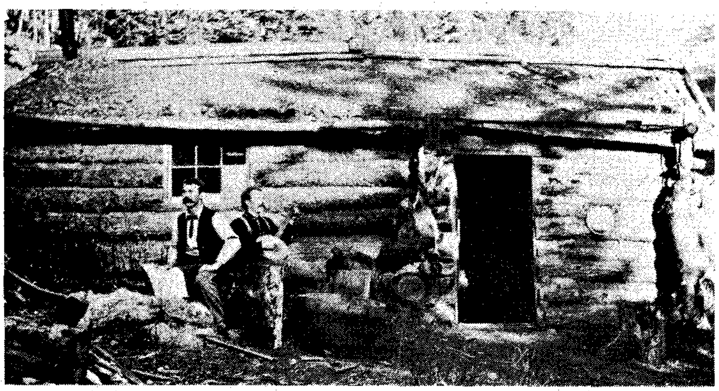


Photo Courtesy Al Lucke, Havre, Montana

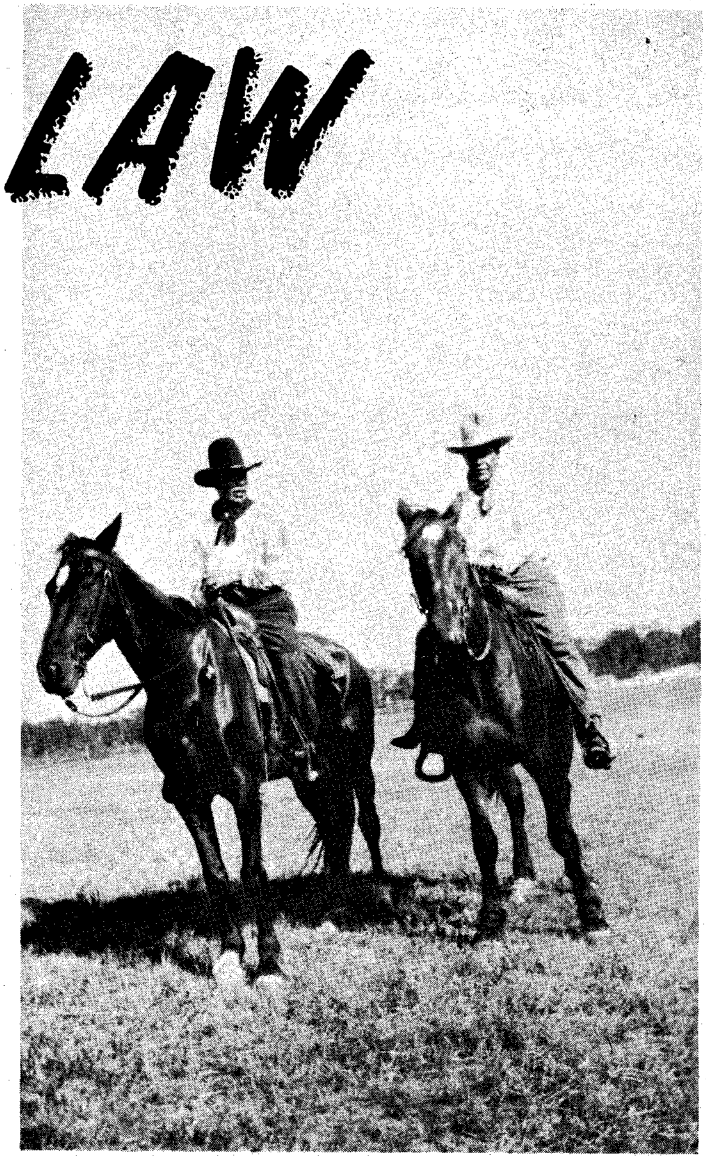


Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

Above left: Miner's cabin in Landusky. Above right: Walt (right) and George Contway in 1915. Below: Miner's picnic near Landusky, Montana circa 1896.

Photo Courtesy Al Lucke, Havre, Montana

BY WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE TENTH OF JUNE marked the end of the Circle C calf roundup. The mess wagon and bed wagon had pulled into the home ranch a little after sunrise. The horse wrangler drifted his remuda into one of the big corrals on the hill overlooking the ranch buildings, and the ten or a dozen reps spent the rest of the morning roping out their strings of ten horses each, and then pulled out for the headquarters ranch of the outfits they had been representing.

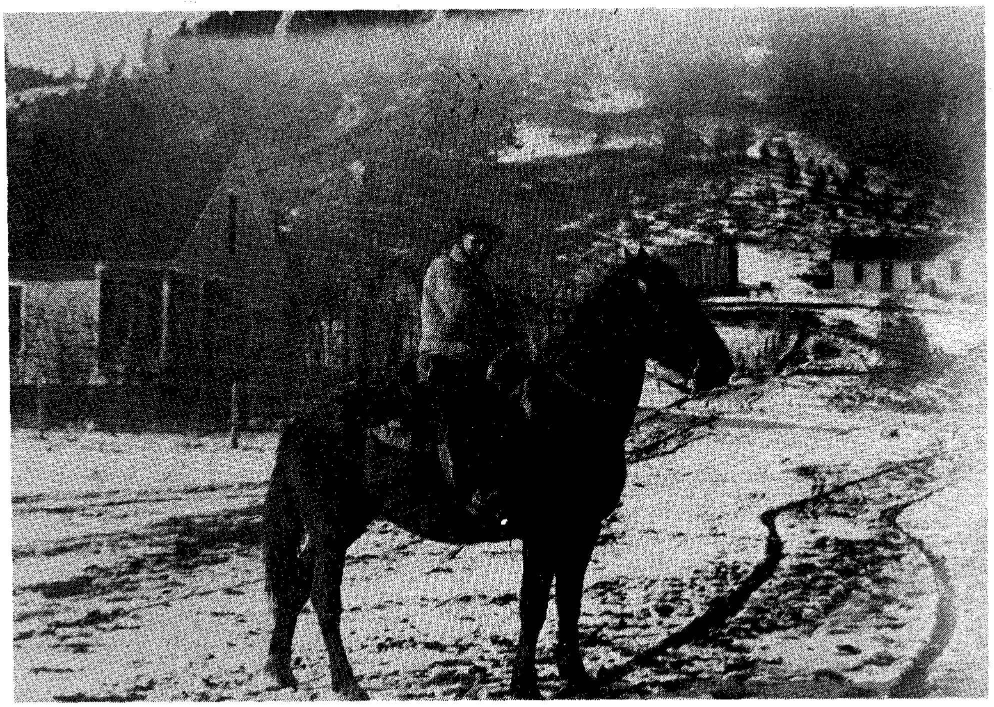


Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

Above: Walt on a big black three-year-old gelding, Grifter, one of Jim Thornhill's horses, taken on a cold day at Zortman. Below: Walt Coburn in 1951.

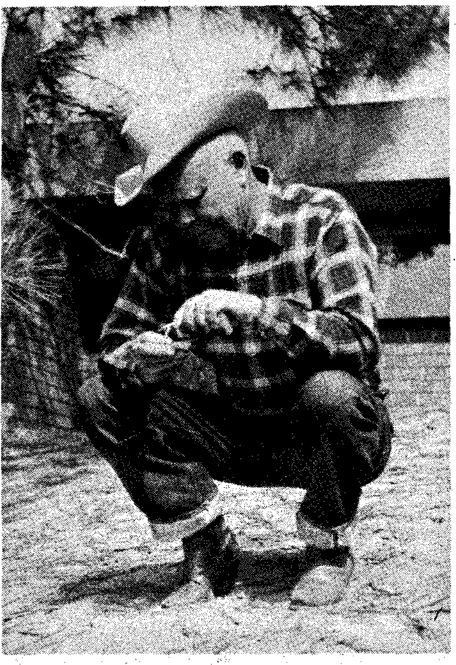


Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

Most of the Circle C cowpunchers had drawn their time, purchased new Levi's, shirts, underwear and socks at the log cabin office-commissary. They shaved their week's stubble of whiskers, and washed off with strong yellow laundry soap in the shallow waters of Beaver Creek that ran past the bunkhouse and cook shack. Then they changed to new duds from the hide out. Their discarded dirty clothes, piled in a corner of the long log bunkhouse, would be gathered up the following day or so by the Assiniboine and Gros Ventres women from the nearby Fort Belknap Reservation.

Clean and dressed in new clothes, the Circle C cowpunchers saddled their private horses, loaded their beds on their second horses, and headed for town to blow in their hard-earned pay across the bar and gambling tables, or at the dance halls. Mostly they headed for Malta, the shipping point on the Great Northern. The railroad cowtown somehow offered more attraction for the average cowhand than the nearer mining camps and cowtowns of Landusky and Zortman in the Little Rockies. Perhaps they liked to hear the locomotive whistle and to amble over to the depot when the Oriental Limited was due to stop for five-ten minutes while the locomotive took on coal and water. There were always young ladies among the passengers who got off the train to walk the platform with eager eyes and smiles as they flirted a little with the cowpunchers.

Jake Myers, wagon boss and foreman for the Circle C, had outlined a few day's work for the big straw-boss, Frank Howe, and for Joe Holt, who rode the rough string, and for myself as we ate our noon dinner together.

Before the Circle C remuda of around two hundred head of saddle horses were turned loose for the summer, their shoes had to be pulled off. Then there was the cook stove and mess tent and food supplies to be taken from the mess wagon and lugged into the storehouse until the fall beef roundup started. Harness for the four-horse teams that hauled the mess wagon and bed wagon had to be hung up. The bed wagon had to be emptied of the large bed tent, and the rope corral with its gunnysack of stobs and steel pins, stored in the warehouse. Branding irons had to be lugged into the blacksmith shop. The harness had to be mended. The wheels of both wagons had to be greased, and the wagon sheets that, in stormy weather, fitted over the hardwood hoops, had to be stored away until fall. And there was a whole slew of other jobs to be done.

BETWEEN roundups it was my job to ride loose herd on the remuda during the summer. A sort of lazy job that I looked forward to with pleasure. It beat working with the hay crew, both ways from the middle.

After dinner was over and the three of us were finishing up the job of yanking off the worn horseshoes with long-handled horse pliers, big Frank Howe came up with one of his bright notions.

"You fellers know," Howe put on a left-handed wise grin, "what the 13th of June means?"

"Another work day," Joe Holt announced. "Another day. Another dollar and thirty-three cents on the time book."

"Even if it comes on a Sunday, rain or shine," I put in my two-bits worth, "it's another work day anyway you want to figger it."

"Couple of smart Alecks," Howe's grin widened a little. "Come the 13th of June we'll be caught up with our chores, and us three gents is due for a holiday. I'm fixin' to talk Jake Myers into givin' us a day off. Meanwhile you fellers keep it under your Jawn Bay, Savvy?"

Me'n Joe nodded our heads in agreement.

"The 13th of June is a big holiday at Zortman and Landusky," Frank Howe lowered his voice and dropped an eyelid. "It's the Miners' Union Holiday. But I have my doubts whether Jake Myers from Oklahoma ever heard tell of any miners' holiday."

Joe Holt, who was born and raised with the older Jake Myers in the same Indian Territory of Oklahoma, was now eyeing the big strawboss with suspicion. "This one of your practical jokes, Howe? You wouldn't be jobbin' us old country boys?"

There were times when Frank Howe had a bothersome habit of lying when the plain and sordid truth would have served better.

"Don't take my word for it, bronc stomper," Howe grinned easily. "But that's the day the hard rock miners start swingin' their single-jacks in a drillin' contest. There'll be foot racin', horse racin', and a big dance to wind up the celebration. But don't fer cripes sake, breathe a word of it to Jake."

Me'n Joe gave Howe our solemn promise, because we knew if Jake ever suspected Zortman and Landusky were celebrating a holiday, with a dance to wind it up, he would have broken all the spokes of our little red wagon. Just for the hell of it. So mum was the word, and it looked like Lady Luck was riding with us when on the morning of the twelfth Jake hooked up the trotting team of Roulette and Faro to the top buggy, and headed for Malta with his wife Janie, and his young daughter Cecil, to spend a few days in town.

"I'll be gone a day or so," Jake told me as I helped harness the team and hook them up to the buggy. Then he outlined some more chores for me. "Get yourself a bag of staples and a claw-hammer and ride fence on the big pasture, and tomorrow go over the fence at the Rollin' M place and the Little Warm and Big Warm hay meadows, and the Parrot place."

Before Jake finished naming the various fences I was to ride he'd mapped out a week's work. Several times I had a mind to ask him for a day off, but I got a second thought that buttoned up my kid mouth, on account I had a hunch Jake would turn me down in no uncertain terms. My father was always riding my tail to take on a man's responsibilities and telling me that when I learned how to handle a crew of cowpunchers I'd get $75 a month, and he kept telling Jake to drill that sense of responsibility into me. And Old Griz, as the cowpunchers called him when he was out of earshot, had the notion that pouring the work on me was what my father had in mind.

"I'll leave you in charge of the outfit until I get back," Jake said with a big grin. But I knew it was his idea of a big joke. Me in charge of the outfit in a pig's eye! Ridin' fence! There was nobody on the ranch except Al Taylor, the ranch cook, Swede Pete Olsen, who milked the cows and did the irrigating, and Frank Howe and Joe Holt. Frank Howe was drawing strawboss wages and by rights it was Howe's job to run the outfit in Jake's absence, but for years there had been a sort of concealed jealousy between Jake Myers and Frank Howe, and there was never a time on the roundup or at the ranch when Jake ever shifted the straw-boss authority on the big, good-natured Howe.

Like always when I rode fence I took the hound pack with me, because it was most likely we would sight a coyote or a prairie wolf. The dogs were of mixed breed: Brin, the big brindled wolf hound; Spinner, the sleek greyhound bitch; and a big Airedale called Teddy, named after Teddy Roosevelt who gave the pup to my half-brother Wallace from the pack of hunting dogs he kept at his ranch on the Little Missouri. The dogs were trained to follow a horsebacker until they sighted a coyote or wolf, then the whole pack was off and running full tilt, the horsebacker following behind, his mount wide open. Having the hound pack along broke the monotony of fence riding.

That first night I got back to the ranch before supper time, with two coyote pelts to collect the $5 bounty on each pelt.

While we were eating supper I asked Frank Howe if he had tackled Old Griz about us taking tomorrow off. He shook his head, saying he didn't know that Jake had pulled out for Malta until he was long gone. But that it cut no ice either way—that we'd earned a day off and it was up to us to take it, regardless—that what Old Griz didn't know wouldn't spoil his all-night poker game in the back room at Long Henry's Saloon. And so on and so forth, as the big straw-boss made his countless excuses and reasons why we deserved a holiday.

That evening Al Taylor gave the three of us hair cuts and neck shaves. We bathed in the creek and next morning put on clean clothes. We each drew what wages we had coming, and Jack Kearns, the bookkeeper, paid us off in folding money from the cash on hand in the office safe.

We were all set and rearin' to go after an early sunrise breakfast, dressed to the nines, with folding money in our pockets. I was riding a three year old iron-gray gelding called Standby that I'd bought and broke myself. Joe Holt was forking a bald-faced, stocking-legged green-broke horse from his rough string. Frank Howe roped a big grulla called Red Ears, one of his string. And off we went for the day.

WE by-passed Zortman and took the branch road direct to Landusky. When we rode into Landusky, reputed to be the toughest mining camp and cow-town in Montana, it had a deserted look. We soon found out why when we tied

Miner's Union Celebration in 1907 at Zortman.

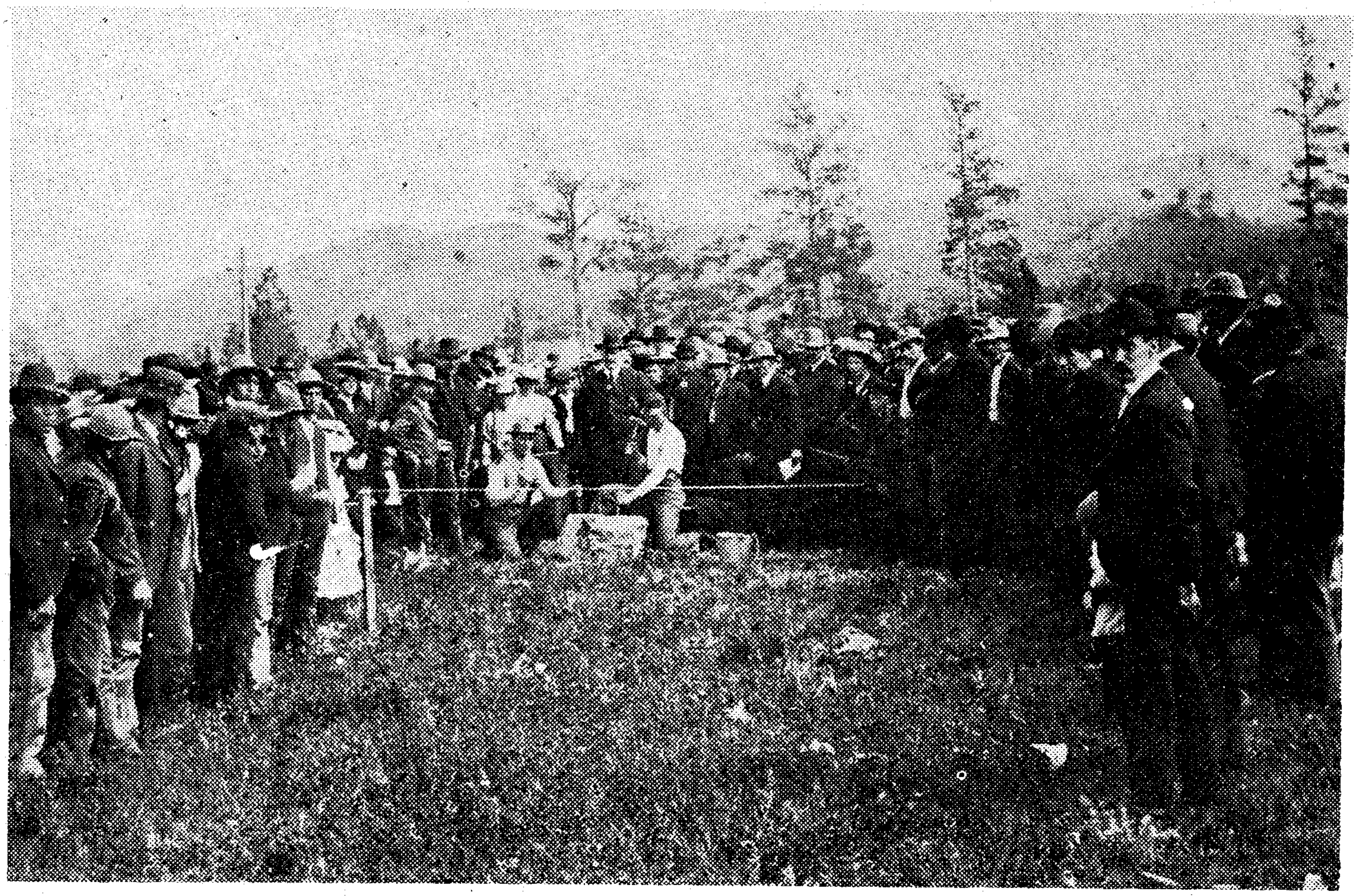


Photo Courtesy Pat Coburn

Walt Coburn and Everett Bowman at a Tucson rodeo.

up at the hitchrack in front of Jew Jake's Saloon. Jasper Wimberly now owned the saloon, and Jap was behind his empty bar. The Miners' Union celebration, Jap informed us when we hoisted our first drink of the day, was to be held this year at Zortman, by popular vote of the Union members. He said that he and Fred Roberts, the constable, were the only two men left in Landusky. So after a few rounds of drinks we headed back to Zortman.

As we rode up the stage road that terminated into the main street, there was a large crowd gathered around a small park in the scrub pines on the outskirts of town. In a roped-off square-circle about the size of a prizefight ring, two hard-rock miners, matched in a rock drilling contest, knelt on one knee on opposite sides of a slab of flat-surfaced quartz. Each had a short-handled sledge-hammer gripped in one hand and a sharp-honed drill, like a short crowbar about two and a half feet long, gripped in the other hand. Alongside each man was a bucket of water and a long-handled dipper.

An official timer stood by with a stop-watch, and after a given length of time, say about five minutes, time was up and the holes were measured for depth. The miner with the deepest hole won the contest. Each contestant dippered water into the small hole as it deepened, to puddle the rock surface and keep the drill cool. There was skill as well as strength and endurance involved. Side bets were made and there were roaring cheers at the end of each contest. Now and then there were heated arguments among the tipsy miners and a few rough and tumble, free-for-all fights.

"This is no place for a cowhand," Howe explained. "Let them Cousin Jack miners fight 'er out."

So we stabled our horses and went afoot up the wide street to make the rounds of the saloons, both sides of the street, playing no favorites. The streets were crowded with ranchers and their families, a goodly sprinkling of 'breeds, and a few fullblood Assiniboine and Gros Ventres Indians from the Fort Belknap Reservation. There was a federal law forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor to these wards of Uncle Sam, and every Indian was on the 'Injun List' at the saloons. Every saloon owner and bartender in town was almighty cautious and careful about selling them liquor, especially on holidays when there was apt to be a government spotter on the prowl.

When we had stabled our horses, who should show up at the barn but Roy Long Knife, a fullblood who had worked for the Circle C as horse wrangler. He had been to the Agency school and to high school at the Fort Shaw Indian School on Sun River. I had grown up with Roy and his brother Abe, and other fullbloods. I had a hunch Roy Long Knife had spotted us when we rode into town, and I knew by the way he grinned and his bashful, awkward manner exactly what was on his mind when he had come to the barn.

I shed my white angora chaps and hung them across my saddle. I slid my six-shooter from the chaps pocket and shoved the gun into the waistband of my Levi's. I told Roy that if he came back in about a half an hour he'd find a bottle in the pocket of my chaps, and it was up to him to keep an eye out for any spotters, the barn man or anybody else—white, breed or fullblood. If he got caught with the bottle that was his hard luck and not mine, and for gosh sakes to get the hell out of town before some government man picked him up for being drunk and having a bottle. It wasn't the first time Roy or Abe Long Knife, Jesse Iron Horn, or Merlin Takes The Shield had talked me out of a bottle of booze, and so far none of them had so much as whispered where they got it. But there was always the first time, and so I repeated the same old words of caution. To my way of thinking an Injun had as much right to drink as a white man, but I shore wasn't anxious to declare my sentiments on the witness stand before a Federal judge.

I kept my promise to Roy Long Knife and when I came back a few hours later the bottle of bar whiskey was no longer in my chaps pocket.

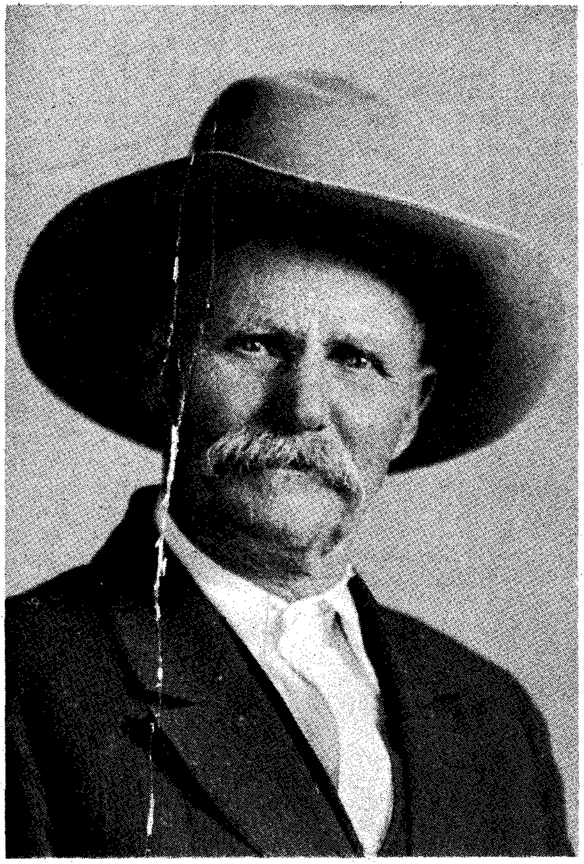
I HAD LEFT Frank Howe and Joe Holt in Dutch John's Saloon, and I crossed the street to Buster Moran's place. The last time I'd been in Buster's saloon he had a big bald eagle with a busted wing that he'd set. He kept the eagle he called Uncle Sam inside a big iron cage about ten feet high and ten feet square. The floorless cage sat in the center of the room and was fastened down to the floor with steel clamps. Buster had made a rule that every new customer that lined up at the bar must buy a pound of raw beef for the eagle when he bought his first round of drinks. So I had stopped at the meat market and bought a pound of brisket beef, and when I entered the saloon Buster gave me his usual greeting, "Cowboy in town! Belly up to the mahogany, gents." I looked around for Uncle Sam and the cage as I lined up at the bar.

"Uncle Sam's busted wing mended," Buster explained. "So come matin' season I turned him loose." He pointed up toward the ceiling. The big iron cage had been pulled up with block and tackle to the rafter overhead. Where the cage had formerly sat in the center of the room there was a white-painted spot about three feet in diameter and marked with four compass points, N.S.E.W.

"We've organized the Jim Bridger Scouts," Buster explained. "In order to become a member of this exclusive drinkin' club each member has to pass a sense-of-direction test that all cowpunchers brag about possessing, even when caught in a blizzard of a dark and stormy night. Let's find out if you've got that cowhand's sense of direction, Walt." Buster grinned a little. "Fetch the stool, one of you gents."

One of them fetched a piano stool with the usual circular adjustable seat, and put it in the center of the round white circle. Buster set me down. Untying the new black neckerchief loosely knotted around my neck, he used it to blindfold me. Somebody tied my hands behind my back, and I was told to tuck my feet up and keep them there while I was spun around. Hands grabbed my shoulders and

(Continued on page 23)



Left: William C. Box. Below: W. C. Box and Hollie Ann Box, with their sons Al and Gordie and their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Richard Owen. Taken in Braggs, Oklahoma in 1912.

In Oklahoma's Cookson Hills
it took a special kind of man
to turn the other cheek
and not wind up
spinning like a top...

BILL BOX DIDN'T WEAR A GUN

BY JEWEL V. McDANIEL

Photos Courtesy Author

SHORTLY BEFORE Oklahoma became a state in 1907, my grandfather, William Clements Box, moved his family in a covered wagon from the grasslands of Arkansas to the Greenleaf Mountains near the Famous Cookson Hills where outlaws hid. This was quite a jump, but he and his wife and teen-age children tackled it, the first problem being the language barrier. Pa Box never learned the Cherokee language; instead the Indians chose to learn his.

After many years of promoting education, hiring the best teachers, and finally building Yellow Hammer, a good school, Pa's friends asked the question: Why would he leave the farmlands of Arkansas to bring his family to Indian Territory? Did he migrate there to bring education to an unschooled people? No, but because Grandmother could neither read nor write, except to print her name—Hollie Ann Box—he was more than sympathetic to the problems. "Skill of hunter, not enough," he told the Indians.

They were also guilty of exploiting child labor in the fall crop gathering, he felt, and he blamed the school system for allowing it.

Pa Box was so persistent that he soon got the minors out of the fields and back in the classrooms. Many of the children could not speak a word of English, and were backward but learned quickly. As soon as faith and trust had been established, the bewhiskered man of short stature and Irish descent, with full cooperation of the Cherokee Indians and the mixed-whites, branched out in establishing and building schools about the mountains so that every child could have a chance at education. Tahlequah, the college town where the best teachers came from, was fairly close by. Pa rode horseback into Tahlequah often and kept abreast of who was available for nine-months terms.

Chips and tree bark, dirt and the white rock of Persimmon Ridge flew as Pa Box and his sons worked from sun to sun. Soon they had added another dimension to the community, a general merchandise establishment called Box's Store. About a city block away, he and the boys built a house for themselves on a ten-acre square.

Mammy Box and her daughter Estella (my mother) planted crops, mended fences, made hominy and lye soap in frontier fashion, and helped in the store. The settlers raised their own potatoes, corn, and other vegetables for winter use. Almost everyone had a garden of sweet potatoes, pumpkins, cabbage, and turnips. Every house had an orchard and this afforded canned fruit. Beef and chickens and turkeys was plentiful, but there was little money.

LIFE moved slowly in the mountains. The store became a gathering place to learn all the latest news, as Pa was the only one around who took a daily newspaper. There were enemies in the area, but Pa went to each one and asked them not to bring their revenge feelings to the store. "Women and children are there and we want it to be a peaceful place for them," he said. Each man knew his enemies' horses and shied away from the store when he saw them hitched outside.

In the store just about everything from axle grease to gumdrop candy could be purchased on credit. The farmer made his own terms, the account usually being carried over to fall when he harvested his small crops of corn and cotton.

The store was not located on a street and there were no painted signs to indicate it was a store. But the long, flattop rock building, with not enough windows for good lighting, had accommodations a-plenty for seating. Pa lined up nail kegs alongside the counters, and even provided a spittoon for his customers' convenience.

"Why sell them snuff and tobacco and refuse them a place to get rid of the juice?" Pa asked when Mammy complained of the "filth."

Cheese, crackers and sardines could be bought for lunch, or Pa would invite the whole bunch to go home with him for "beans." The meal was usually fried potatoes and ham, biscuits and gravy. Everyone was welcome and Pa and Mammy considered the shabbiest to be their friends.

They drew their water from two wells. One was a dug well, boarded up on the sides (grandchildren were restricted from this area). Then there was a well on the porch with a long, slim bucket on a rope.

It was hard to draw water but on wash days none of the men ever thought to help Mammy get the pot filled. She was a strong little old lady, perhaps going more on nervous energy than actual strength. The family had no screens on the doors, although they could have well afforded them.

Once a month Pa went into town, as did other people who wanted clothing or something the Box store didn't have. On the day Pa went for supplies he took a whole day. We listened late into the evening for the rumble of the wagon over rough old Persimmon Ridge, as some of the family had to help unload the heavy barrels of sugar, salt, coffee beans, and kerosene. I can still remember the late-late suppers when supply day came; all the littlest grandchildren would fall asleep without eating. Pa bought hard candy in wooden buckets, and jelly in striped buckets which later served as lunch buckets. (Grandpa scratched my name on mine because they all looked alike.)

The weighing up of staples in brown paper bags was Mammy's job, and I liked to watch her do it. She would try to get in a bit of housework, pickle canning, or churning in between, and would run back and forth between the house and store, with me trying to keep up. If I complained of leg ache at night, my mother restricted me so I mostly suffered in silence. I wonder now if Mammy didn't have leg ache every night!

No smutty jokes were ever passed over the counter when she was there waiting on the customers. They had to be carried over to another time for she would have said, "Shuckin's alive, is everybody going to the dogs?"

She was good at making change. The fact that she neither knew the Cherokee language nor could read or write made no difference in her being a good storekeeper.

Pa rode the range on occasion to check on his white-faced cattle with the B/B brand. Sometimes he caught some of the settlers butchering some of his stock. He either said they were hungry, they had too many kids, or there's more where these came from.

He and Mammy were accused of giving away their profit. "Ma gives it away in a gunny sack; or Pa, in bad credit." It didn't matter; they knew they were going to get good measure, pressed down and running over. Each night, after the last cow had been milked and the cats put out for the night, Pa read to Mammy. First from the Bible and her religious magazine, the *Pentecostal Evangel* (it is still in publication after over fifty years), and then from the Muskogee *Times Democrat*, and the *Daily Phoenix*. Pa kept up with current events and was a great politician.

ALL cowpaths seemed to curve right out of the woods and stop short at the door of the store. The customer might want only a bar of laundry soap or a twist of tobacco, and he might spend the entire day just sitting and listening, or he might work a few hours in the cool of the day and ride to the store to stay until the sun went down.

If he wanted kerosene it had to be "guessed at," for customers brought all sizes of bottles. Sometimes they would ask for a dime's worth, or a quarter's worth. The staples, weighed up in brown paper bags, were placed on the shelves so the Indians could go right to the items and instead of speaking, could point a finger.

Both Mammy and Pa Box hated to give change to people who were going "down under the hill" to buy whiskey. Once Mammy made change from a twenty-dollar bill for two men and she said: "They are headed for Old So-and-So's to buy liquor," and sure enough the sad ending later got around. The men were going to a dance and got sleepy. It was in the dead of winter so they built a big fire and lay down. The fire reached them and caught the wool overcoat of one, and burned him so terribly he died in three days.

The whiskey makers were a stench in the nostrils of Pa, who thought everyone should obey the law; but he never turned them in. I remember once when Jim B - - - (one of the outlaws who hid in the Cookson Hills, and whose family of law-abiding people were neighbors) asked to sleep in the barn. Pa turned to look the other way. His sons said Pa was afraid of Jim.

Pa asked, "What else was there to do?" The Revenue men were hot on his trail and he was soon captured and spent time in McAlester prison. My Dad had a letter from him, and he kept it in an old trunk. It was the prettiest script I have ever seen. In the letter he had asked about me. Later, when he escaped and was being hunted, Mother warned me not to let on if I saw him in Braggs. (He could be anywhere, and if he wanted a place to hide he might try to find us.)

Pa had been bailsman for many of the mountain people; he gave advice on legal matters; pulled teeth if someone asked him to; and even doctored their animals for colic, sometimes sitting up half the night.

If someone died, it was Pa and any help he could recruit who made the coffin in his own back yard. He used materials from the sawmill, and trim from the store. Mammy would run her legs off between the store and kitchen trying to cook up enough food to feed the helpers and to send to the bereaved family. Pa never charged for the materials or for the labor.

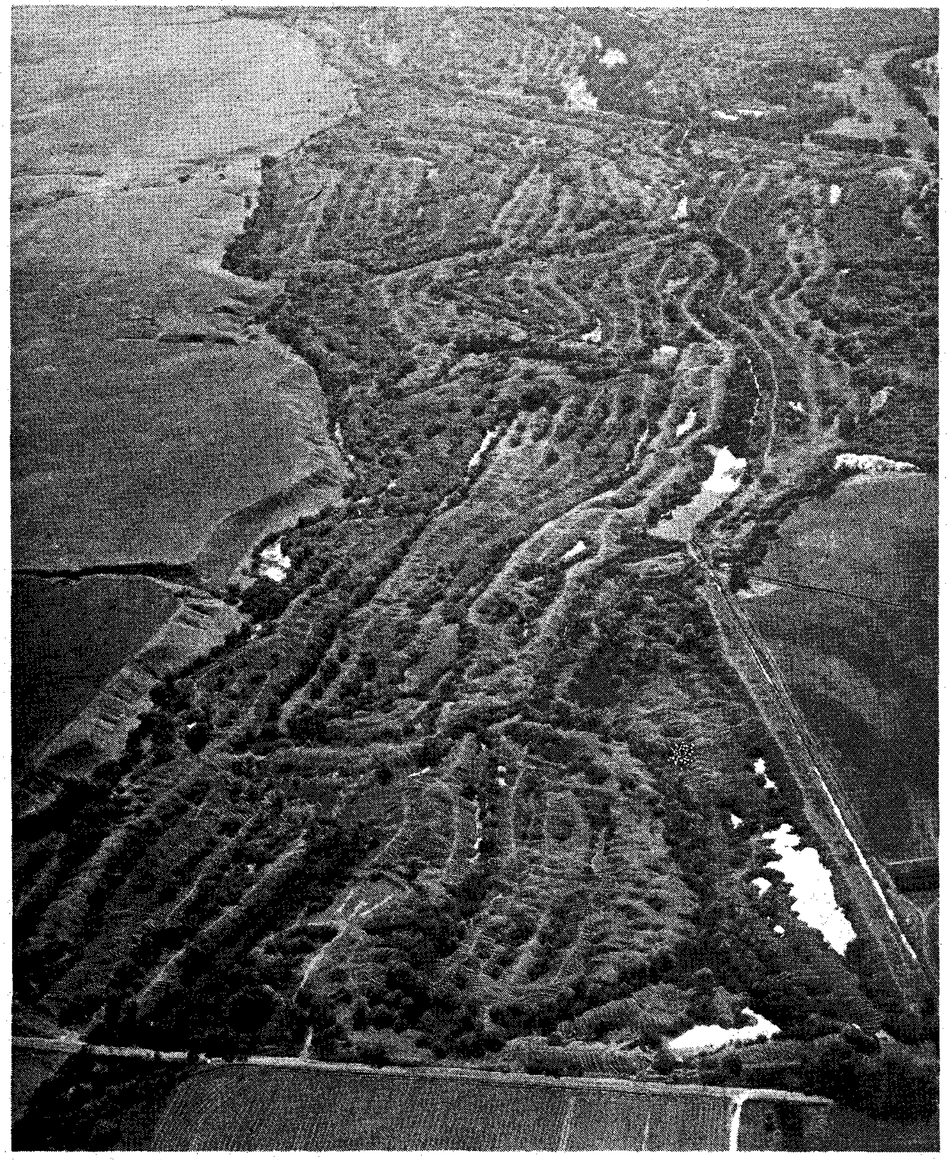
A few times the store was broken into at night. Pa would cuss a while, then consult the authorities then get soft-hearted. If there was a dance in the area, he would sneak back down there after dark and sleep on a cot. Uncle Al said: "Lot of good that will do. If they come, Pa will help them sack it up and make a get-away."

(Continued on page 34)

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN FLEET

BY MACK SHERRILL

Photos Courtesy Author



Aerial view showing stacks of gravel left by the gold dredges. Cox Ferry Road is in the foreground.

—dredging for

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH had four stages. As placer mining diminished, hard rock or deep mining began, some to a depth of one mile. Then there was hydraulic mining that eroded mountainsides to such an extent that it was outlawed. This was followed by the less glamorous but more profitable dredging for gold.

The dredges operating along the foothills of the Mother Lode from 1898 until 1968 were dubbed "California's Golden Fleet." At the height of their operation, there were six dredges working in the vicinity of Snelling, California.

Anyone who has driven north from Merced on Highway 59 to Snelling has seen the piles of coarse gravel along the road with trees and brush interspersed among them. If one continues from Snelling to Merced Falls, more piles of gravel may be seen, but in some places this upheaval has been leveled by bulldozers and shows increasing signs of habitation.

Those piles of gravel are tailings, mute evidence of the operation of California's Golden Fleet on the Merced River. In the Snelling-Merced Falls area dredging began about 1907, reached its peak in the depression years of the 1930s, then ceased altogether on January 18, 1952.

Jack Wagner, author of *Gold Mines of California*, estimated that the dredges recovered $400 million, with the biggest yields from the Feather, Yuba and American Rivers. Although the southern rivers did not produce as much, they too yielded millions.

Attempts at dredging California rivers were made as early as 1849 without success. Various improvisations were tried through the intervening years until they finally became profitable about 1898.

Evan Estep and Mac McCollum standing by the retort building in Snelling. It has been closed since January, 1952.

ellow riches on the Merced River

THE DREDGE was a monstrous, cumbersome machine that could recover gold with tweezer-like efficiency. In appearance it was simply a large barge covered with a barn-like building to house the machinery and refining equipment. The earlier versions were floated on wooden hulls; later they were built on steel hulls or pontoons. On each end there was a long boom, one with huge buckets linked together and the other with an endless belt for discharging the gravel in stacks.

The "bucket line" scooped up mud and gravel from the riverbed and gravel bars, then dumped it into the sluice boxes aboard the barge. The fine material was separated from the coarse by washing through a series of screens, and the free gold was caught with the use of quicksilver. In addition to gold, other metals such as platinum, silver and lead, were collected in what was called amalgam.

Obviously, the gold dredge was useful only in certain areas, those being where the rivers flattened out into the flood plain. Here the fine gold was deposited with the mud and gravel as a swift-flowing mountain stream slowed to a lazy river.

Dredging was considered the most efficient method for extracting gold. Test holes were sunk on prospective ground to determine productivity. Yield could thus be assessed with great accuracy.

The amalgam caught in the sluices was screened into a locked compartment of the dredge to discourage the temptation of workers to dip into the take. At regular intervals the amalgam was removed and transported in a sturdy metal bucket with a padlocked lid to the retort for processing. Some companies weighed the bucket when it left the dredge and again at the retort to make sure the lock had not been picked.

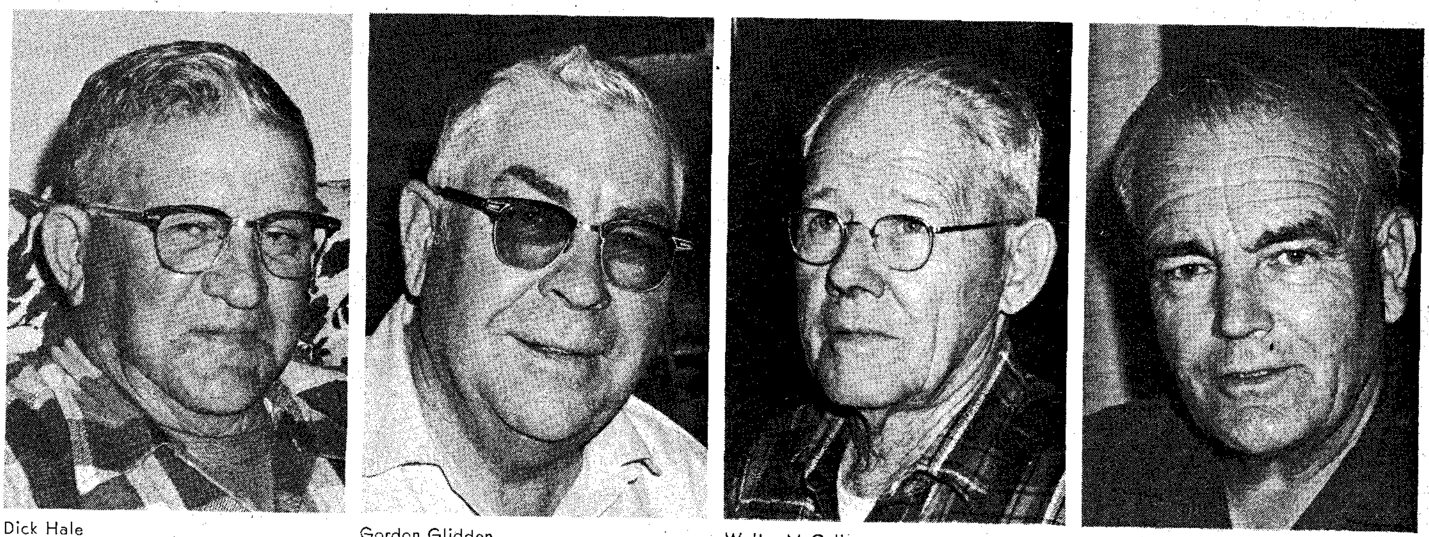
Evan Estep was the retort man for the Snelling Company for six years before becoming general manager, and the retort building and other company shops are still standing in Snelling near the corner of Third and Emma Streets.

It may be a big letdown to many readers to learn that the gold was shipped from Snelling Post Office to the United States Mint, San Francisco, by first class mail. Nobody riding shotgun and no dramatic highway robberies! The gold was simply molded into bars, slipped into canvas bags, tagged, and mailed. However, there was a flurry of excitement once when a gold shipment was inadvertently tagged for another destination and had to be intercepted at Merced and redirected to the Mint.

GORDON GLIDDEN told of the problem caused by beavers in the Snelling area and how they solved it. The dredge made its own pond by cutting away one side with the buckets and filling in on the back side with tailings, but a good flow of water was needed for best working conditions.

The beavers' insistence on damming the flow for their own needs created a nuisance. Tearing out the dams did no good because the beavers would build them back again.

What do these four men have in common? They were all involved in the gold-dredging operations on the Merced River, three of them with the same corporation. Dick Hale was a dredge operator for the Merced Mining Company. With the Snelling Gold Dredging Company was Gordon Glidden, operator of Snelling Dredge No. 1; Walter McCollum dredgemaster and shop foreman; and Evan Estep, general manager and superintendent.

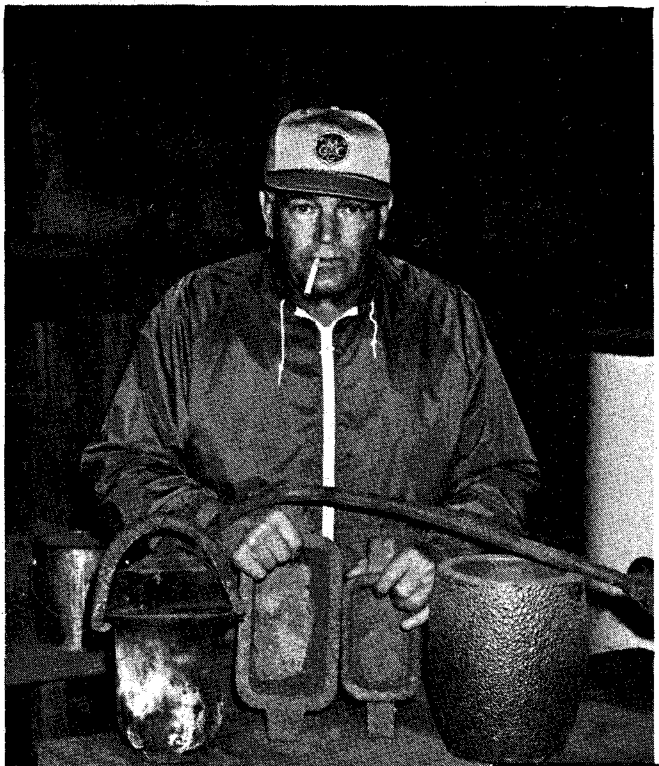


Dick Hale

Gordon Glidden

Walter McCollum

Evan Estep



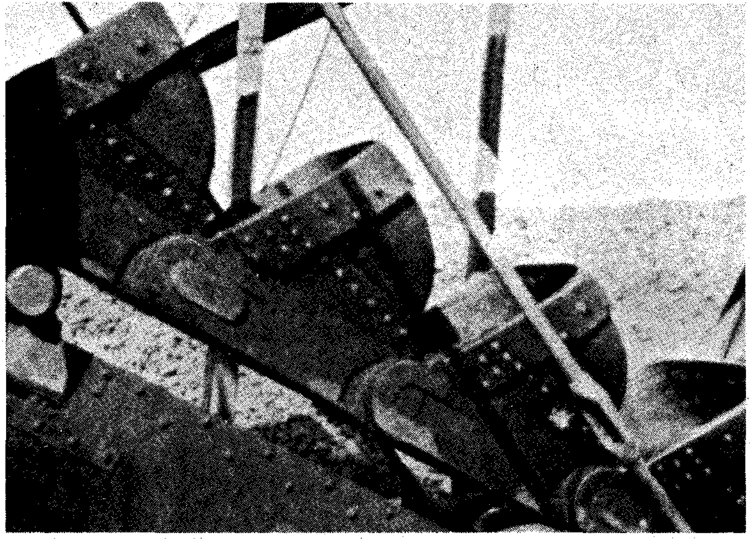
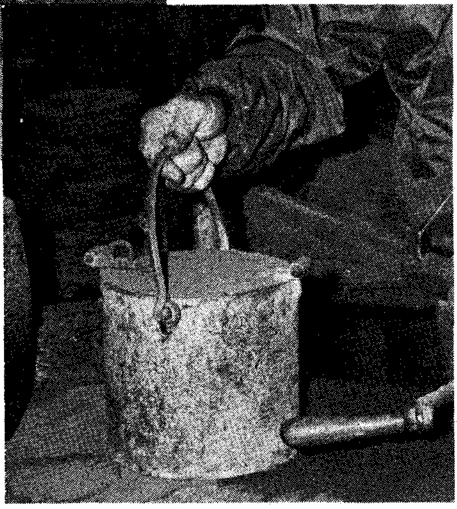


Photo Courtesy **Dredging For Gold In California**

Left: Evan Estep displays retort crucible (left), two size molds for gold bars, and container for quicksilver recovery. Above. Bucket line similar to those used on dredges in the Snelling area. Below: Estep is holding the bucket in which the amalgam was carried from the dredge to the retort in Snelling.



Gordon and others devised a hot-wire, an electric wire similar to that used in livestock fencing. It was placed about five inches above the water in places where the dredgers wanted to keep beavers away. After one night the beavers would never return—as long as the wire remained after that brief interval the men would leave the wire up without an electric charge. No permanent harm came to the animals and they simply went somewhere else to build their homes.

"One time two men from the Fish and Game Commission came to see me," said Gordon, "and I thought, 'Now I am really in trouble.' Well, it turned out that they were only interested in this humane way of moving beavers. The game wardens wanted to relocate some beaver colonies down on the San Joaquin River."

Despite ruthless hunting and trapping of beavers in the Snelling area, there are still some inhabiting the dredger tailings.

For the uninitiated, "high-grading" was the stealing of gold by miners, usually high-grade ore secreted in their clothing while on the job. Not only was it practiced in the deep mines but on gold dredges as well.

Gordon Glidden and Dick Hale knew of such incidents but Dick said, "I never knew of any high-grader who didn't get caught, and some served prison terms." Dick told of two cases.

One time a crew was removing the amalgam from the sluices. Unaware that the foreman was watching from the top deck, one of the men was dropping pinches into the cuff of his overalls. The foreman motioned to the superintendent, who was nearby, and the culprit was caught in the act. He was fired on the spot. Little pinches of gold can add up to a considerable amount in a short time.

The other incident was more serious. The high-grader set up a rocker box operation on the Merced River and pretended he was doing pretty well for himself working it during his off-duty hours. Actually, he was filching a real good take from the sluices of the dredge on which he worked. He sold his gold to a drugstore in Merced and the store sent it to the San Francisco Mint.

The high-grader's downfall came when the mint notified the dredge owner that it was receiving, from a drugstore, gold that had come through his sluices. It didn't take long to track down the wrongdoer and he was tried and convicted.

The Mint was able to identify, by careful analysis, the gold from every dredge. Dick Hale said the color and texture of gold from each dredge was different and once the Mint had a sample, it could trace any shipment back to its source. In this instance, it led to the apprehension of a high-grader.

DICK HALE came to his dredge to start his shift one morning and found the crew he was relieving in a state of excitement. He saw one of the men driving a 2"x4" board into a pile of tailings almost under the stacker. Then Dick got the story. Two men working near the sluices saw an iron strong box coming through. It looked like a Wells Fargo strong box and had a large lock on it. They tried to grab it and lift it off the belt of the stacker but it was too heavy. They shouted to the winch operator to stop the machinery but he was at the other end and could not hear them above the noise.

By the time they got his attention, the box had gone over the top of the stacker and into the tailings. The crew rushed out to retrieve it, but it had already been covered with perhaps a ton of large gravel. Pawing with hands and shovels was to no avail; so as they were about to go off shift, the general location was marked with the two-by-four and that is what the men were doing when Dick arrived. Judging by the weight and appearance of the box, they were sure it was filled with gold that had been lost or buried by bandits.

Sebsequent digging failed to disclose the mysterious box and the dredge crews finally gave up, but the word was out and everyone around knew about it.

A few years later, during World War II, someone in Snelling discovered that a vertical shaft had been dug all the way down to bedrock—about thirty feet—where the box was believed to have been buried. It was a large hole shored with heavy timbers to keep the gravel from

(Continued on page 36)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Johnson

I would like to know about Elif Johnson and his two sons, Barter and Grip. These old-time Swedish friends lived on their own gumbo soil farm about half-way on the road from Choteau to Collins, Montana. This was the road I used to haul freight with eight head of horses. This was for Hurshburg Store and others in in Choteau. Near a small creek lived the Johnsons' neighbor, Mr. Swanson, and there was a big horse rancher nearby with a steam engine threshing outfit. This was about 1912 or 1914; I can't remember exactly.

The last time I saw Grip he was working for the railroad as a car knocker in Great Falls, Montana. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows anything about this Johnson family's whereabouts.—Tex J. Smith, Rt. 1, Box 5A, Black Spring, Nevada 89508

Jack Evans

My father, Jack Evans, was raised in an orphanage in Denver, Colorado, leaving the orphanage when he was thirteen years old. He was born March 5, 1901. Any information will be deeply appreciated by his son and daughter.—Jack Evans, 908 N. Trenton, Tulsa Oklahoma or Shirley Nichols, 1429 N. Allegheny, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115

Pollock-Worthington-McMahon-Hinton-Spivy

John and Henry Pollock came to Texas from Alabama in 1859. They were in the Burleson County census of 1860 and 1870. John Pollock may have lived in Temple, Texas about 1900. The Worthingtons came to Texas at the same time. They were all from around Anniston, Alabama.

My great-grandmother, Hetty McMahan, was born in Alabama in 1835. She married Jeremiah Hinton August 22, 1852. Jeremiah was born in Abbeyville, South Carolina and died in the Civil War. They had three children: John W., Sam and Willie. After Jeremiah's death, Hetty married Henery Spivey. They had one daughter, Nannie. They later moved to Texas.

I am especially interested in finding out if Hetty was an Indian or had any Indian blood. I would like to hear from descendants of any of these people.—Mrs. C. V. Huffman, 107 Ash Street, Snyder, Texas 79549

Cormack-Spaulding

My great-grandfather, Charly Cormack, was a buffalo hunter and scout in Kansas and Nebraska in the 1860s and 1890s. I would like information about him and his friend and fellow buffalo hunter, John T. Spaulding. The Poet Scout Captain Jack Crawford wrote a poem about my great-grandfather.—T. J. Cormack, Box 505, Pontiac, Illinois 61764

Halligan-Mercer

I would like to hear from the descendants of "Lib" Halligan Mercer who was born and raised in North Java, New York. She married a Mercer and moved to Oregon. She was the daughter of Richard Halligan and she was born around 1850.—Charles W. Morse, 10838 Molasses Hill Road, Alexander, New York 14005

Roady-Snyder

I would like to contact any descendants of Moses Roady, born 1768 in France. His wife, Zenith, was born between 1768 and 1772 in Germany. They had nine or ten children, lived in North Carolina and Tennessee, then moved to Illinois in 1851 and died there. One son, Peter, was born 1801 in North Carolina and married Betsy Nichodemus March 20, 1826 in Knox County, Tennessee. Their children were: C. Mary Ann, born 1828, Tennessee, married William Force in Illinois in 1855; Sarah E., born 1832 in Tennessee, married Fred Davis in Illinois in 1854 and later married Christian Snyder; and Elizabeth, born in Tennessee in 1833.

I believe Betsy died. Peter and the three girls moved to Illinois. Peter next married Betsy Snyder and had James, born 1836; Oliver, born May 14, 1838. Married Nancy Jenkins; Isaac, born September 9, 1840 and died October 12, 1843; and Christine, born April 29, 1845 and died October 11, 1847. All the births and deaths were in Illinois.—Ermine Roady Stewart, 192 Sneden Street, Bishop, California 93514

Brinkley-Tucker-Richardson-Darrah-McCabe

We are searching for the father of the following six boys, who we are told had a plantation and slaves in East Texas. The mother's maiden name was Margaret Anna Boydston and she was born September 20, 1838 in Nauvoo, Illionis.

The sons are William Ezra, 1856-1899; Charles; Jake Thomas; Bartlett; and Joseph P. Brinkley, who was born 1864 in Wise County and died in 1947 in Los Angeles, California.

The father is supposed to have died in Tucson. His widow then married Joseph A. Tucker in 1874 and had two children: Anna, born 1875 and Alexander Lafayette, born 1876.

I am also looking for information about Mrs. Prescott V. Richardson, whose maiden name was Rachel Darrah, born about 1833. She was last heard of living in Tombstone, Arizona in 1882, having moved there from San Francisco. She originally came from Peru, New York.

David Darrah, born about 1868, changed his name to George McCabe and went to Washington or Oregon. We believe he was divorced from his wife, Trudy.

Information on any of these people will be very much appreciated.—Mrs. Neil D. Brinkley, 18-605 Lido Avenue, Indio, California 92201

Brewer-Guthery

Any information about relatives of Henry and Emma Brewer; Samantha Brewer, husband's name unknown; and Nathenial Guthery, would be appreciated very much.—Gertrude Brewer Belsher, Space 11, 2625 Altamont Drive, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Buchanan-Sexton-Sheldon

I am seeking information on the names Buchanan, Sexton and Sheldon. My great-grandmother was Nannie Emeline Buchanan, born April 23, 1854. On November 20, 1872 she married Peri Sexton who was born October 31, 1850. Nannie's father was named John Buchanan and he served in the Legislature in Richmond, Virginia. I will be happy to exchange information.—Mrs. Louis Tobeska, Box 425, Newell, South Dakota 57760

Murphy-Dixon-Love

My maternal Great-grandmother Mufphy was a full-blood Cherokee who married a white man by the name of Dixon. Great-grandmother died of neglect and lack of care when my grandmother, Cloria Dixon, was an hour old. I'd like to contact anyone having any records of the names of Indians on my great-grandmother's side. My mother was one-fourth Indian and really looked it.

My father's father, Robert Hutcheson Love, came over from England with two brothers. They separated later on, each going his own way. My grandfather married Eliza Jane Davis, my grandmother, about 1881. After they had two children they moved from Hope, Arkansas to Atlanta, Louisiana a few months before my father, Henry Allen Love, was born. After Robert Hutcheson had moved his family, he went back to Arkansas on business and never returned. If anyone has any information, please contact me.—Mrs. Eugene Daniel, 3413 Truman St., Lake Charles, Louisiana 70601

Adam Carl

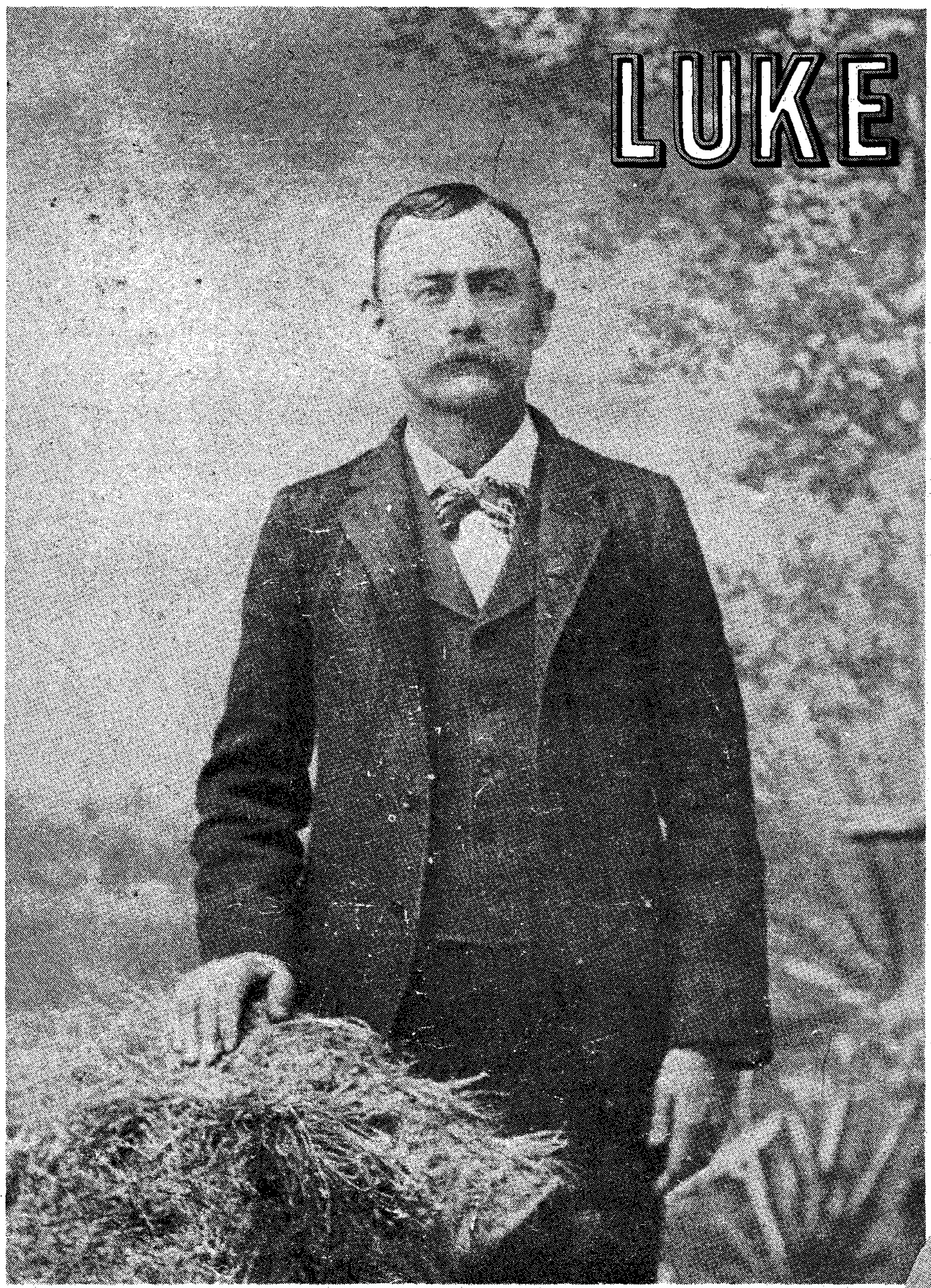
I would like to hear from anyone who may know or be related to the family of Adam Carl, born about 1818, per-

(Continued on page 40)

LUKE

BY FLORENCE SHORT SELF

Photos Courtesy Author



OUR FATHER, Joe Short, was a brother of Luke Short, the gunfighter, but he never talked much about our Uncle Luke. We never knew our uncle, for he was dead before we children were born. My father took care of the rest of the family for many years and did not marry until late in life.

I do remember a family story that Daddy once went to Fort Worth to get Uncle Luke and bring him home to be nursed by my grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Short, Sr. But Luke wouldn't come, so Daddy washed his hands of the whole affair and came on home alone.

If Daddy didn't talk much about his gunfighter brother, he was great about telling us other stories of the early times. He never told more than one or two stories in one evening. We might say, "Tell us a bear story," or "Tell us an Indian story," and believe me, among his experiences were plenty of true ones of either kind.

Josiah Washington Short, Jr. was born in Mississippi in 1851. He moved from Mississippi to Arkansas with his parents and grandparents when he was a year old. I am not sure when they left their home on the Washita River in Arkansas to come to Texas, but it was about the time of the Civil War when they floated their wagons across the Red River.

They bought a farm near St. Jo in Montague County, much of which was rich bottomland, there being a creek on it. Here they raised wheat and corn for bread, and feed for the stock, cane for molasses and sugar, and they had lots of hogs running out on the creek bottom eating acorns and growing fat. They had cattle, for all the range was free, and a bunch of horses, some Thoroughbred. I never heard my father say much about raising cotton, but I am sure the family must have, for he said when he was just a little boy, at night by the light of the fire they would all have to pick the seed from enough cotton to fill their shoe. He said that his mother could spin and weave and make better cloth than was ever bought in a store. It seemed better to him, anyway.

My grandmother, incidentally, was a pioneer midwife. She had a horse and rode sidesaddle. When a woman sent for her, she would saddle old Billy and go, even if it were the middle of the night.

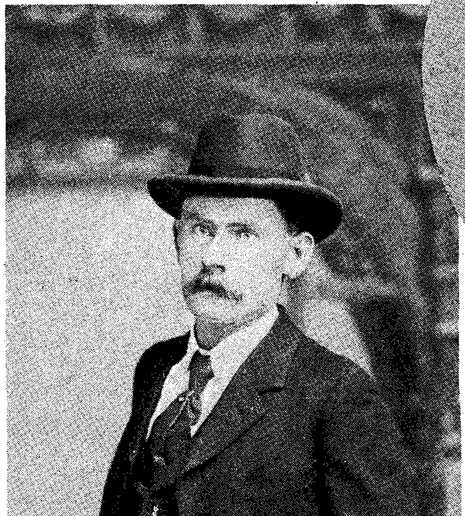
In telling us about his early life in North Texas, Daddy mentioned a little story connected with his school days: "We never had much schooling in them days; a little log schoolhouse with dirt floor and split logs for seats, and a little blue-backed speller as our only book. One day we were all as quiet as could be and studying hard when a big overgrown boy spoke out and said 'Oh yes, you damn blue-bellied Yankee, I'll get you!' He broke a piece of bark from one of the seats and proceeded to kill a stinging scorpion that was crawling across the floor. The schoolmaster gave him a lash with a long hickory switch. The boy jumped just as high as he could and yelled, 'By golly, I'll wear my buckskin tomorrow!' "

Daddy said they carried a jug of buttermilk to school to have with their lunch.

THERE WERE ten children in my father's family. Here they are, named according to their ages from the eldest down: Martha, John, Joe, Luke, Mary, Young, Henry, Belle, George and Will. Belle was the last to die. She was a schoolteacher and later married a physician, W. D. Patton, and lived at Eldorado, Texas.

Luke became rather famous as one of the commissioners of Dodge City, Kansas, keeping law and order with his guns when that city was the toughest place on the map. Will was killed when just a boy as his horse fell with him in a cattle stampede. Henry was killed by the discharge from a gun, and the rest died natural deaths.

The next I know of my father's life



SHORT'S BROTHER JOE

From the front steps of every childhood home, trails lead all over the world. It's always interesting to see which path attracts which boy . . . .

was when the Indians were so bad in North Texas. "We had heard the Indians were on the warpath," he said, "so everybody around there was going to St. Jo to fort up against them. We all got ready to go except Grandpappy Brumley. He said, no, he wasn't going. He said 'Pox take 'em, I'll hit 'em in the head with my walking stick!' So he stayed there. The Indians missed our place in their raid that time, except that they drove off all our horses but a Thoroughbred race mare which we had put in the smokehouse.

"Some time after this we went again to fort up against the Indians, but this time we were not so lucky. When we got back all the houses, the ricks of wheat, and everything were burned to the ground."

My father's mother said a lump stayed in her throat all the years she lived there because of fear of the Indians. She never knew what minute she would look up and see a redskin with tomahawk raised, and it was hard to go about her work under such conditions. My father's grandfather had ten Negroes who had been slaves and had come with him to Texas. They, too, were terribly afraid of the Indians; everybody was.

"Once Pappy and I were down in a little field using oxen to plow with when I heard someone whistle," my father remembered. "There were some big oak trees near, and I looked up and saw what I thought was a Negro in one of these trees. There were some people named Gilbert who lived near us, and they had some old slavery Negroes. I told Pappy that there was one of Gilbert's Negroes up in that tree over there. Pappy did not say a word but began to unhitch the oxen, for he knew what I had heard was not a Negro but an Indian."

It seems that Indians did not present the only danger, however. "There was a lawless class, the very scum of the country the people called Jayhawkers, and it was told that a committee of men hanged a bunch of them to one tree. Two of the Brumley boys, Dan and Will, uncles of mine, were shot down in the street under a tree when a crowd of Jayhawkers rode through. They fell on their faces under this oak tree, and the tree died. It was supposed that the Jayhawkers suspected them of being connected with the hanging.

"One morning Grandpappy John Brumley stepped out on the front porch before breakfast to get a breath of fresh air when he was shot and killed by one of the Jayhawkers. Ira Yates, a neighbor of ours, and his father's family were living pretty close. He heard the shot, and one of them said, 'Well, I guess they have got Mr. John Brumley.'

"Another time while we were living there, Pappy and my brother John had gone down to the creek bottom to feed the hogs when Pappy said, 'Look, John, yonder are some Indians. We will ride out on this side, and if they don't run we won't. So they started to ride out, and the Indians let out a yell and started after them. Brother was riding a big fine horse while Pappy was riding a little old poor Indian pony that they had left there on one of their previous raids. Pappy just had a little muzzleloading squirrel rifle with him, and when the Indians would draw too near he would turn in his saddle and level it at them. They would stop and turn back for a minute, then start after them again. Pappy told John to ride on to the house and get a gun, so he did, and the Indians gained on Pappy until they were within arrow shot of him. They shot him in the hip and in the head. The arrow in the head just stuck into the skull a little, so he worked it back and forth and got it out. He used it to whip his horse with.

"When they came within sight of the house the Indians turned back, but we boys thought Pappy was an Indian with a red blanket around him until we found out that it was our father just covered with blood. His horse was shot. John started to pull the arrow out, but the arrowhead pulled off inside the horse. He died in less than an hour.

"Once we were going to the mill with our wheat and had it in sacks, two wagonloads of it. I had bought me a new pair of shoes and had them in the wagon also, while I was barefooted. I had a little pony that could win every race he ran. Brother John had found a horse that the Indians had stolen from some friends of ours, so he put his saddle and bridle on it and trailed the little old Indian pony he was riding to the wagons. We were about a mile behind the wagons and riding along when John said, 'Now I'll bet I have a horse that can outrun your little old bay.' I said, 'All right, we'll see. Let's race to the wagons.'

"About halfway there we saw something red lying across the road. We got a little closer and saw that it was a red blanket rolled up. We were about to stop when I looked over a little knoll and saw a band of Indians lying down on their horses' necks, trying not to be seen. I said to John, 'We'll race on to the wagons,' for he had seen them also. We did, and my horse won.

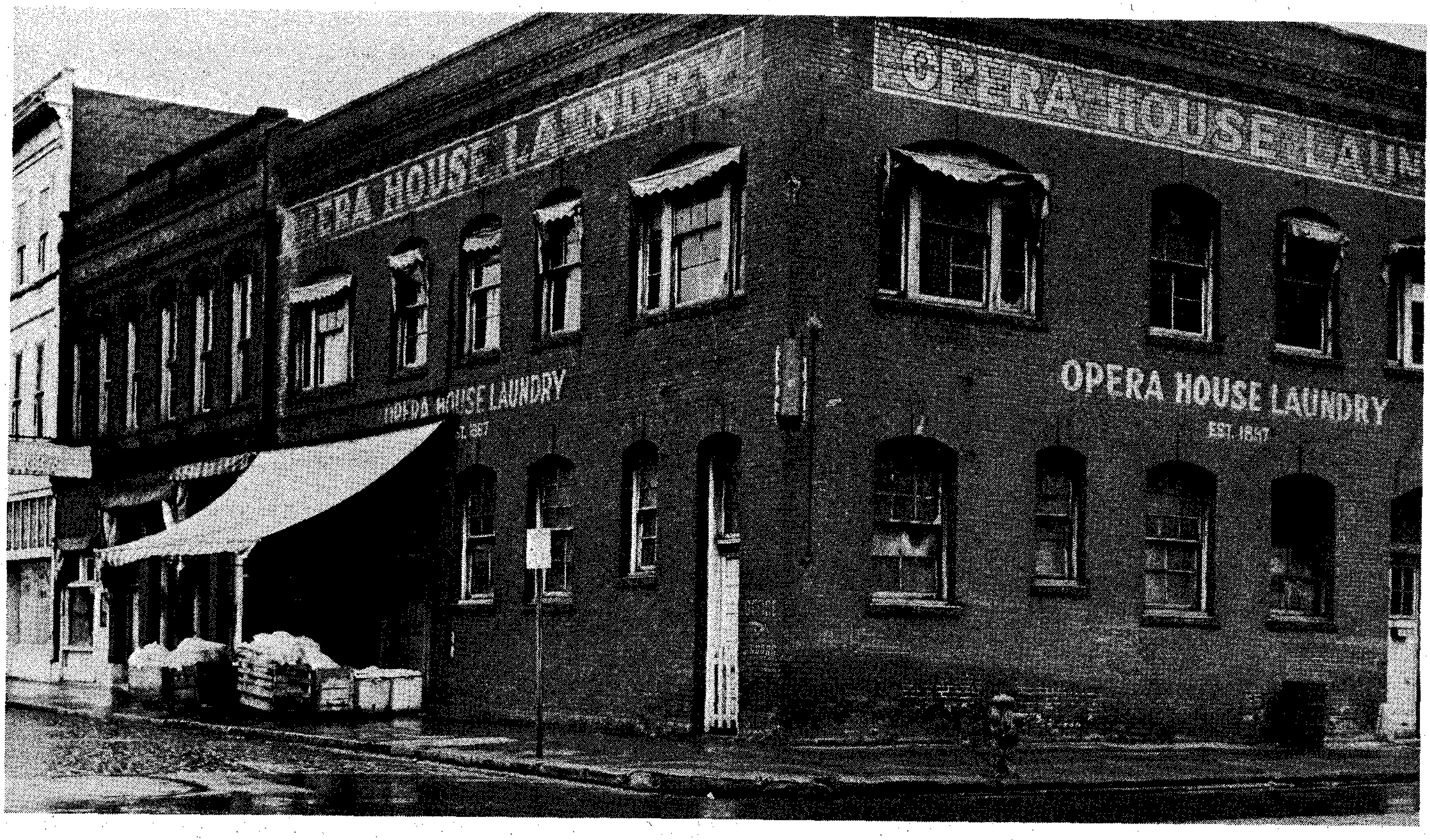
"I jumped off and put Pappy on it. He didn't want to go. He wanted to stay and fight them off from the wagons, but we knew we couldn't hold off that many Indians. We made him go. I grabbed a little rawhide rope off one of the oxen's neck, made a half-hitch on the little old Indian pony that was trailing the wagons, then I jumped on and we rode for our lives.

"We came back later to the place where we had left the wagons. Every sack of wheat had been cut open at the bottom end and scattered to the four winds. The oxen had their hamstrings cut and had been hacked over the heads and left to die. The spokes had all been cut out of the wagons and my new shoes had been cut to strings. The next spring, wheat sprouted all over that prairie.

"Two men came along only a few minutes after we left, one was riding a horse and one a mule. They were chased by

(Continued on page 31)

Top left: Josiah Washington Short, the author's father, was born in 1851 and died in 1935. The author's uncles George Short (above) and Henry Short (left). George lived most of his life in Oklahoma. The photo of Henry Short was taken in San Angelo.



KILLER FROM WEST

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author

OF ALL the murderers ever to stalk the Pacific Northwest, perhaps the most unlikely was Edward Hugh Martin, born in New York City in 1874 to a well-to-do and socially prominent family. His father had resigned as a captain of detectives on the Manhattan police force some years previously to enter the real estate business and the move had been a highly profitable one, literally putting the family on Easy Street.

Young Martin, muscular and handsome, attended public schools where his success as a student and athlete won him invitations from several of the East's leading universities. His choice was finally a home-town institution, Fordham University, but after a brilliant start he suddenly decided to study for the bar, whereupon he switched to New York Law School.

The professors there predicted he would become one of the nation's outstanding attorneys or even a distinguished judge. There didn't seem to be any limit to what he could accomplish. But, again, Martin had a change of heart. He didn't want to be a lawyer after all. He found himself with the compulsion to attend the U. S. Military Academy at West Point and spend the rest of his life as "an officer and a gentleman."

Martin's father had influence with the right politicians and in 1894 President Grover Cleveland appointed the twenty-year-old prodigy to the Academy. Martin won just about all the honors the "Point" offered, whether in the classroom, on the drill field, or in athletic endeavors. He was outstanding, not only in his class but among all of the cadets.

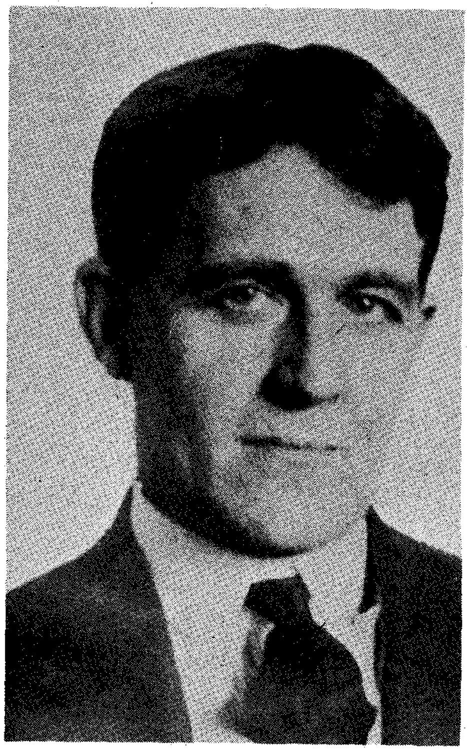
His senior year was cut short when the United States declared war on Spain for blowing up the battleship *Maine* at Havana. The Point held hurried graduation exercises a few hours after Congress legalized hostilities on April 25, 1898.

Along with his commission as second lieutenant, Martin received a certificate of "high merit." He and his classmates were rushed to Cuba where, as a member of Company A of the 21st U.S. Infantry, he fought through the famed battle of San Juan Hill, earning a Congressional citation. When the war ended a short time later, he returned to New York City and a hero's welcome.

Martin's next assignment was to Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook, New Jersey where he was put in charge of the post exchange.

The camp was close to home and he spent all his off-duty time there. Through his socially prominent parents he met one of Oyster Bay's most admired young women and after a whirlwind ro-

Above: Opera House Laundry, where laundry mark in bloodstained shirt furnished a clue. Below: Edward Martin, the killer from West Point.



mance the pair became engaged. The Martins were delighted with the romance, and the girl's parents were equally pleased, for young Martin was considered the catch of the season in the circles in which the two families moved.

Sadly, after less than a year at Fort Hancock, Martin's whole personality began to change, the first inkling coming when he suddenly broke his engagement for no apparent reason. The two families, shocked beyond words, strove desperately to patch things up, but the young officer stood firm, even though he could offer no satisfactory explanation for his change of mind.

His mother and father hadn't fully recovered from this shock when their son provided another by marrying the proprietress of a saloon for women. But if the stunned parents were horrified over the arrangement, their feelings must have been shared by the bride as well, for in a few months she left the lieutenant and got a divorce.

That same year, as though the elder Martins hadn't had enough grief with what rapidly had become a wayward son, he was brought before his commanding officer and accused of making fraudulent reports involving the post exchange's funds. It seems that the accounts had been cleverly doctored to cover up a shortage of several thousand dollars, but not cleverly enough to escape eventual detection.

Cornered, Martin had to admit the embezzlement. He pleaded for mercy—not for his sake, but for his family's—and he was a powerful persuader, perhaps by virtue of his earlier law training. His superior finally agreed not to press a courtmartial if restitution were made and Martin resigned from the Army.

Martin's father, having acquired a revulsion for thieves during his years as a police officer, was disgusted with his errant son, but he repaid the stolen funds rather than permit the family name to be further disgraced. However, he made it plain that one more unseemly act on his son's part would be the last, and that in the future the young man would have to earn every cent for himself.

THE youth who had shown so much promise had, by this time, developed a distaste for work and cultivated a passion for women, liquor, and expensive clothes. In order to finance this high life he turned his talents to burglary, which he considered the least hazardous form of crime.

Because of Martin's athletic prowess—he was still in remarkable physical condition in spite of his carousing—he had little trouble getting in and out of places he figured were worth prowling. As it turned out, Martin was as brilliant a burglar as he had been at legitimate pursuits in his better days.

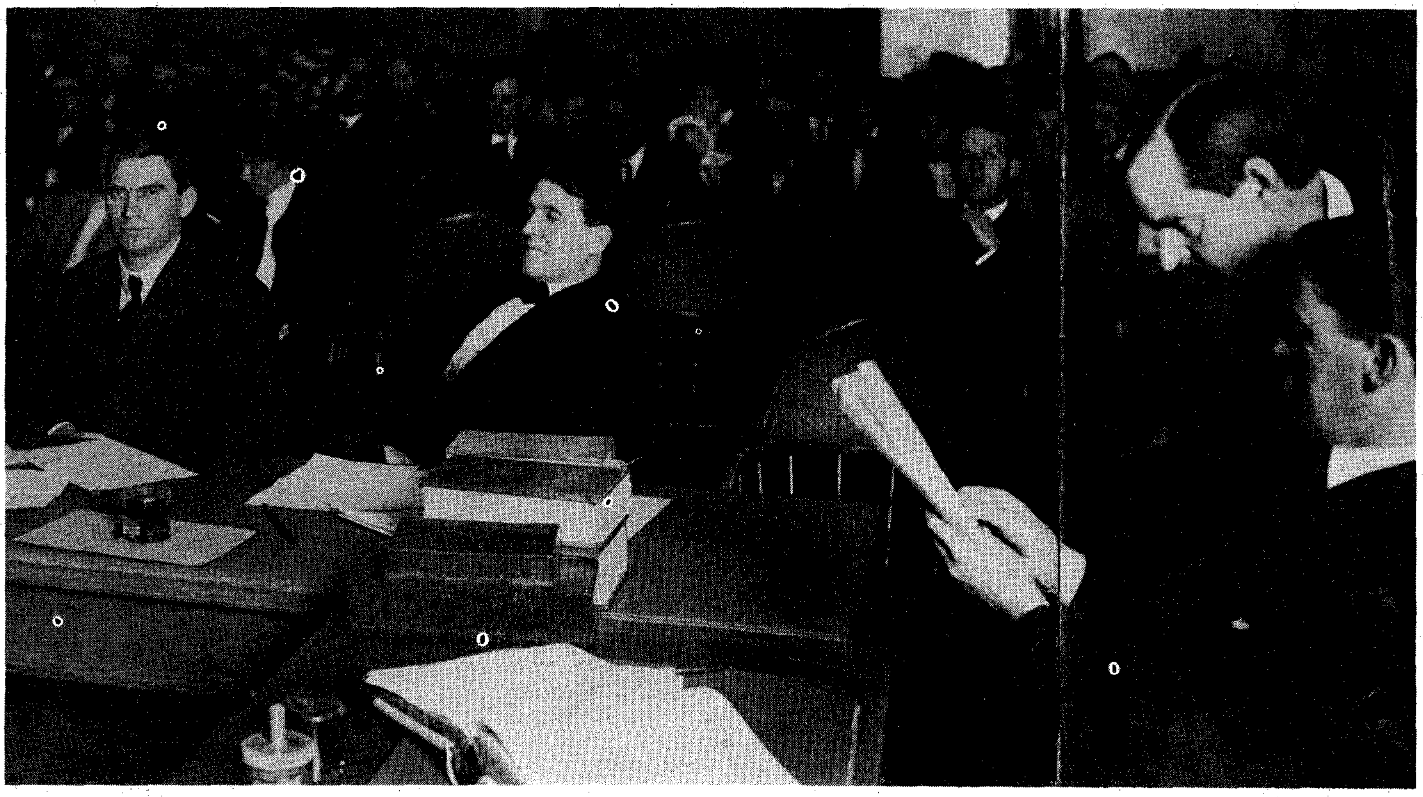
Perhaps it was a desire for a bigger challenge that prompted him, while burglarizing the Gorham Manufacturing Company in Manhattan, to steal a book of blank payroll checks, figuring it would be easy to fill them out and cash them before word of their theft got around. It would have been a good idea if the budding criminal had known when to stop, but he didn't. He was arrested while trying to pass one of the forged checks several days after a police notice had been circulated. This time the offer of his saddened father to make good the losses was rejected by an unsympathetic judge, who sentenced the former war hero to a year in the state prison at Sing Sing.

When Martin was released he seemed to have learned his lesson. He even found a respectable job and made good at it; but this kind of life palled after a while and he began drifting back to his old ways.

No hint as to how he was paying for his high times was forthcoming until the night of July 11, 1906 when Barnett Miller, owner of a small store in Man-

POINT

Young and handsome Ed Martin had everything —including a penchant for trouble and a cold, cold heart!



Edward Hugh Martin (center), the defendant, seated with one of his attorneys, Seneca Fouts, at left. Gentlemen at right are assistants to District Attorney John Manning, who prosecuted the case. Woman to right of Fouts is defendant's wife Theresa Martin.

Above: The crowd gathered in front of the victim's store after news of the brutal murder spread throughout Portland. **Below:** Newspaper artist's sketch of the interior of Nathan Wolff's store where the tragedy occurred.

hattan, chanced to be walking by the place and, automatically glancing inside, saw the shadowy figure of a man trying to pry open the cash drawer.

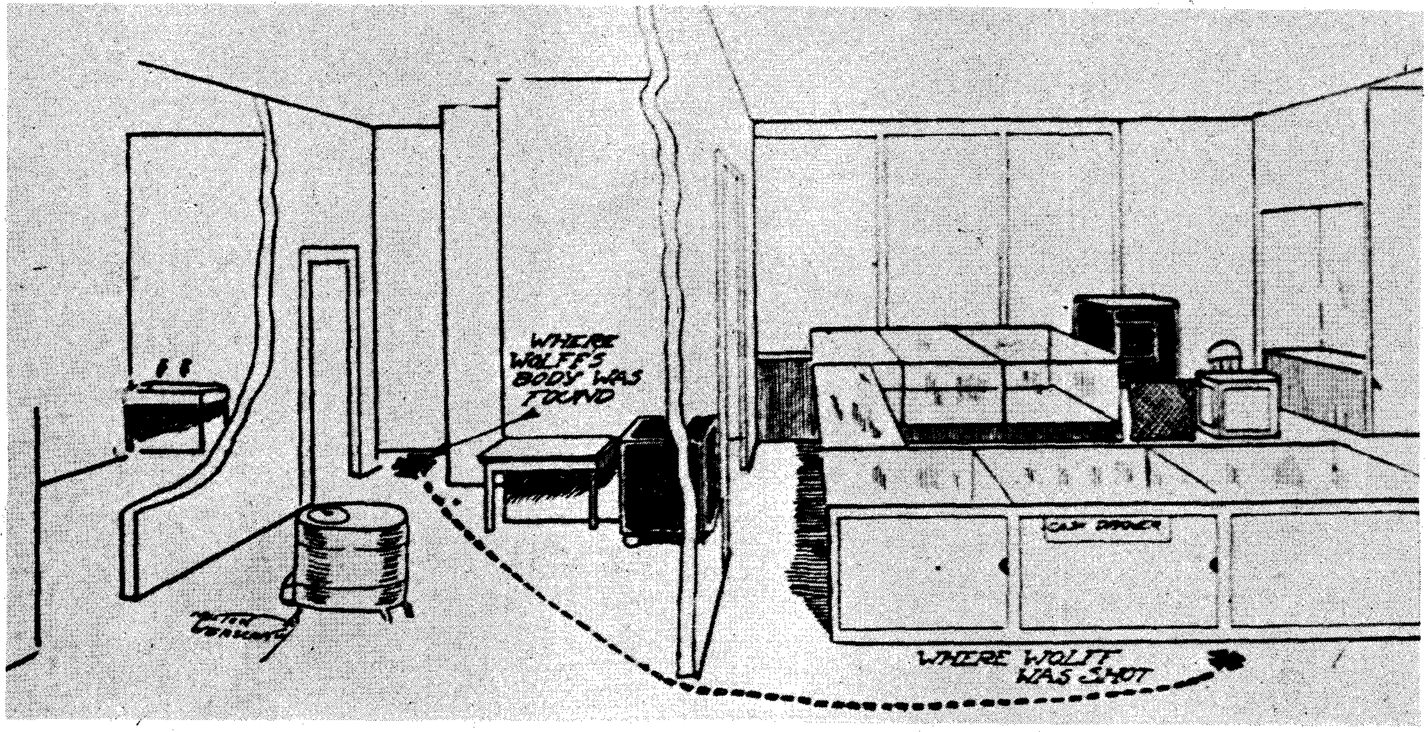
The astonished merchant hurriedly unlocked the front door and shouted at the intruder, who raced to the back of the building and scrambled out a window he had jimmied. Police summoned by Miller found Martin hiding in the hallway of an adjoining apartment house.

In police court next day, he denied entering the store. The proprietor, of course, was unable to positively identify Martin, so the burglary charge was dismissed. He was, however, convicted of being drunk and given a stiff fine. The father once more paid the bill and took his son home for another "man-to-man" talk.

If the session had any effect on young Martin it had worn off two months later, for on a September night he was arrested while trying to enter the residence of Mrs. William West in Bensonhurst. The next morning he told the judge he had been drunk and was merely looking for a place to sleep. The gullible judge dismissed the charge of attempted burglary after a friendly warning to the young man not to let it happen again.

This time his father, completely fed up, issued an ultimatum: either Edward reformed or he no longer would be recognized as a Martin. The son claimed he wasn't to blame—unscrupulous women and whiskey had ruined him. And so, rather than lose the security of the family name and fortune, the miscreant agreed to go to a sanitarium in Syracuse to be cured of his drinking habit.

It was indeed a dark day for an attractive 25-year-old nurse named Theresa when the new patient entered the sanitarium. The small, blue-eyed brunette immediately attracted Martin's practiced eye and he wasted no time launching a high-pressure courtship, one which



literally swept the naive nurse off her feet. On October 18 Martin was discharged as cured, and on the following day he and Theresa were married.

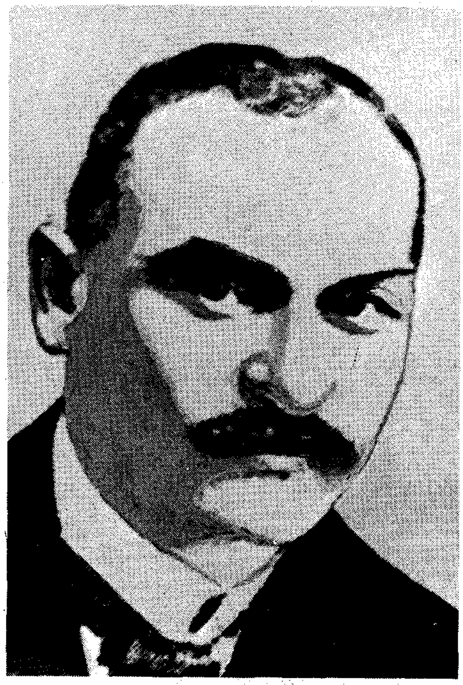
The bride was as good as she was lovely and the elder Martins, after recovering from the surprise of the sudden event, felt that marrying her was the best thing their son could have done. Convinced that now he was on the right path, they offered to stake the newlyweds to a good start.

WHEN Edward said he had always had a secret ambition to be a surgeon, the parents gladly agreed to finance his training. Perhaps to get as far away from the scenes of his misdeeds as possible, Edward Martin decided to enter the University of Oregon Medical School in Portland, and in due time took his bride across the continent to the City of Roses on the Willamette River.

Now, thirty-two years old, Martin soon discovered that studying was not for him. He dropped out of school but neglected to inform his parents, since he needed their allowance to preclude the necessity of going to work. Theresa opposed such deception, but he appeased her by promising to tell his parents as soon as he found a job.

Of course , he had no intention of going to work, but instead took up with ladies of dubious character, who soon had him drinking again. When Theresa learned what was going on, she frantically wrote to the Martins for advice. Their answer was to cut off all financial assistance and disown their son.

Theresa, desperately attempting to pull her husband out of his moral tailspin, proposed a change of scenery and as a result they spent the next year in various Pacific Northwest towns. Martin then insisted on returning to Portland, saying he had had enough of "the sticks." The truth was that he missed the city's high life, and Theresa knew it. She also realized there was nothing she could do to change him.



Nathan Wolff.

Above: Patrolman John Goltz, whose discovery broke the case. Right: Captain Charles Baty, chief of detectives, directed the murder investigation.

The following months were a nightmare for the disillusioned wife. Martin no longer made any excuses for staying out all night or coming home drunk. Because such activity was expensive, he began pawning the few possessions he and Theresa had. First to go was her wedding ring, a gift from his parents. After squandering the proceeds, he returned to the money lender, Nathan Wolff, a highly respected jeweler-pawnbroker whose establishment was at First and Yamhill Streets, and pledged a gold watch his father had given him years before.

When Martin was broke again he went back to the Wolff store and pawned an Army revolver and some jewelry Theresa had given him in happier times. The money from this transaction enabled him to remain away from home for a few days. When he returned he seemed penitent, even vowing to look for a job next morning.

It was nearly midnight the following day—Friday, May 1, 1908—when Martin showed up again at the modest house he and Theresa rented in the Sellwood district. Accustomed as she was to seeing him in various repulsive states, the long-suffering wife nevertheless was aghast at his appearance. His face and hands were scratched and his head bore numerous welts.

He told her he had been attacked by two thugs on his way home and robbed of his jewelry. When she refused to believe this, he then admitted the story was fiction and went on to say that what actually had happened was that he had engaged in a fight during a poker game at a downtown saloon.

"I caught one of the fellows cheating," he claimed, "and he started a scrap. I was getting the best of it when he picked up a chair and beaned me. I was knocked out for a while and when I came to, I was too weak to stand up. I stayed in the saloon a couple of hours before coming home. I invented the holdup story because I didn't want you to know I'd been gambling."

In view of the many things he had done which Theresa considered far more sinful than gambling, she wondered at his concern to spare her feelings.

The next morning Martin seemed in unusually good spirits, a fact that also seemed strange to Theresa in light of the ordeal he supposedly had gone through the previous evening; but she had long since quit trying to account for his moods.

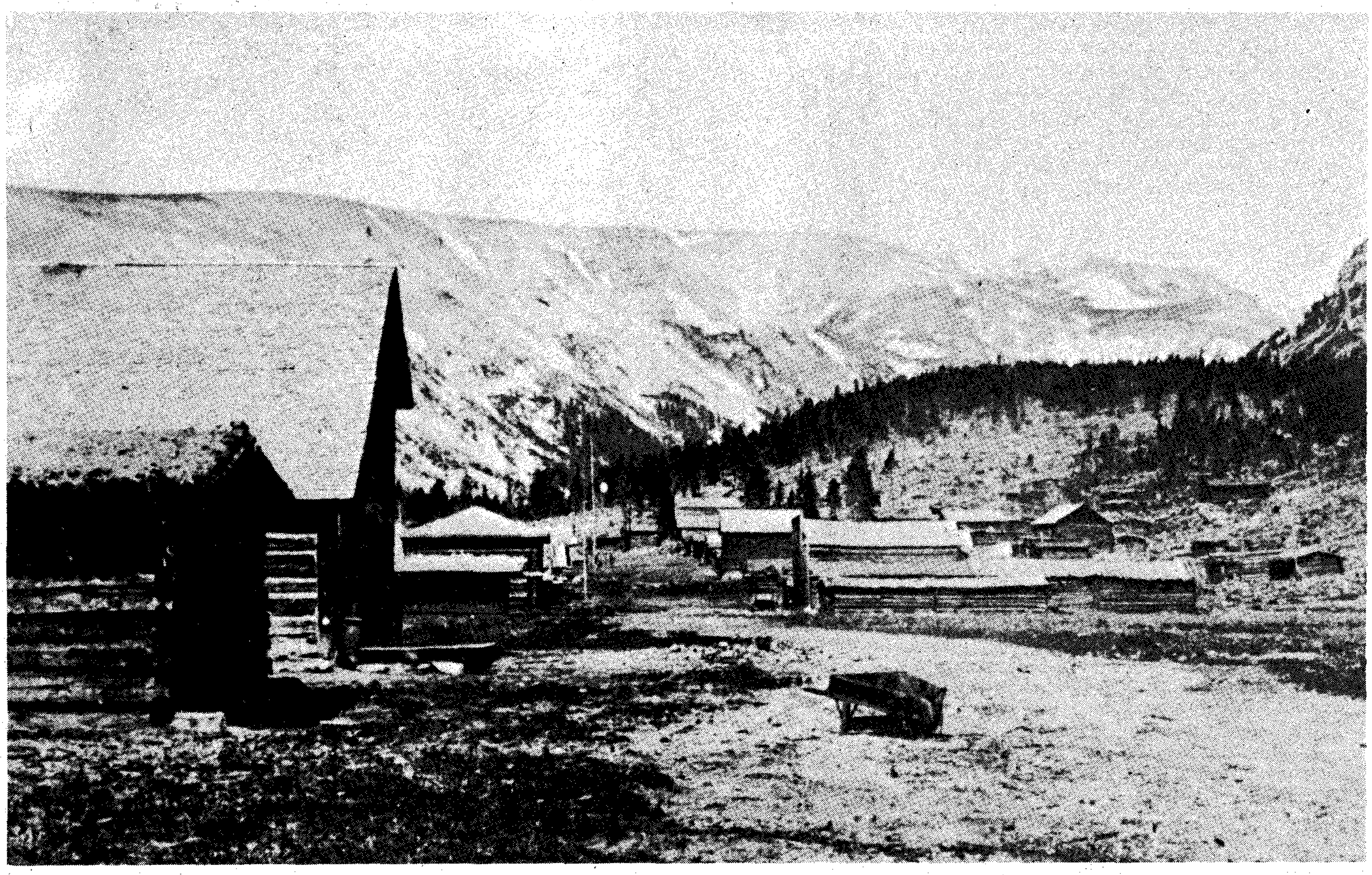
When he came home late that night, none too steady and with traces of face powder on his suit coat, there was an expression on Theresa's face he had never seen before. He had barely sat down when she showed him the evening newspaper whose front page carried the bannerline: "Pawnbroker Shot and Hacked to Death!"

Then, in a voice he scarcely recognized, she read aloud: "Nathan Wolff, 48-year-old jeweler and pawnbroker at 165 First Street, was brutally murdered in his store sometime between 6 and 7 o'clock last night. He was first shot through the neck, then dragged into the rear room, where his head was horribly hacked with a hatchet. The weapon was found, bloodstained, near his head. An estimated $1,500 in pledged jewelry was taken from

(Continued on page 40)

Buckskin Joe, Colorado, around 1864.

Photo Courtesy Library The State Historical Society of Colorado



BUCKSKIN

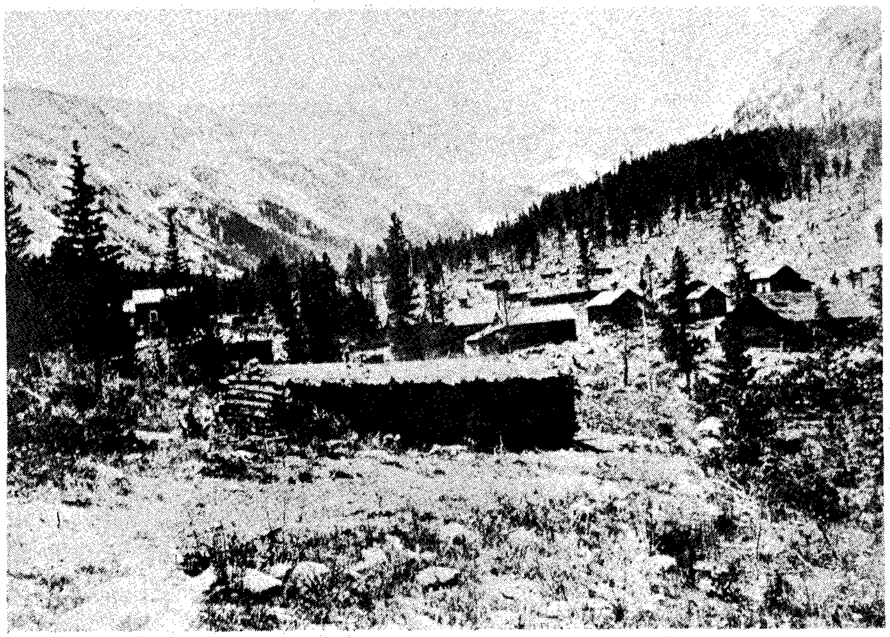


Photo Courtesy Library The State Historical Society of Colorado

Buckskin Joe.

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

A little danger isn't too high a price to pay for the chance "not to have to work too hard no more..."

JOE

THE THREE hardcases leveled their rifles on Buckskin Joe. He had been caught cold in his placer mining pit.

"Well, well!" one of them chortled in derision. "Look who grabbed our claim while we was gone out to pack in a little provender. Mister, you're a gone beaver. We're gonna kill you—or you can get!"

The old mountain man knew they were going to kill him under any circumstances. They were claim jumpers who just happened onto where he'd made a strike and they intended taking over.

Not bothering to make any kind of useless reply he threw his body sideways beneath the low rim of the hole. While doing so he drew a holstered revolver.

Bullets whined over him as he dived but he came up with a smoking gun muzzle of his own. One hardcase was knocked from his saddle. Then with two more well directed shots Buckskin Joe dispatched the remaining claim jumpers who were shooting at him wildly.

When the smoke cleared he climbed out of the gravel pit. Frightened by crashes of gunfire the saddled horses had run off some distance where their loose bridle reins were now caught in the brush.

That August day in 1859 was a hot one. Planting the remains, probably wanted outlaws, meant an extra chore. He was alone in that part of the Rockies between Democrat Mountain and Sherman Mountain. What would someday be Leadville was almost directly west across the Rockies in the Arkansas Valley.

Taking a shovel and pick Joe went some three hundred yards away and started digging a common grave. At two feet he struck a bed of gravel mixed with coarse white sand. The first spade lifted out produced half a dozen corn-sized nuggets.

This was no place to dig a grave so he went off down the slope, dug a deep hole and completed the burial there. Next the horses were caught and unsaddled. Turned loose, they headed straight for the grassy pocket where Joe's four burros were.

The horses were probably stolen and he could get into trouble if they were tracked there. Probably no one would be coming around, however, before he had to go out for grub.

BUCKSKIN JOE got that name soon after reaching New Mexico in 1830 when he went north with a band of mountain men. Even now he wore buckskin trousers and shirt while prospecting, adding a fringed coat during the winter months.

He was born Joseph Higginbottom, or maybe Joseph Higgins or Joseph Longbottom. This was a point he never bothered to make clear. He hailed from Kentucky, but his birth date was as vague as his surname. Known only as Buckskin Joe, a man without a past, he left this world with the "where" and "how" also clouded.

Even the mining town named for him in Colorado did not so honor him long. He was about sixty years old during this period, with bearded face, long gray hair, not much height but lots of strength.

After the shootout he began working the gravel found where the first grave was started. It produced gold far richer than his first placer and was closer to the spring-fed mountain water source where the gold was panned.

Deer were killed to eke out his meager provisions. At the end of another month he had accumulated all the gold dust and nuggets his burros could pack out. He had a fortune and could pull out of the mountains to retirement in his old home.

HE STARTED OUT of the mountains east toward Denver on Cherry Creek. Following the lowland against the Park Mountain foothills he camped on the east end of Kenosha Pass. Around midnight he was awakened by the noise of riders. Joe grabbed his six-gun and took cover under some rocks.

By the time he got located, all sound of the riders had faded. He was unable to determine which way they might have been traveling past his camp. But he slept no more that night and was on the trail by sunrise.

During the day he got the burros out of sight and made a scout on foot to a high place. No riders did he see but, after going on down the trail, he felt strongly that he was being followed.

At sundown he moved off into heavy timber. No fire was made. Supper consisted of jerky washed down with water. After good dark he took up hiding beside the trail. An hour or so later five riders came along, strung out in a line and moving at a walk. Fifty paces from Buckskin Joe they halted, grouping close to engage in puzzled conversation.

One of them said clearly, "What you reckon happened to the old varmint? Must of spied us on his back trail and lit a shuck."

"Dunno," one of the others replied. "But he's acting mighty skittish which means he's packing out gold. A lot of it!"

"Likely pulled off someplace and we rode right by his camp."

"All right, we'll turn back. If we don't find his camp we'll pick up his tracks in the morning."

When the bushwhackers had ridden back west, Buckskin Joe returned to the burros, loaded them quickly, and struck off alongside the trail so as not to leave tracks on it. After a couple of miles, however, he was forced back onto the seldom traveled trace by obstructions of timber and masses of rocks.

Joe moved along steadily until nearly four o'clock in the morning when, like all quadrupeds, his burros had to be unpacked for a brief period of sleep. This time he kindled a small fire and boiled the last of his coffee. The firebed was then buried deep.

With the dawn Joe was on the trail again, figuring it would take his trackers at least six hours to catch up with him. At noon he went off the trail, unpacked and let the burros graze. Somewhere he would be forced into making a stand and he chose to select the site himself. Some scattered boulders nearby provided a good ambush cover. When the would-be robbers overtook him they would learn that it was a dangerous matter to tackle Buckskin Joe.

The sun had passed the zenith a couple of fingers before the five came piling down the trail. The clatter of hoofs could be heard long before they rode into sight. Joe's old Hawken rifle was placed ready for use when his two revolvers got empty, if the fight lasted that long.

The five rode close together and he let them come to within thirty feet. Without calling out anything he then opened fire. The lead rider toppled out of his saddle to the ground. Two others cursed with pain. The remaining pair tried to wheel around and flee.

Using the second revolver Joe deliberately killed their horses and then dropped the others that were plunging around in fright. This he felt was necessary to stop any kind of pursuit.

Picking up his rifle as the wounded and uninjured scrambled for cover, Joe smashed a heavy bullet into another one. Then he reloaded his weapons, packed the burros, and hit the trail again.

AT DENVER Buckskin Joe sold his gold, leaving all but a few hundred dollars in the safety of the express com-

(Continued on next page)

Buckskin Joe

(Continued from preceding page)

pany office. One night in a saloon he ran across Phillip Harris and his partner Stancil. He had known them since they first reached Colorado a few years before.

Both were down on their luck and trying to get a grubstake to go back into the mountains. On hearing this, Buckskin Joe told them that he could lead them straight to paying ground. It would be to his advantage to do so. He then related how three men had tried to jump his claim and another bunch had planned to rob him on the trail.

"It's dangerous up there," Buckskin Joe warned, "but if you can stick it out, chances are you won't ever have to work no more."

Harris and Stancil were overjoyed with his offer. They swore to fight off all intruders.

The next two days were spent buying equipment and supplies. Three horses also were purchased so that the return trip could be made faster. At the spot on the trail where Buckskin Joe made his stand against the men following him, only the carcasses of the dead horses were found. The rest of the trip was without incident until they were approaching Joe's placer after sundown. Firelight flickered through the timber so they halted well away.

Buckskin Joe and Harris advanced on foot to reconnoiter. They saw eight men lolling about the fire, but it didn't appear that Joe's claim was being worked.

Retreating a mile to about where the town of Buckskin Joe was to come into being later, Joe and his partners made camp. The next morning they saddled up and rode to Joe's placer claim. The men were still loafing in camp.

On riding up casually Joe, Harris, and Stancil halted, saying, "How-de-do," and "How are you fellows?"

One of the bunch raised up off the ground where he had been sitting and announced, "I am a deputy sheriff. Who are you men?"

He had no badge on his vest front, wore filthy clothes, and looked like a hardcase hiding out, just as his companions did. All were now getting to their feet, moving forward to face the three mounted men.

"That's interesting," Buckskin Joe replied nonchalantly, "What are you officers doing here?"

"Well, we been chasing horse thieves. Three have been found right here, wearing the brand of owners in the next county. We also found a grave here with three men in it—shot—so that must be murder."

The alleged deputy kept surveying them with open suspicion; the other men kept their hands close to their guns.

Joe had been apprehensive all along that the three hardcases were outlaws riding stolen horses. Perhaps the deputy was what he claimed to be. Harris and Stancil, however, considered the situation in a different light. This was no county sheriff's posse. Before Buckskin Joe could open his mouth again Harris took over.

"You say you're a deputy sheriff from the next county? I think you're lying. Where's your badge and officer's paper?"

The alleged deputy hesitated before replying, "I don't know that's any of your damned business. You three mining here?"

"We sure are and you're another bunch of claim jumpers just like we had to wipe out before!"

Of course Harris lied about being there previously, but he quickly drew his gun and started shooting. Buckskin Joe and Stancil also opened fire—virtually in self-defense.

Two of the "posse" were shot dead before they could draw, including the deputy. Another was wounded and fell to the ground. Two ran down the slope into some timber.

Joe and his partners then dismounted and questioned the wounded man. When asked if the one purporting to be a lawman, really was, the wounded men shook his head.

"Them you killed was a bunch of horse rustlers the rest of us worked with down along the San Juan River. We took horses from Mexicans in the Rio Grande Valley."

He fell silent, then went on to explain that they had come north to join the three killed by Buckskin Joe. They were planning to rob miners coming out of the Rockies with gold.

Almost by pure accident the second bunch had found Joe's placer, the grave, and the horses stolen in New Mexico.

The wounded thief was removed to Buckskin Joe's campsite. The burros were repacked and brought in by Stancil. After that, the dead were buried and the stray horses were caught. The next morning the wounded horse thief was asked if he could ride. He said he could. Joe put him on a horse, gave him a little grub, and he was never heard of again.

HARRIS and Stancil tested Buckskin Joe's placers and said they belonged to him. Surely they could locate some of their own nearby. Accordingly, the regulation size of a claim was stepped off for Joe and marked with rock pyramids.

While his partners went to work testing for gold-bearing ground, Buckskin Joe cut some logs and started a cabin. He was about ready to put on the flat, dirt-covered roof when his friends began seriously debating about returning to Denver. They had found no color anywhere.

"Well, I'll split these two with you boys," Buckskin Joe said. But they only tentatively accepted his offer.

The next morning, since they were out of fresh meat, Harris took his rifle and went after a deer. Not half a mile from camp he saw a big buck, aimed carefully and fired. For some reason the charge of powder was woefully deficient. The lead ball was so low that he could see it rake dust on the ground before smashing against some rocks sticking up above the grass. The buck dashed off quickly.

Merely curious at first, Harris went forward to examine the rocks. They were a peculiar red. But they seemed to be rotten enough to break apart and he picked up several small pieces laced with quartz that had been knocked loose by the lead ball.

What he saw glinting in the bright sunlight caused him to examine the rocks from what appeared to be an eroded ledge sticking up out of the ground. The shiny metal was definitely gold. Using larger pieces as mauls, he broke out more and filled his pockets. Harris started back to camp in a hurry but had gone no more than a hundred yards before coming onto a spike buck. He shot and gutted it, and packed the carcass on into camp.

Sliding the small deer off to the ground he turned to Buckskin Joe and Stancil in great excitement. "Boys! I've hit it!"

His ore amazed the other two. All of them literally ran to the site of Harris' discovery. Chunks of the lode were beaten out, gold falling from the separated quartz.

"This is the richest gold discovery yet made in Colorado!" Buckskin Joe declared.

Finally tired out, they returned to camp. Harris and Stancil wanted Buckskin Joe to come in on their find but he shook his head.

"Boys, it's all yours. I've got plenty here," he said.

For the next several days Harris and Stancil dug and trenched along the lode. It ran for nearly 400 yards across the slope and was very deep. Working the lode they beat the quartz out but some of the solid pieces were iron.

Deciding they could work quartz during the winter months, they too built a cabin. Then as they recovered the large, free pieces of gold they piled the lesser ore to one side.

Buckskin Joe had returned to his panning.

THE FIRST SNOW flurries came in late October, by which time Harris and Stancil had run out of sacks to put their gold in. It was simply piled around in their cabin.

John L. Dyer, the Snowshoe Itinerant.

With the first light snow they concluded to go out for more grub and better equipment. Buckskin Joe decided against leaving the claims. They could bring the bare essentials of grub back to him. Before their departure he warned them against making any disclosures of their find. Three large deer were killed, and sacks were made from the hides to carry the gold. They would use the horses of the dead outlaws.

After their departure Joe methodically continued to pan gold. The first pocket was worked out but there seemed to be no end to the other. Some mornings, of course, he could not pan at all, having to wait until afternoon for ice in the water ditch to melt.

After three weeks Harris and Stancil returned, loaded down with supplies. They stayed at Buckskin Joe's cabin that first night, eating like kings and relating their experiences in Denver. The partners were still talking when, around midnight, the mountain slopes and the gulches awoke to the noise of many men. Joe regarded his friends knowingly. "So you boys had a rootin'-tootin' drunk in Denver and talked! You've been followed back! The stampede is on!"

It was a vast understatement. Before a heavy snowstorm and below-zero weather slowed the rush, more than a thousand men were on the slopes and in the gulches around them.

In January the number had grown to 2,500; by the end of March to 5,000. In a few more months there were five mercantile establishments, saloons and other businesses in the gulch by then called Buckskin Joe.

One of those who came in with the second stampede was Father John L. Dyer, who soon would become known as "The Snowshoe Itinerant." For a while he worked a claim, abandoning it to preach in the several camps springing up in the Rockies. During the hard winters he packed in the mail on skis through Mosquito Pass.

Iron deposits with the gold gave miners some trouble. Harris and Stancil turned their claims over to a company that in a short time further enriched them. It was said they had so much gold rolling in there was no place to keep it. They filled sacks, kettles, rubber boots, and even buried some of it. The two partners built three dance halls and opened a theater where stage companies from Denver regularly played.

For six years the Buckskin Joe mining camp boomed, but as the gold began playing out, Leadville across the mountains to the west drew most of its population. However, by the time this happened, Buckskin Joe had been renamed Laurette (in December 1860). The name honored sisters, Laura and Jeanette Dodge, the first two respectable women to live in the settlement.

One night Buckskin Joe came into town from his cabin. He was standing in a saloon drinking alone when he was accosted by a group of disgruntled miners who failed to make a strike. They accused *him* of knowing where *all* the paying ground was, having been there first, so why didn't he show them some? When Joe denied having such knowledge they made the mistake of trying to rough him up. Breaking free, he drew a revolver and emptied it. Two of the men fell dead on the dirty floor and at least one other was wounded. Joe calmly walked out of the saloon.

It was never decided definitely whether he left that part of Colorado the same night or later. Anyhow, Buckskin Joe disappeared. Harris and Stancil said that his placer was worked out, but that he had already accumulated a fortune in gold.

Later Joe was reported killed in a Denver saloon; some said that he had died in one place or another. Yet dependable records show nothing of his final end.

One of the many miners who knew Buckskin Joe was Patrick Smith of Farmington, New Mexico. He located a good claim in what continued to be known as "Buckskin Joe" despite the official "Laurette" name, and sold it for $25,000. Smith said that Joe went directly to Denver and from there back to Kentucky. It was Smith's belief that the old mountain man lived only a few years longer.

Till The Law Cut Us Down!

(Continued from page 7)

for a minute or longer I was spun around and around, then back in the opposite direction, until I commenced to feel dizzy.

"That orter do the job," somebody said. I felt myself swaying a little in spite of my efforts to sit up straight, and was concentrating on keeping my balance when there was a terrific metallic clang, then a bang loud enough to break my eardrums.

"Time's up! Put your feet down, mister! Then walk to the front door!" The orders came out of a black silence.

I lowered my booted feet cautiously. With my legs spread apart and braced I got slowly to my feet, feeling dizzy as I took a few cautious steps. Somehow I'd lost my hat in the spinning and I instinctively lowered my head to find it. In my uncertain staggering around I butted my head against the iron bars of the eagle cage with a sudden jolt that sent me reeling back on rubber legs.

"Try again, Kid!" A voice sounded from the darkness. "For an old cowhand, you're a little off direction!"

Another try and another bang on the head. This time the crowd roared with laughter and shouted profane and bewildering directions. "You're now a qualified, genuine charter member of the Jim Bridger Scouts!" Buster Moran shouted gleefully. "Untie your hands and take your blindfold off. Buy a round of drinks for the house. That's your initiation fee!"

I managed to untie the whang leather string that bound my wrists, then slipped the blindfold down around my neck. I picked up my hat and sat down on the piano stool. Buster handed me a bottle of beer through the iron bars. I was shore trapped in the eagle cage and forced to buy drinks for the crowd who stood around grinning at me. Then after several more rounds of drinks somebody called out in a lowered tone. "Here comes another sucker!" The clamps that held the cage to the floor were sprung loose and the cage quickly hoisted to the rafters on block and tackle. The stool was whisked away as Joe Holt shouldered through the swinging half-doors of the saloon.

It was only a matter of minutes until Joe Holt, blindfolded, hands tied behind his back, was seated on the revolving piano stool and spun like a top. Then the eagle cage was dropped and Joe butted his head against the iron bars to become an honorary member of the Jim Bridger Scouts. And, as I had done, he was made to buy several rounds of drinks for the house. Frank Howe was duly initiated, and a dozen more other cowpunchers were suckered into the deal during the next few hours.

THE MINERS' UNION was holding a free picnic with iced kegs of beer on tap. Food was heaped on large platters on long plank tables set on saw horses. We ate our share while we watched the foot races, wrestling matches, and a tug of war. There were horse races and a baseball game between the Landusky and Zortman teams, each wearing brand new uniforms.

Come the shank of the evening every drinking man in town was feeling his oats. Every saloon in Zortman was jam-packed and doing a hand-over-fist paying business. The rumor spread that the town constable had quit his job the day before. Justice of the Peace, Charlie Beard, had posted a bulletin on the closed door of his log cabin office that any man in town packing a gun was hereby ordered to leave his pistol in care of the saloon keepers or bartenders—that any man violating this legal order would be subject to fine or ten days in jail. And anyone acquainted with the genial Judge Beard was aware that he meant every printed word on his bulletin. Charlie Beard had a small ranch in the Little Rockies, besides being Justice of the Peace, a registered land surveyor and assayer, a Forest Ranger and local Game Warden.

It was at Dutch John's or some other crowded bar that the tipsy gatherment decided to elect Frank Howe acting constable of Zortman. Somebody with a pair of tin shears cut out a star-shaped badge from an empty tomato can and fastened it to Howe's unbuttoned vest with a whang leather string threaded through two nail holes in the tin star. In view of no pistol packing, somebody dug up an old policeman's billyclub with a leather wrist loop, and Howe shoved in into the waistband of his Levi's.

It was later on in the evening that Joe Holt, who had wandered off making the rounds of the saloons, showed up with a black eye. Joe was three sheets in the wind and a little vague about who had given him the shiner in a free-for-all ruckus. All he knew about his assailant was that he was a medium-sized, husky miner wearing a baseball cap and tennis shoes, and that he handled his dukes like a professional prize fighter. Joe had a mad crying jag on, and claiming he'd been ganged up on; he wanted to hunt

(Continued on page 26)

BURIED TREASURE

—and for the skeptics, a few grains of salt!

Compiled from material published in Hunter's **Frontier Times** [Sources: Rising Star (Texas) **Record**, May 12, 1927; and original manuscript by Grace Miller White.]

AUSTIN, Texas, capital of colony, republic and State for a century, focal point in the tradition-building success and reverses of treasure-bearing armies, has visions again of vast stores of hidden Spanish and Confederate gold, as an imagination-stirring rumor of an $80,000 discovery of gold coins within the city is excitedly told and leads eager reporters to a baffling wall of secrecy and mystery. A tradition of many years has pointed to the exact spot as a treasure-trove.

In a creek bed a few blocks from the business district, a crew of men, at the end of an eight-months' search, in which rock was blasted away to make a forty-foot tunnel, following the uncertain lines of ancient maps, finally found the "pot of gold" on April 13, and took out the fortune of $80,000, according to the rumor which has spread.

An examination of the tunnel disclosed a square-shaped chamber between solid rocks where apparently a box had rested. Several thousand dollars were spent in the excavation work, it became known.

A Confederate soldier named Bankston, who lived in Austin during the Civil War and came back to the Confederate Home there many years ago, told Austin people of the burial on this creek of a large sum of gold, the wealth of several Austin soldiers during the latter part of the Civil War when Federal troops were expected to come up from Sabine Pass and overrun the Texas capital.

An investigation, after the tunnel was completed and the alleged treasure removed, showed the landmarks which are believed to have guided those who followed down the tradition and traced the treasure to its long hiding place. Two distinctive trees, one a huge liveoak, the other a five-pronged cedar, overhang the banks of the creek on opposite sides. One of the five branches of the cedar was long ago cut off, a foot from the ground. A sighting line directly from the oak tree over this stump lies precisely above the cache.

The sum of $80,000 in buried gold was fixed by Bankston when he led searching parties along the creek.

When the Union forces were moving toward Sabine Pass, where they met defeat at the hands of the redoubtable Dick Dowling, Austin was terrified, knowing that the invaders, if landed, would come to the state capital. Then it was that the wealthy Austin Confederates pooled all their wealth and buried it in the rocks, according to the story Bankston recounted, and which has been retold since the reported discovery by a member of a party who followed Bankston over the identical ground years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, who live a few blocks from the point where the mysterious workmen have blasted and worked for several months told of the secrecy which they maintained. First it was work for the foundation of a new bridge; later when they were half a block from the lip of the creek, it was making foundations for a "fine house." During the final weeks of the search, a guard was maintained about the tunnel, and a mounted man kept back the curious.

ON April 13 (1927) the work continued much beyond the usual five o'clock quitting hour, it was learned. Apparently that same night a box was lifted from the square-cut chamber between the rocks, for the next day the workmen were gone and the blasting had ceased. Curious throngs soon found the dark tunnel and with lights discovered traces of the large wooden box that had lain beneath the dirt for more than sixty years.

The box, when originally buried, was not placed beneath the limestone of the creek banks, it appeared from physical evidence of the excavation. During the early years of Austin, stone had been taken from the creek banks for building purposes and the tunnel led from the edge of a sunken spot between two ledges of stone, filled in apparently during the years by the crumbling of the rocks and the washing down of silt from the hill above.

Besides this reported discovery, Austin has been rich in tantalizing legend of buried treasure. There are at least two actual discoveries of buried treasure in Austin or near there on record.

A sum of more than $50,000 was plowed up by a Mexican along the Austin-Lockhart highway many years ago, it was learned. This became a matter of official knowledge when the Caldwell County authorities examined the spot and the county highway property, traced down the Mexican who had left with his wealth, and took half of it by proper legal proceedings as the possession of the county.

Within the last three or four years a party of treasure-hunters, after a mysterious search, departed hastily, leaving behind, to be presented to the University of Texas, a Spanish-worked bronze figure which had been removed from the earth. After they had gone, one of their workmen let it become known that a quantity of coins have been found.

Dr. J. C. Clark of Austin who owns land several blocks away from that where the purported cache was found, said that during the past several years he has permitted several searching parties to go on his land.

The Federal government apparently is not interested in a "find" of wealth of this kind, it was indicated by U. S. Revenue Collector J. W. Bass. Mr. Bass said an income tax is payable only on wealth earned or the result of business efforts, as distinguished from a discovery. Possibility of claims by families of Austin men of the '60s believed to have buried their wealth, was intimated.

Several persons have contributed to Austin's unusual number of treasure stories. A hoax by O. Henry many years ago sent hundreds of Austin business men and others into Shoal Creek, a mile from the spot of the latest interest, to dig for treasure. O. Henry recounted the alleged narrative taken from state records of a buried treasure, and had penwritten maps to substantiate the purported story. Austin people now are wondering if there wasn't really a basis of truth in the O. Henry hoax after all, only his getting the two West Austin creeks—both within the city limits—confused.

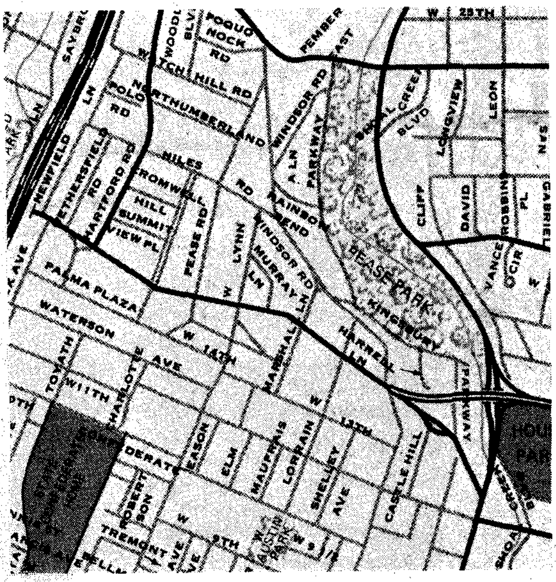
Addendum

O. Henry was a draftsman in the General Land Office in Austin from 1887 until 1891. Part of his story (written in 1895) which set off a treasure hunt went like this:

"For a great many years it has been a common report in Austin that there is a large treasure buried somewhere near the banks of Shoal Creek. This creek runs south through the extreme western boundaries of the town. Although scarcely a mile from the capitol building, the country through which it runs is for the most part of primeval wildness. There are dense woods, high and rocky bluffs upon both sides, and while there one can well imagine one's self a hundred miles from a habitation instead of within sound of the electric cars as they run along the western line of the Rio Grande Street belt.

"Some years ago, Mrs. Pease, the widow of the late Governor Pease, a benevolent and public spirited lady, presented to the city of Austin a tract of land upon this creek for a park. This has never been improved, but lies in the same condition it did when savages hunted among its giant trees and the echoes of the guns that freed Texas from Mexican rule rang among its fastnesses. This park extends along the western bank for some distance up Shoal Creek. Tradi-

AT AUSTIN


W 29TH
PEMBERTON
NORTHUMBERLAND RD
WINDSOR RD
PARKWAY
NILES
CROMWELL
HILL
SUMMIT VIEW PL
PEASE RD
LYNN
RAINBOW BEND
MURRAY LN
PEASE PARK
KINGSBURY
HARRELL LN
PALMA PLAZA
WATERSON AVE
W 14TH
W 12TH
ELM
LORRAIN
SHELLEY AVE
CASTLE HILL
MAUFRAIS
WOODLAWN BLVD
POQUONOCK RD
SHOAL CREEK BLVD
LONGVIEW
LEON
CLIFF
DAVID
ROBBINS PL
VANCE CIR
SAN GABRIEL
HARTFORD RD
NEWFIELD LN
TREMONT
ROBERTSON
W 9TH
CHARLOTTE
WITHERS

Courtesy International Aerial Mapping Company

Photo Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collections; Austin Public Library

O. Henry as a young man.

tion has it that some sixty years ago there was a skirmish near a high wooded bluff that rises on the west side of the creek, almost directly out from West Twenty-fifth Street. The description and the facts relating to this skirmish are decidedly hazy, but all accounts unite upon the main thing, which is that the Mexican side was vanquished and forced to retire. Before doing so, however, they buried either in an oaken chest or an iron pot . . . six thousand Spanish doubloons.

"A great many people have dug for it. There are probably thirty or forty holes, from three to eight feet deep, along the banks of Shoal Creek, where hopeful prospectors have sought to gain affluence by a comparatively small amount of labor.

"Some appear to have dug at random, following what they supposed to be signs indicated by ancient marks upon the trees; some seem to have dug at the center of the triangle formed by three equi-distant trees wherever found, and others have no doubt been guided by information of more or less doubtful sources and value. . . .

"The continuation of West Twenty-fifth Street," explained O. Henry, "is an almost abandoned road that, after descending a precipitous hill, crosses the creek and then runs up the steep hill on the opposite side and joins the road that skirts the brow of the heights.

"On the edge of the road, about fifty yards from Shoal Creek, there stands a giant liveoak, perhaps more than a century old. In the vicinity of the tree there are four or five more, all very large, and testifying by their immense trunks and spreading branches to the great number of years they have withstood the storms. By some unanimity the treasure seekers seem to favor this locality for their excavations."

He went on to say that Ramon de la Cruz was an ancient tamale vendor in Austin whom he had known well. This wrinkled, cheerful descendant of the Montezumas, usually quiet, always became loquacious with O. Henry since he could comprehend Ramon's native language, and the two had many conversations in Spanish at the old man's favorite nook on Congress Avenue.

Ramon told his friend that one night after he had sold out of tamales and returned home, two men came to his door a short while after the arrival of the train from San Antonio. One of them was an old Mexican with a wrinkled face and almost white hair. He wore a serape around his shoulders and an immense sombrero, spangled and silver-trimmed. He had little to say. The other was an American with red hair, a florid complexion, and moustache dyed black. He did most of the talking and spoke fluent Spanish.

At Ramon's invitation they entered his home, and the American at once began to ask him innumerable questions. He wanted to know all about a certain creek running to the west of Austin. He called the creek La Piedrosa. Upon very old maps of Austin, Shoal Creek appears as "Rocky Creek." La Piedrosa is Spanish for "Rocky." Ramon told his visitors all he knew, and they departed into the night as mysteriously as they had come.

The next day after his conversation with Ramon de la Cruz, O. Henry walked out to Pease Park. It was a place he loved for its restful beauty and primeval quiet. As he crossed the bed of Shoal Creek, he saw a folded piece of dingy paper upon the ground. Picking it up carelessly and examining it, he saw it was time-stained and ragged at the edges. Upon it, in faded ink, was a rough

(Continued on page 39)

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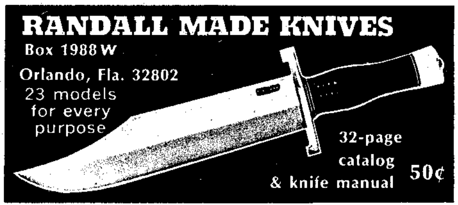

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Till The Law Cut Us Down!

(Continued from page 23)

down the miner and fight a return match, providing we'd back up his play.

Whereupon Howe polished up his tin badge with a bar towel and declared the miner wearing a baseball cap and sneakers and using brass-knucks on Joe Holt (making up the brass-knucks part) was hereby declared under arrest. A hell of a note picking on a bronc rider like Joe Holt, who had just had his brains jarred loose from the last bronc he'd ridden.

A small posse of cowpunchers was organized and they set out to make the rounds of the many saloons in search of the sneaker-clad miner. Each saloon added a cowpuncher or two to the posse and added more rounds of drinks before resuming the quest of Joe Holt's assailant, who seemed to have taken on added scurvy, treachery and more dangerous traits at each and every stop for liquid refreshments in the tracking down of the quarry.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Charlie Beard, had taken advantage of the Miners' Union holiday to close his J. P. Court and catch up with a few neglected chores at his ranch. With no constable and no J. P. to mete out law and justice to wrongdoers, the town of Zortman was wide open, free wheeling, let 'er go, Gallagher. When one of the snowballing posse was noticed carrying a coiled up ketch-rope in his hand, none of the celebrants paid much attention to it until the cowpuncher in the black Stetson, a rank stranger to me'n Frank Howe and Joe Holt, a man named Sizer by those who seemed acquainted with him, tossed the coiled rope on the bar. Sizer, his hat cocked at a fighting angle, had rapidly assumed a comradeship with Joe Holt, as if they were friends of long standing.

"Any dirty lowdown coyote who'd give a black eye to my side pardner here," Sizer put an arm across Joe Holt's shoulder, "deserves to be strung up to the nearest tree." He shoved the coiled grass rope at Howe, and said, "You know how to tie a hangman's knot?"

"A hangman's knot," Howe spoke with inebriated authority, "has thirteen wraps, and a hangman's rope is a soft well rope. You couldn't tie a hangman's knot in this hard-twist manila rope in a jillion years." That settled the matter for all time.

"Anyhow," Howe added importantly, "when we ketch the varmint we'll give him a kangaroo court trial. Mebbe strip him to the hide and give 'im a coat of tar and feathers. Or lock him up in jail and throw the key away. Feed him stale bread through the barred window till he starves to death. That'll learn them other Cousin Jacks not to mess around with cowhands."

"No dice on the jail house," Buster Moran said. "Judge Beard gave some miner a ten-day stay in jail yesterday, but it seems like this Cousin Jack is the champeen single-jack driller at Ruby Gulch Mine. So directly Beard pulled out for his ranch last evenin' some miners busted the padlock on the jail house door, so they could enter the jailbird in the drillin' contest between Alder and Ruby Gulch."

The rounds of the various saloons having failed to run Joe Holt's pugilistic enemy to earth, Howe polished up his tin star and led the way up the gulch to Carmen's Dance Hall. A full silver moon shed its pale light along the trail through the scrub pines and buckbrush to the aspen grove where the unpainted shed-like structure was located.

THE SWARTHY Carmen would tip the scales at close to 300 pounds. Clad in black satin, her gold-tooth friendly smile greeted one and all. It was a strictly customer's smile that left her opaque black eyes cold and calculating, sizing up each patron to make a shrewd guess at the size of his bankroll and how much he would spend on dollar-a-bottle beer, or the two-bit shots of rotgut booze she served at her corner bar at the end of each dance. Carmen tended her own bar and raked in the money, and it was said she handled her dozen dance hall girls with an iron rule. And that strict ruling also applied to the fat Negro professor, her common law husband, who pounded out ragtime music on the battered, liquor-stained upright piano.

As Howe led his makeshift posse inside the dance hall, the girls and their dancing partners were lined up at the bar, and the professor was tickling the ivories, his full bass voice booming out the words of some improvised song.

"You see your miner in the baseball cap, Joe?" Howe asked as he rubbed the heel of his big hand across the tin star.

"Nope," Joe Holt shook his head, as his weary eyes looked over the crowd of men at the bar. "Nobody here in a baseball cap and rubber-soled canvas shoes."

"You got a houseful," Howe told Carmen. "Us boys will be back later."

"What goes on, anyhow, Howe? What gives with the tin star?" Carmen asked, her gold tooth smile lacking warmth.

"Vigilante posse!" Howe replied with pompous dignity, and led the way out the door, leaving a hushed silence following his ominous pronouncement.

It was getting along towards midnight when Howe announced that Joe Holt's man had undoubtedly got spooked and quit town—that it was time to call the manhunt off and every man go his own way—that he himself was headed for the dance at the schoolhouse. He wanted me'n Joe to go with him but Joe balked on account of his black eye that was swollen and had a greenish cast. He and Sizer dropped off at Dutch John's and I went along with Frank Howe to the dance.

The last dance before partaking of the midnight box-lunch supper, prepared by the women and packed in shoe boxes, was always ladies' choice. And we arrived in the nick of time as the fiddler bellowed out in his whiskey voice, "Next dance is ladieeeeees choice!"

As if on signal big Frank Howe, his hat hung up in the cloak room, swaggered through the crowd of men to stand on the edge of the empty dance floor, a faint grin on his weathered face as his gray-blue eyes sought out the red-headed, freckled schoolmarm he hoped would ask him to dance. But the schoolmarm, already on her feet and crossing the empty dance floor, ignored Howe and chose for her dancing partner the head bookkeeper at the Ruby Gulch Mine.

A dull flush reddened Howe's weathered face, and the faint grin froze on his lips, but before he could back away to get lost in the crowd, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed handsome woman, dressed in a dark green satin dress, grabbed Howe's arm. It was the Widow Black who owned the cow outfit left her by Aleck Black who had died a few years before. "Long time no see, you big homely son-of-a-gun." Mrs. Black laughed softly and told Howe it was time somebody wised him up to that old maid schoolmarm's motto: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

While she and Howe danced around the room she confessed that she had forgotten to bring a box lunch and asked him to take her over to Biddy Moran's restaurant for a midnight supper. Afterwards they would drive out to her ranch and he could lead his saddle horse. "I got a few big maverick calves you can help me brand come sunrise, Frank, before that stock inspector George Hall comes nosin' around with a Jane Doe bench warrant, accusin' a lady of cattle rustlin'. It was Long George Francis dropped the big weaner calves in my horse pasture, a sort of birthday present. That Long George gent will do to take along, salt of the earth. If he showed up right now, with his dimpled cheeks, I'd cut you into the culls or toss you back to that speckled-faced old maid schoolmarm. And it would serve you right, big mister, paradin' around with that silly tin star."

By now the dance floor was filled and I was left standing there alone like a mammyless calf at a roundup. Most of the girls my age were strangers and I was about to slink off like a hound pup with his tail between his legs when Maggie Murray, daughter of jerkline freighter Jim Murray, saved the day. Maggie was a good looking, red cheeked girl I had known since she wore her dark hair in pigtails, with laughing blue eyes and an Irish sense of humor, full of blarney.

"My best feller stood me up," Maggie told me. "And me with a lunch box full of fried chicken. Wait till I get hold of that fancy baseball player. He'll wish he had his catcher's mask on when I start scratchin' at his eyeballs. Just because his team won, Sizer has been struttin' around crowin' like a rooster."

"What did you say his name was, Maggie?" I asked.

"Sizer. Walt Sizer. Catcher on the Landusky team. He's been workin' in the mines when he couldn't get a job cowpunching."

"Does Sizer wear a black hat?" I asked.

"That's him."

I was beginning to smell a skunk in the woodpile.

"Does he ever get into fights?" I asked.

"Yep. And he's handy with his dukes," Maggie answered. "Him and my brother Jim have put on a few boxing matches. He can whip Jim with one hand tied behind his back. I hear he whipped some cowpuncher after the game was over. Gave him a shiner."

I BEGAN to savvy a lot of things about this Sizer gent, with his wise grin and smart Aleck cracks and his hangman's rope. Throwing in with Joe Holt as if they were long lost brothers, and joining up with Howe's make-believe posse. But, in spite of Sizer making the rounds of the saloons with the posse and making a buddy out of the man he had whipped, I had a strong hunch that Sizer was sincere in his friendship for Joe Holt. And I aimed to go back directly I had eaten Sizer's share of Maggie's fried chicken, to see how him and Joe were making out.

But after eating and dancing my head off, it was nearing daylight by the time I got away. High time for me'n Joe Holt to get the hell back to the ranch, just in case Jake Myers took a notion to hightail it back from Malta today.

I found no sign of Joe Holt or Walt Sizer as I made the rounds of the

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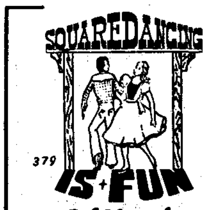

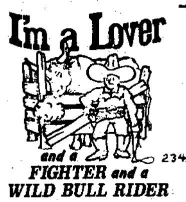
I'm a Lover
and a FIGHTER and a WILD BULL RIDER
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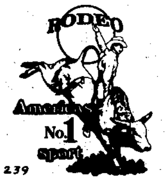

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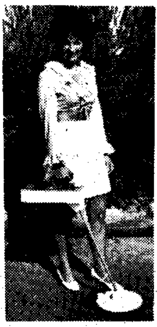

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saloons. I finally located Joe sleeping off his jag in the saddle room at the livery and feed barn. I shook him awake and we saddled up our horses and rode up the street to Buster Moran's Saloon to get our six-shooters. Howe's horse was gone, so I reckoned he had driven the Widow Black to her ranch, taking Red Ears along.

Joe was a little sick and hung over and in need of the hair of the dog, and as the feller says, misery loves company, so I hoisted a few to keep Joe company, and after a while it didn't make no never minds whether or not the cows came home. Joe kept wanting to find his bosom friend who had bedded him down on the floor at the barn and buy him a drink for old time's sake, and I didn't want to plumb ruin Joe's warm comradeship for his new-found pal by telling him that Sizer was the gent in the baseball cap and tennis sneakers who had cold-cocked him and hung the rainbow-hued shiner on his mug. So I kept my mouth shut. Buster said the last he had seen of Sizer he and a few town sports were heading up the gulch to Carmen's dance hall. Buster had already given us our six-shooters, so after a farewell drink on the house we forked our horses and headed up the gulch.

The first gray of a false dawn was dimming the stars and as we rode past Dutch John's Saloon we could see half a dozen saddled horses tied up at the long hitchrack. Just for the hell of it we emptied our guns at the sky. The sudden blast of the six-shooters woke up the dozen horses standing hipshot, while they patiently waited for their owners. Seven of them were tied with stout hackamore ropes. The ones tied by the bridle reins lunged and reared back, busting the reins and stampeding down the street at a dead run.

"Never tie a horse by the bridle reins," Joe Holt pronounced with tipsy solemnity. "Being set afoot thataway orter learn them fellers a lesson." And we hit a lope before the owners of the long gone horses came busting out with blood in their eyes. We rounded a bend in the trail and were out of sight before any irate cowhand sighted us.

At Carmen's we tied our horses to the hitchrack under the tall aspens by the braided horsehair hackamore ropes we used instead of bridles. The professor was pounding out ragtime music on the piano as we came in and we stood for a moment batting our eyes to peer into the smoke-laden lamplight. If Walt Sizer and his drinking companions had been there, they were long gone.

Just as we became adjusted to the smoke-filled room the front door burst open with a violent creak on protesting hinges, and a tall, lean man we had never seen before, with a six-shooter in his hand and deputy sheriff's star pinned on, stepped into the room and kicked the door shut. He had a hatchet-jawed face and his pale eyes, narrowed to slivers, were fixed on me'n Joe Holt.

"I'm looking for the two gents belongin' to them two saddle horses tied up outside." His voice sounded like a nail scraped over a slate. The long-barreled Colt was pointed at our bellies. "You two cowboys!" He spat out the words, "Reach for the rafters!"

With the gun backing his command he marched me'n Joe to the side wall and had us place the flat of our hands against the logs. Then he relieved us of our six-shooters and glanced quickly at the empty shells in the cylinder chambers.

"I'm arresting you both for being drunk and disorderly, and for shootin' up the town. You spooked some horses tied up at the hitchrack at Dutch John's place. Five of them busted the bridle reins and stampeded. Now, just who in the hell are you?"

I cut a sideways look at Joe Holt. With that black eye and skinned up face, and a day's growth of whiskers, he looked tough enough to be one of the old Hole in the Wall gang.

"We're from the Circle C outfit," I answered. "I'm one of the Coburn boys, and Joe Holt here has been ridin' the rough string at the ranch."

"You're a liar," the lawman spat out. "I know all the Coburn brothers and you're lyin' through your teeth pretendin' to be any kin. Thinkin' I'd let you and this tough lookin' pardner of yours off easy. Like hell I will! The lock on the jail is busted. Only thing I can do is to handcuff you together and keep you on ice somewhere until Judge Beard shows up." And with that he proceeded to handcuff me'n Joe together.

"Take us to Buster Moran's Saloon," I said. "Buster'll prove I'm not lyin' when I say I'm one of the Coburn brothers."

"Shut up," the deputy said, cold-toned.

He marched us down the wide trail afoot. When I said something about leaving our horses tied up, the deputy said he'd deputize a man to put them in the livery barn.

WHEN we reached Buster Moran's Saloon he prodded us through the swinging doors with the long barrel of his six-shooter. The news of our arrest must have preceded us because there was quite a gatherment lined up at the bar, and I was well acquainted with most of them.

"This snot-nosed kid," the deputy declared himself, "claims to be a brother to Will and Bob and Wallace Coburn, Buster. Claims you can prove he ain't lyin'."

"Never laid eyes on the kid till today," Buster declared poker-faced. "Him and his side-pardner have been raisin' hell all day. This bronc rider matched a fight with one of our baseball boys and got the hell whupped outa him. They wound up by shootin' up the town."

"I'm lookin' for a safe place to put the handcuffed prisoners on ice till Judge Beard shows up," the deputy said.

"The best bet," Buster announced, "is to take them to Bert Swag's Hotel. "You can get Constable Fred Roberts who just came in from Landusky to ride herd on 'em."

"Fred Roberts will tell you I ain't lyin'," I volunteered. "I've known him since I was six years old."

It was nearing sunup when this long-geared, self-important deputy, whose name was Shaw, marched me'n Joe Holt, handcuffed together like a pair of bank robbers who had just killed the cashier and a couple of tellers and got away with a South America stake, down the wide main street of Zortman. The dance was over and the ranchers and their families, loaded in spring wagons, buckboards and buggies, were heading back home to do the morning chores. Most of the cowpunchers had already hightailed it, and the miners had gone back on day shift. The all-night poker games, run by Sam and Luke Deniff, had folded up, and the cowtown had a deserted, hung-over look.

When the deputy named Shaw, who had just been appointed the new Constable of Zortman, hazed us into the small hotel lobby, it was empty, but there was the sound of men's voices and laughter drifting through the dining room door. As we were prodded toward the dining room I could make out the voice of Fred Roberts telling one of his comical yarns. About a dozen men were sitting at the long oilcloth-covered table eating breakfast.

Bert Swag, one time roundup cook and a good one, sat at the head of the table, and around both sides there was Sam and Luke Deniff, Jack Dewar, Joe Brown and Billy Kellerman, another saloon man, and Dutch John. And somehow Buster Moran had managed to get there ahead of us.

Every man there eating a sunrise breakfast had the same identical poker-faced expression, the same cold look in their eyes when they quit talking and sized me'n Joe Holt up, after Shaw had asked them if they knew his prisoners.

"They're both rank strangers to me," Fred Roberts spoke up.

"That pair of dirty deuces have all the earmarks of being horse thieves," Buster Moran declared.

"They was both ridin' Circle C horses," the new constable said in a grim voice.

"Stolen," Buster Moran nodded grimly. "I done told you before I had 'em sized up for horse thieves."

"I've just been appointed constable here at Zortman," Shaw explained. "I got to put a new lock on the jail and I've a few other chores to tend to. If you ain't too busy, Fred, I'd like to have you ride herd on my prisoners for a while."

"Shore thing," Fred Roberts agreed readily. "The pleasure's all mine. Us lawmen have to work together, Shaw."

"Thanks, Fred. Directly Judge Beard shows up I'll swear out a warrant, chargin' these two with horse stealin'." The constable shoved his six-shooter back in its holster and took his departure, taking our guns with him.

Fred Roberts got up and closed the dining room door and told the prisoners to sit down on the floor.

"Hear ye, hear ye!" Fred rapped on the table with an empty beer bottle. "This court is in order. This pair of desperate outlaws are charged with horse stealin'. I hereby appoint Bert Swag judge of this kangaroo court!"

Bert Swag cleared his throat. "There was a time when any man found guilty of horse stealin' was hanged to the nearest cottonwood tree. But them Vigilante days is long gone. So as judge of this kangaroo court I hereby fine you the price of a bottle of whiskey and a case of beer."

While we sat cross-legged on the floor, our backs against the wall, the drinking started. We were handed shot glasses of whiskey, with a bottle of beer apiece for chasers.

"If Judge Beard got out of the wrong side of the bed this mornin' there's no tellin' what will happen," Fred Roberts told us. "If there's blood in his eye he might throw the book at you fellers. For bustin' a few caps, he might accuse you of shootin' up the town. There are times when he takes his J. P. job serious. And don't lose track of the fact that when Al Shaw was sheriff of Lewiston or Miles City, I forget which, he got crowded into killin' some gunslingers mixed up in the Johnson County war, and he's got the bullet scars to prove it. So the best bet is for you boys to walk slow and speak easy."

I nudged Joe to take it easy on the booze, on account of we'd have to be halfway sober. Like Fred Roberts put it, there were times when Charlie Beard took his job serious. After all he was the law here at Zortman. It was a little late to remember the bulletin about guntoting he'd tacked up on his door.

When Mrs. Swag and her daughter Pearl fetched in big platters of ham and eggs and stacks of sourdough flapjacks, we ate, cowboy fashion on the floor, from grub-piled plates. The steam-

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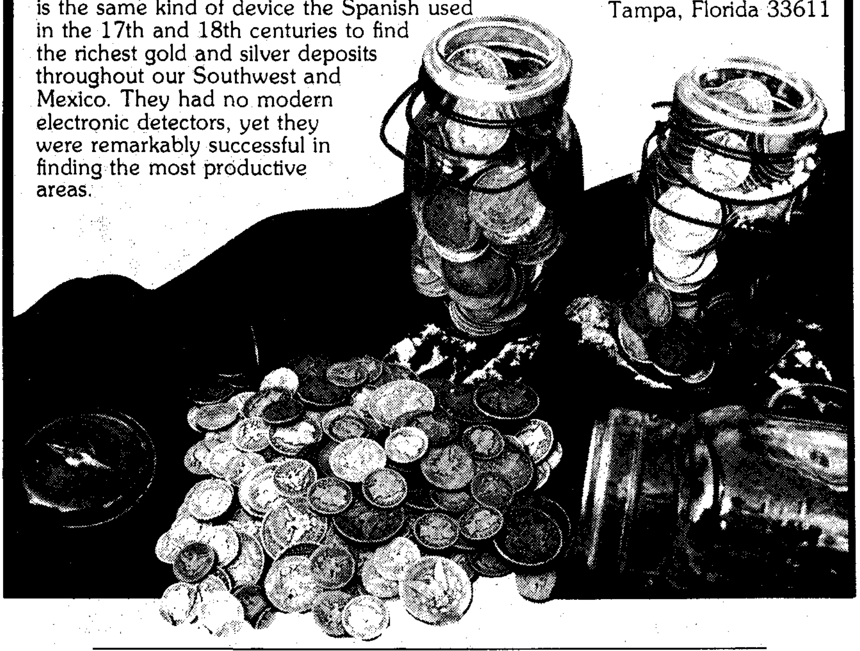

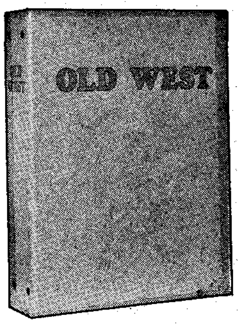

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ing cups of strong black coffee was what the doctor ordered, and me'n Joe were plenty sobered up when the new constable showed up, to march us handcuffed up the street to Judge Beard's court.

It was a little past sunrise when Charlie Beard rode into town, stabled his horse and walked up the street to his log cabin office, where the constable had been waiting impatiently for some time. In no uncertain terms, and with a seasoning of profanity, Shaw announced in detail his capture of two cowpunchers for being drunk and disorderly and for shooting up the town, and for riding horses they had undoubtedly stolen from the Circle C outfit.

"Fetch your prisoners into court," Judge Beard told Shaw.

Nobody in town had wised up the Justice of the Peace about the denial on the part of Fred Roberts and Buster Moran and the other saloonkeepers of our identity, or that I was one of the ambitious law officer's prisoners.

Let it be said now that I had known Charlie Beard since I was hock high to my first cow pony. As a surveyor he had surveyed all the patented land owned by my father's Circle C outfit, and I had dragged his surveyor's chain and driven stakes while he handled the transit. We had hunted together, shot prairie chickens and ducks together. I had stayed overnight at his ranch many times. Friends of long standing, me'n Charlie Beard. But, as rumor had it, when Judge Beard sat behind his desk in his official capacity there were no monkeyshines or horseplay.

It was the face of Judge Beard, lean, weathered, stern of visage, that I viewed now as the grim law officer shoved us through the door into the courtroom. I caught the brief look of surprise in his eyes, the faint twitch at the corners of his tight-lipped mouth, but he was wooden-faced as a blanket Injun when he hooked his steel-rimmed specks behind his ears and dipped his pen in a large inkwell. He pointed the pen at my handcuffed pardner, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Joe Holt, Your Honor." Joe spoke in his quiet Oklahoma voice.

"Occupation?"

"Cowpuncher, Your Honor."

"Where are you employed at the present time?"

"At the Circle C ranch."

Judge Beard wrote down the answers, then, still poker faced, he pointed the pen at me.

"What's your name, young man?"

"Walt Coburn, Your Honor." I replied.

Judge Beard adjusted his steel rimmed specks and consulted a notebook. "Al Shaw, the new constable at Zortman," he said, "accuses you two prisoners of being drunk and disorderly. Of shooting off your pistols within the city limits in violation of the city ordinance. And you stand accused of the additional and more serious charge of horse stealing. If found guilty of horse stealing you're subject to a term in the state prison at Deer Lodge."

Whereupon Judge Beard turned to the cold-eyed constable and asked, "Do you still insist on pressing the charge of horse stealing against these two prisoners?"

"Before answering your question, Your Honor," Shaw spoke in a clipped tone of voice, "Can Your Honor identify these two prisoners?"

"Beyond all shadow of doubt," Judge Beard answered and leaned back in his swivel chair. "Joe Holt spoke the truth when he said he works for the Circle C. As for Walt Coburn, I've known him since his father first brought him to the Circle C ranch when he was six years old."

"In that case," Shaw said grimly, "I withdraw the charge of horse stealing. But being drunk and disorderly and shooting off firearms within the city limits, remains as charged."

The swivel chair protested shrilly as Judge Beard again leaned forward, fixing me'n Joe with a gimlet eye.

"Do you two plead guilty, or not guilty, as charged?" His voice was stern, uncompromising.

"Guilty as charged, Your Honor." I spoke up without hesitation.

"Guilty as charged, Your Honor," Joe Holt echoed.

"In view of the fact," the Judge spoke solemnly, "that the roof of the schoolhouse is badly in need of new shingles," at this point Judge Beard consulted what appeared to be an itemized statement, "and the shingles and labor comes to the total of eighty dollars; therefore, I fine each of you the sum of forty dollars. In case you do not have the cash to pay your fines, I'll arrange the matter with the bookkeeper at the ranch to deduct the amount from your pay checks." Judge Beard removed his specks and put them carefully in a leather case. "Case dismissed." He turned with a faint grin to Al Shaw. "You can relieve the prisoners of their handcuffs."

As the handcuffs were being unlocked Judge Beard motioned toward our empty six-shooters that Shaw had placed on his desk. "I reckon," he said, the leathery grin showing for the first time, "that you two hell raisers are overdue at the home ranch. Give me your word that you will saddle up and hightail it, and you can have your guns. Empty, mind you, until you get out of town."

We gave our solemn promise, picked up our guns, and lost no time getting the hell out. As we went out the door, I overheard Charlie Beard telling Al Shaw that it was about time he was made a member of the Jim Bridger Scouts. To meet him over at Buster Moran's Saloon in about an hour.

When I turned my head to look back, I saw Charlie Beard's left eyelid close for a brief second, then lift, revealing the spark of humor that matched his leathery, well remembered grin. And it required no magic to know that within the confines of Buster Moran's Saloon all members of our erstwhile kangaroo court would be lined up at the brass rail, waiting in ambush for Constable Al Shaw, the eagle cage hoisted to the rafters, the piano stool in readiness.

Our holiday was over, the dance had ended, and at the end of the trail me'n Joe would pay off the fiddler, to the tune of a month's cowpuncher wages, a chewing out from Old Griz, and like as not a few days on the wood pile at the end of the big cross-cut saw, cutting cordwood into stove length for the kitchen range.

As we rode along the road that led to the Circle C ranch in gloomy silence, Joe reached into the pocket of his bat-winged chaps and produced a quart of whiskey. "One that my side-pardner left for a town bottle," Joe explained, "when he bedded me down in the barn to sleep off my jag."

I didn't have the heart to tell Joe that Walt Sizer was the baseball player that had cold-cocked him, and as far as I ever knew nobody else ever told Joe, albeit Jake Myers hired Sizer that fall when the beef roundup started. And when Frank Howe showed up a week later he told Jake, by way of an excuse for not being at the ranch, that him and the Widow Black was like this, holding up two crossed fingers.

Luke Short's Brother Joe

(Continued from page 15)

these Indians. The man on the horse got away, while the man on the mule was killed. There were also two men on just one horse. The Indians got after them, and they came to a high bluff with a deep hole of water at the foot of it, so horse, riders and all jumped off into the water. The Indians did not follow.

"THERE WAS a family named Box who lived neighbors. They had been to visit some relatives and were coming home when a band of raiding Comanches ran onto them. They killed Mr. Box and scalped him and cut a hole into his heart. Then they took Mrs. Box, her baby and three daughters captive. The girls' names were Josephine, about fifteen years old; Margret, about eighteen; and Ida, a younger one, about eight. Margret kept running back to her father when they started to leave, and they were going to kill her too, so Mrs. Box said, 'Come on, Margret, let's all go.'

"The Indians had taken them a long ways when they thought they heard white men coming, so they tied Mrs. Box on a horse with her feet under its belly and stuck a lance in the horse, and it pitched the baby from her arms. Then the Indians got down and killed it with rocks. When they got farther up the trail they divided, sending Mrs. Box and Josephine with one band, Margret with another, and the little eight-year-old with a third. Margret they may have intended for some chief's squaw. Ida, the little one, kept running about camp crying for her mother, so the Indians took her and set her bare feet down on the coals of the campfire so she could not run.

"Josephine was out gathering wood with some of the Indian girls one day. One of them made her angry, and she jumped onto this girl and gave her a good whipping. After that the Indians were very good to her, as they admired anyone who excels in something.

"After eighteen months the government bought them back. Mrs. Box said when she saw her youngest daughter, who was the last to be returned, come swimming the river on a mule, she recognized her by her light hair, as that was all that could be seen above the water."

Some of the minor details of this story may not be exactly as our father told them to us, but it is as near correct as I can remember.

Daddy drove two big herds up the Chisholm Trail to Dodge City, Kansas, and bought and sold a lot of cattle. On one occasion they were moving some cattle up in North Texas. He said:

"Brother George and I were moving a small herd we had bought and ran into a wagontrain of Comanches camped on Little Turkey Creek. They had a Negro interpreter with them and were down here off the reservation to buy beef. We decided to drive up the creek a-ways and camp. We made camp, and I rode on to talk to some buyers who were camped there also. I had not been there long when George, then just a lad, came riding up and said,'Them doggone Indians are lying down on our blankets, eating our chuck, and they popped their whips around me, so I got up and left.'

"I was on a little pony named Curley, so I just rolled the steel to Curley and went in a dead run right into the midst of them. I cracked my whip right in their faces and cursed them and told them they'd have to leave. One old chief was

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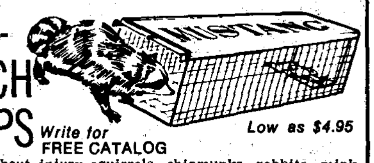

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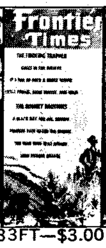
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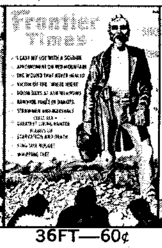
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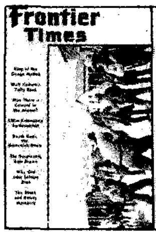
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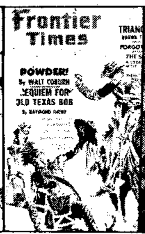
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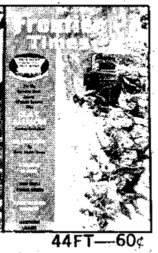
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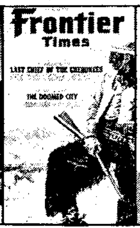
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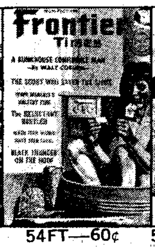
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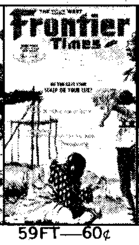
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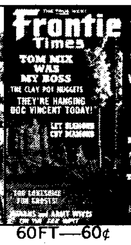
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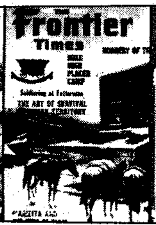
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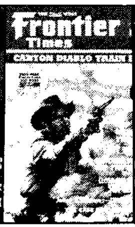
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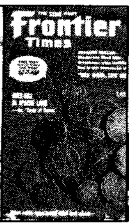
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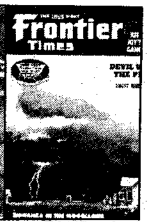
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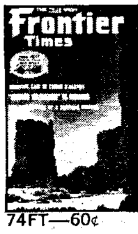
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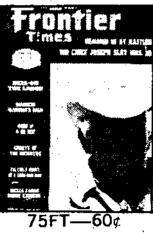
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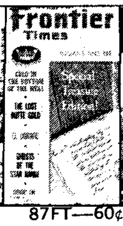
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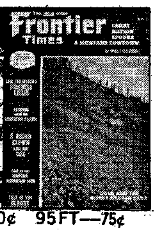
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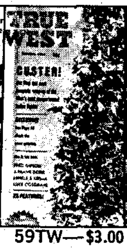
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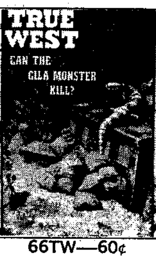
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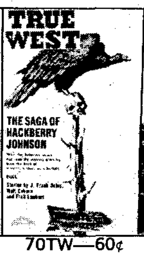
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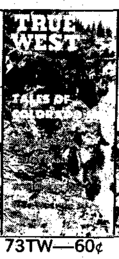
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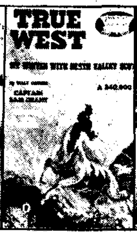
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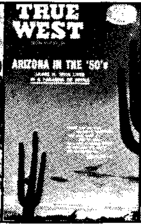
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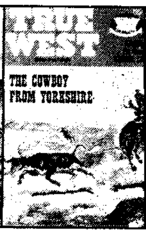
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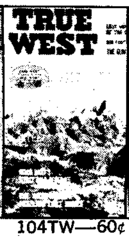
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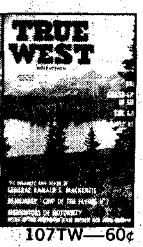
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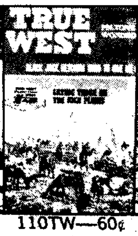
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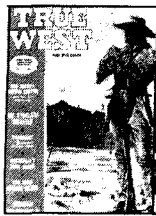
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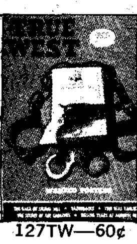
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propped up on his elbow. He just pushed the palm of his hand at me and said, 'You, you, you.' But they began to leave. George had some hooks set down on the creek, so some of these Indians as they went by, pulled out the hooks, took the fish off and tossed them back into the creek.

"We were getting supper ready when two old Indians came back to our camp. We went right ahead, got supper ready and sat down and ate. When we were through we asked them to eat. They were angry because we had not asked them at first, so one old Indian, when we asked him if he wanted any supper, answered in the negative, 'Unh-unh, unh-unh.' Then I asked him, 'Are you Comanche?' He said, 'Unh-unh, unh-unh.' I said, 'Are you Apache?' He made the same negative reply. I said, 'Are you Kiowa?' Again he answered 'Unh-unh. Unh-unh.' I said, 'Then you're a damned s-o-b, aren't you?' He thought I had complimented him, and he shook his head in a positive answer 'Unh-hunh! Unh-hunh!' "

DADDY was out on one of his cattle buying trips when two old chiefs came riding out to the herd. One of them said, "Me got five squaws and ten papoose. Want whoa-haw," which meant he wanted beeves. Daddy hated the Indians, with right good reason I always thought. He had some little old poor Indian ponies with Spanish itch sores on their necks. "There is a whoa-haw for you," Daddy told him. He said the old chief just spat and turned his head. He never looked back as he rode off.

Some of the other buyers predicted that the Indians would stampede Daddy's herd that night, but he moved the cattle out to some high ground and was not bothered.

My father could be a tough man when he had to be. Martha, the eldest sister, was married to Bent Mitchell. She was not happy, so Daddy gave her money to get a divorce. She changed her mind and decided against it, but Bent Mitchell carried a gun for Joe Short for a long time.

A friend of ours said he felt sorry for Mitchell if he ever caught up with Daddy. But he didn't.

Daddy moved south to the San Angelo area in 1884 and spent the rest of his life there, dying in 1935. He ranched forty miles west of San Angelo, then later ranched just north of town.

He owned the Blue Moon Saloon awhile on the northeast corner of Twohig and Chadbourne in San Angelo. He told us why he sold it. Two men, neighbors of his, came in one night ready to spend their money and probably get drunk. When they came up for their second drink Daddy said, "Not another drink do you get in here." They asked if their money wasn't good. Daddy told them, "No, you men ought to go on home." They left and went on down the street to another saloon. Daddy told us that disgusted him with the business, so he sold out.

Bill Box Didn't Wear a Gun

(Continued from page 9)

On the store walls, galvanized tubs, dish pans, wash boards, lengths of rope and wire hung. Cobwebs swung in the corners, and sometimes a bat had to be swept out in the morning. The windows of the store had been broken out so many times by kids, that Pa finally boarded them up, making it even darker inside the store. On summer days, the double doors just stood wide open and horse flies came through at will.

BUSINESS, such as it was, started off each day as soon as someone banged on the plow sweep hanging from the rafter of the porch, with a length of iron, to alert the storekeepers. Pa was a good listener and their manipulation of English was sometimes funny to him—like the time when Famous Whitewater came to the store angry, and exploded: "Old turkey hen sucked dog's nest, yester morning, ten eggs!"

In the evenings a bum or a weary traveler often made it to the store before closing time and Pa always invited him to supper, and on occasion to spend the night. He and Mammy weren't afraid of anyone and they did not question. Mammy gave them God's blessing, and Pa gained their confidence.

Being so close to the Cookson Hills, however, caused their children to be concerned about Pa's and Mammy's welfare. "Get a gun, Pa. You might get held up and hurt."

Well, Pa finally bought a gun and was tinkering with it one night and it went off and ripped through the wall and almost hit Mammy and one of his granddaughters at the dining table. Pa was so upset that he put the gun away for good.

"When your time comes around, you're going to go," he and Mammy declared, and that was that.

One time Pa had to straddle the fence when two of his neighbors started feuding, and then started carrying guns for each other. Pa talked to them both: "Now, don't bring your revenge to the store where the whole community gathers. There are women and children and I don't want any rough stuff going on here." Evidently they scouted for each other but never came near the store when the other's horse was hitched out front. Later, at an election that was going full swing, it happened. Jim B - - - killed his father-in-law right in front of everybody. The older man had walked out of the building and sat down by a tree. Jim shot him at close range and he was killed instantly.

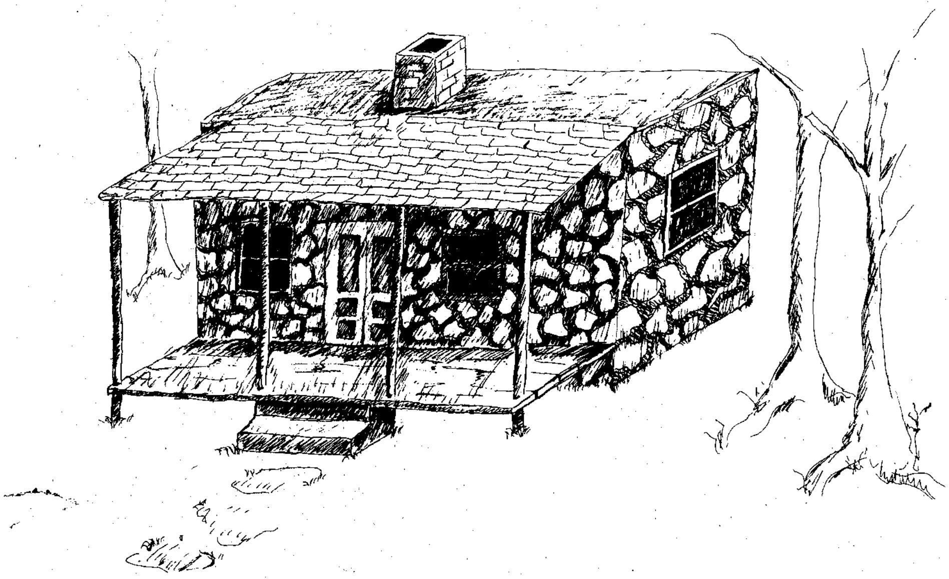
Another feuding took place when several people on the mountain wanted to kill Mose Mason. He held one man's cat in the fireplace with a poker and the family stood helplessly by because they were afraid of Mose. One night at a dance, two young men, who later confessed, said they loaded a gun and shuffled it with an empty gun and fired close range on Mose who toppled dead to the ground. They claimed they didn't know which one had the loaded gun. They were never tried for murder.

IT WAS always the white man who stole from Pa. In no way did the Cherokee Indians ever break his confidence. They were real friends. The moonshiners caused a lot of trouble, and the Revenue men were always in pursuit to find the hidden stills.

The lowlands and the outcropping rocks of the hills made them hard to find. Once, my father's hogs wobbled home in the evening and he thought they had the blind staggers, but the next morning they were all right. When he turned them out to go on the free range, they went straight to the still hidden deep in the hollow. Dad was mad because some of his hogs hadn't come in at all, so he telephoned for the sheriff and the moonshiners were captured and their barrels of mash blown to smithereens. On a rock near the mash barrels lay one of Dad's hogs they had shot and killed. I remember the day so well. Mother was wringing her hands as we heard shot after shot. Hours later we learned that nobody had been hurt, just arrested, and what we had heard was the sheriff's gun destroying the mash barrels.

In school, the Indian children with names like Tenkiller, Whitewater, Red-

Bill Box's store. Taken from an illustration by Dicksie McDaniel.



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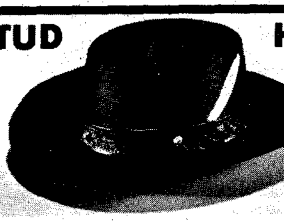

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bird, Ballard, and Teehees learned quickly and mastered the English language. Pa Box said: "Many of them will go on to college [Tahlequah] and graduate with honors."

He made stump speeches on the subject of education and kept on getting into politics until he was talked into running for County Assessor. He ran a good race and lost by only nineteen votes. Mammy complimented him and his friends encouraged him by insisting he run again the next election. Pa twisted the corners of his red mustache and grinned. He never seemed too upset about anything. It was like—you win some and you lose some.

It was about then that my mother started using every human means to get my father to move into town. "Our girls are getting grown," she said, "and I want them to meet someone besides a drunk, and this will happen if we don't change the environment."

Pa agreed that we should move close to a high school. I had been in the eighth grade two terms and had no diploma. So we moved into a small city where kids played in the streets and families bunched together in houses close to each other, while poor Mammy and Pa remained at the store and gave too much of themselves to others.

Pa's roots were down deep. He and Mammy would continue to sell snuff and horehound candy, and greet people of light and shade, whom they called friends.

I can remember that Mother began urging them to lock their doors at night. "People will kill you for a dollar," she said, knowing how they ran between the house and the store, carrying the little dingy money bag. Everyone knew they tossed it under the feather bed as soon as they got to the house. When I visited I began to notice that the dogs barked and carried on like someone was outside. The big cats jumped down out of the lofts and started to howl as soon as we were in bed. I couldn't sleep for thinking how careless my grandparents were. Until then, Pa Box had been my armed defender against all foes, but as the striking clock sounded out the time in loud clear tones, I felt alarm for the safety of Pa and Mammy for the first time.

In 1931 Uncle Gordie died from a black widow spider bite, and all the family went into mourning. Ten years later, still tending to the needs of others, Pa suffered a fatal heart attack. I had never seen him sick a day in my life. The Indians came to the funeral, about fifty of them, walking single file and stood just inside the graveyard, leaning against the wire fence. Until they were granted their request to place a handful of soil in the half-filled grave they stood in complete silence with bowed heads. An era had ended.

Right away the Government started buying up the land for an army base and moving the people out. They bulldozed houses to the ground and uprooted trees and rattlesnakes and the white rock of the Persimmon Ridge. Soldiers from different hills were moved in and trod the pig trails and cowpaths in training. By then, many of the Cherokee children who had grown up and finished grade school at the Yellow Hammer, Gum Springs, and Linder Bend schools, were graduating. (This fulfilled Pa Box's dreams.)

He had pigeonholed many inventions that were found in his journal, and one had been finished just a few days before he died.

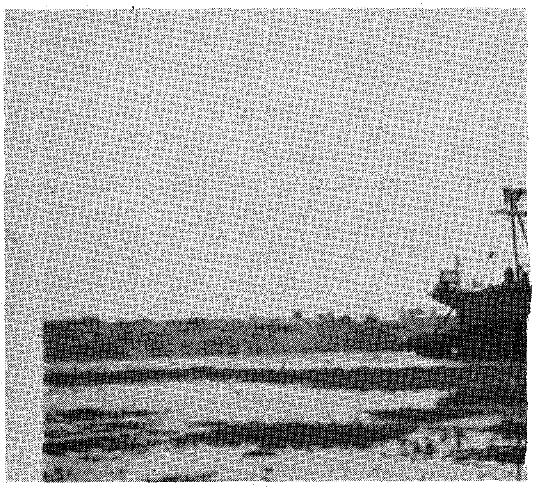
It would be interesting to know what Pa Box would have said about the possibility of landing men on the moon. I think he would have thought the idea crazy but would have lifted a hand to salute their efforts. He would have been so interested that he would have lined the nail kegs up alongside the counter and, with the overflow of curious customers who like himself were interested in the future and anything new, would have eagerly awaited the results.

California's Golden Fleet

(Continued from page 12)

caving in. No one around knew, or would say, who dug it or whether anything was found.

The lure of lost treasure being what it is, another not-so-secret attempt was made a few years after that. A power shovel was brought in by the mining company owner and, in the presence of a Wells Fargo agent and an insurance representative, excavation began. The work continued for several days and gravel was moved and piled higher and higher. Curiosity seekers watched and waited. Finally the watchers came out one morning only to find that everything was gone. All the equipment had been moved out during the night and all participants in the enterprise were gone too. Again, no one knows whether they found the strong box. To this day it remains a mystery.



Snelling Dredge No. 1.

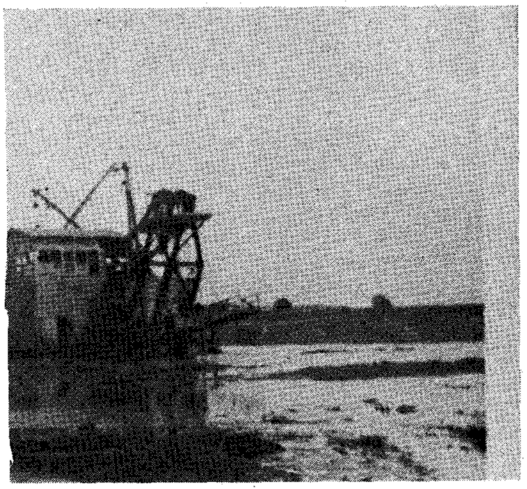
GOLD DREDGING prospered in the Snelling area from 1907 until about 1917 when it began to taper off. The Yosemite Dredging Company was first to work the Merced River and it wasn't until 1930 that the Yuba Company, searching for new ground, bought up 950 acres and renewed activity. Then, when the price of gold was raised to $35 in 1934, there was literally a boom that lasted until World War II when mining activity everywhere was curtailed by the government. During the boom period, six dredges worked in the Snelling area. A much larger number worked the rivers to the north—the American, Feather and Yuba in particular.

After the war, dredging resumed but rising costs spelled doom and gradually activity ceased altogether. Snelling Dredge No. 2 was sold to the Morrison-Knudsen Corporation and shipped to South America. Evan Estep said that the last he heard, it was still being used to dredge for diamonds in Brazil.

The buckets of the Merced Mining Company dredge were bought by the Natomas Company and are believed to be in use today in the Andes Mountains of Peru.

Although Snelling Dredge No. 1 was the last to shut down—in 1954—dredging continued in the northern rivers of California until the last one came to a squeaking halt on the Yuba River in October 1968.

Even with the current price of gold, it is unlikely that dredging will be resumed. Costs are too high—land, machinery and labor—and the operation is extremely destructive to the terrain.



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner. P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months:: 166,542; last single issue: 155,940. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 70,570; last single issue: 69,008. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 8,430; last single issue: 8,358. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 79,000; last single issues: 77,366. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 86,042; last single issue: 77,074. Average total distribution last twelve months: 79,500; last single issue: 77,866. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 23, 1975.

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Letter Rip

(Continued from page 3)

like it was when he worked there at the ranches, and the pictures are just as he remembers. My father came from Fulton, Kansas but now lives at 3200 Bryant Street, Topeka, Kansas 66605.—Mrs. Earl Kuebler, 3216 Humboldt, Topeka Kansas 66605

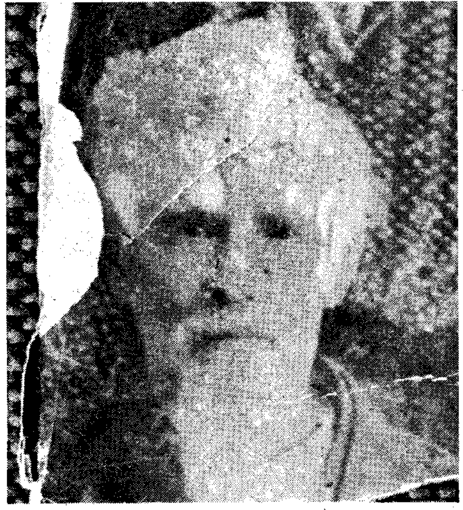
Remember Those Longhorns?

I would like to thank you for publishing *Cattle Trails of the Old West* in the Spring, 1976 OLD WEST. I first read of Mr. Potter in Mr. Dobie's *The Longhorns*, but I had never been able to find a copy of his book to read.

In 1927 Will C. Barnes and another government agent combed the South Texas brush country to find some longhorn cattle for the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge. As the cattle were gathered they were shipped to the stockyards in Fort Worth, then shipped to Oklahoma. According to stories which appeared in the press at that time, many people gathered to see them in Fort Worth, and of course many others saw them at the refuge in Oklahoma. I am very much interested in the history of longhorn cattle and would appreciate hearing from anyone owning a picture of those cattle or anyone who can remember seeing them.—Jim Rohl, R. R. #3, Decatur, Michigan 49045

Old Photo

I found this ragged photograph near Honey Grove, Texas at an old house site. I would like you to run it in a future issue and see if anyone recognizes it. There is no writing or indication as to its origin anywhere on it, but it may mean a lot to someone.—Timothy Mangham, Route 1, Box 307-K, Oroville, California 95965



Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

PIMA HISTORY

The 1904 *Pima Indians* (University of Arizona Press, $5.95) by Frank Russell is available again with introduction, citation sources, and large bibliography by ethnologist Bernard L. Fontana. Much of the original information was dug up for Russell by his capable interpreter, Jose Louis Brennan, Papago Indian. By the turn of the century, most Pima ethnography and ethno-history had disappeared under a blanket of European counter-culture. Russell and Jose Louis Brennan engaged in extensive field research among the Pimas in 1901-1902. Fortunately they found a sufficient number of senior Pimas to provide the pair with much information on a tribal culture which was fast becoming extinct. There is a fascinating section on food plants, mostly native, and both wild and domesticated animals. There is much of interest on family living, food growing, preserving and using techniques, myths, legends, religion and all manner of songs. The latter are presented in both English and Piman. Russell, a member of the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences, was granted a leave of absence for study on the Gila River Reservation in 1900-1901. A chronic sufferer of tuberculosis, he died at age thirty-five soon after completing his work on Pimeria. Very good.

LITTLE KNOWN HISTORY

Retaliation: Japanese Attacks and Allied Countermeasures on the Pacific Coast in World War II (Oregon State University Press, $14.50) by Bert Webber treats a phase of Western history about which there has been much vagueness and misinformation. In daring and ingenious ways the Japanese attempted to damage West Coast property and destroy morale, but because of war-time secrecy and the passage of time, little is generally known about these tactics. Long range submarines capable of carrying small aircraft, were sent across the Pacific to sink merchant ships, shell coastal installations and drop fire bombs on Oregon forests. Hundreds of gas-filled paper balloons loaded with fire bombs and explosives and floating high in the jet stream, quickly made the trip from Japan and landed in Alaska, Canada, and in the United States as far east as Michigan, Kansas and Texas. Webber has assembled pertinent details and anecdotes about these attacks and the circumstances surrounding them, their effects and our coastal defenses against them. His text is illustrated with more than two hundred photographs, maps and drawings, and the appendix lists the landing sites of hundreds of the ingenious paper balloons. Webber discovered many fascinating and little known facts about the Japanese attacks and has given us an interesting and much needed record of them.

GOOD REFERENCE

Wild and Wooly (Doubleday, $12.95), compiled by the long time Western buff Denis McLoughlin, is billed as "An Encyclopedia of the Old West." The coverage of Western outlaws and peace officers, western towns, famous Indians, mountain men, Indian fights, trails, and modes of transportation is very good indeed. The book is well illustrated including six (the frontispiece in color) by Ed Borein, one by Frank Tenney Johnson, seven by Frederic Remington and twenty-one (ten on the end sheets) by Charles M. Russell.

Strangely enough only Remington of the book's illustrators is accorded a biographical sketch and seemingly Catlin is the only other artist included. It should be a useful tool.

PLACE NAMES—HISTORY

Tracing out origins of place names reveals much of historical interest about an area. Thus *San Diego County Place Names* (Tofua Press, cloth $9.95 and paper $4.95) by Lou Stein adds detail and color to this southern California county. The names are listed in three groupings: 1. Some San Diego County place names are geographic or natural designations; 2. Some San Diego County place names are reminders of yesterday's people; 3. Some San Diego County place names disclose human interest stories. We found the Spanish and Indian names to have special appeal. San Diego (a county, city, bay and river) was named for Saint Didacus of Spain; then there is Escondido for a city and creek; Tierra del Sol, place of the sun; Sierra Tierra Blanca, for white mountain. Anglos left their marks also and some obvious ones are: Skunk Springs, Spring Valley, Split Mountain, and Tragedy Spring.

Buried Treasure

(Continued from page 25)

sketch of a locality he soon identified. Shown on it was the big bluff, a part of Shoal Creek transversed the lower portion, and, running downward into Shoal Creek, a crooked line represented a little dry branch that joined it about seventy-five yards from the holes that had been dug near the liveoak tree.

About one hundred and twenty-five yards up this little branch, the sketch indicated, there was an immense elm tree. From the foot of this tree was a pile of stones which extended in a straight line at least twenty feet from its base. He remembered the big elm tree, though only a stump was now to be seen. The pile of stones pointed down the branch in a direct line to the big oak tree. On the sketch, the big tree was shown marked in Spanish "Olmo grande"; the pile of stones was shown, and a dotted line drawn from them to a large elm near the big liveoak, marked "Encina grande," and shown in its proper position relative to Shoal Creek and the branch. From the elm a dotted line ran due north, marked "El Norte," and from the liveoak a similar line joined the other, marked "El Norte 30 (degrees) ueste." At the intersection of these lines a circle was drawn that bore the words, "El Oro," (the gold).

Recognizing the landmarks shown in the sketch, the astonished pilgrim went at once to the spot. There was no need to measure the distance. At the place indicated by the round mark on the sketch was a yawning hole, newly dug, about four and a half feet deep. Thrown to one side of this hole was a large iron pot, rusty and earth-stained. At the bottom of the hole was an impression that the pot exactly fitted.

Did the old Mexican and the dyed moustache get the six thousand dou-

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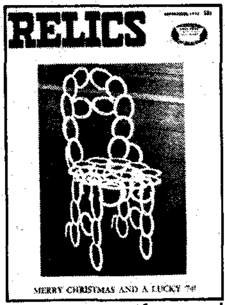

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bloons, O. Henry mused. He thought it not a wild conjecture to believe they did, knowing as he did of their visit to Ramon and their inquiries about the locality, the newly dug hole, out of which the rusty pot no doubt had been taken, the ancient sketch of the place that he had found probably where they had dropped it, and the old tradition of the buried treasure.

This story written by William Sidney Porter (he was not known as O. Henry until later) was published in the Houston (Texas) *Post* on October 21, 1895. He had left Austin a few days before this date to become a regularly paid staff writer on that paper.

It is a well known fact that in Austin, where he lived for fourteen years, he did go with other adventurous young treasure hunters on searching expeditions around the town. In later years, after he had become the famous O. Henry, he wrote of these adventures.

Will Porter must have spent many pleasant hours in Pease Park, for every detail of his description checks accurately. "Pease Park and the adjacent purlieus of the Shoal Creek country is a lovely place for a quiet stroll," he wrote. "The giant woods are of primeval quiet and restful to the perturbed spirits." His own spirit, at the time of this stroll, he said, was not at all perturbed, because he had a new pair of pants and a note outlawed the day before!

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 13)

haps in New York. He died in Union Township, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, April 2 1892. He married Sarah E. (perhaps Peck) born about 1827 died December, 1911 Tioga or Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, buried in Newellton Cemetery, Tioga County.

One son, John, was a railroad engineer killed in a wreck and there were Lewis, 1845-1916; William; Almanson, 1853-?; Charles, 1864-1916; Julia (Mrs. Abe Barnum); Marietta (Mrs. Fletcher Coon); Mary; and Sarah (Mrs. Rutty) who died early in life, prior to 1892. Adam names Myra Barnum Bellman, child of Mary, and children of Sarah Rutty in his will.

Where in New York were the Carls from and what were their parents' names?—Wayne A. Carl, P.O. Box 91A, Athens, New York 12015

Disney-Amsbaugh

I wish to correspond with anyone with a Disney or Amsbaugh connection as I am compiling a family history.—Sherry Foresman, 1941 Courtland Drive, Apt. 11, Des Moines, Iowa 50315

Mossman

I am interested in corresponding with anyone about William Mossman who married Minnewah Hertzog, a Choctaw, and lived in Louisville, Kentucky in 1902. They had two sons, William and the other was either Charles or Frank. William went to Wyoming where he worked until 1959. William was my father but I never knew his parents or brother. I don't know where they moved in the West. I'll welcome any information.—Thomas Chandler, 6723 Rustleaf Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78242

Killer from West Point

(Continued from page 19)

the showcases and approximately $300 in cash from the money box."

THERESA put the paper down and looked accusingly at her husband who had lit a cigarette and was puffing with utter nonchalance. When he failed to reply, she said, "You pawned things with Mr. Wolff. And the story says there was a terrible struggle and the killer must have been injured. He left a trail of blood from the front door to the washroom, where he cleaned up." She paused to get his reaction, but he showed none. "Edward," she demanded, "I want the truth. Did you kill him?"

He looked at her in disbelief. "You must be joking, Theresa," he said. "Why would I kill Wolff? He treated me all right. And I can prove I was playing cards all afternoon and evening."

Theresa, reluctant to believe that her husband was a murderer, no matter what else he was, appeared to accept the statement. But she was kept awake all night by the vague feeling that a piece was missing from the bizarre jigsaw puzzle, and while her husband slept soundly she tried to think what it was.

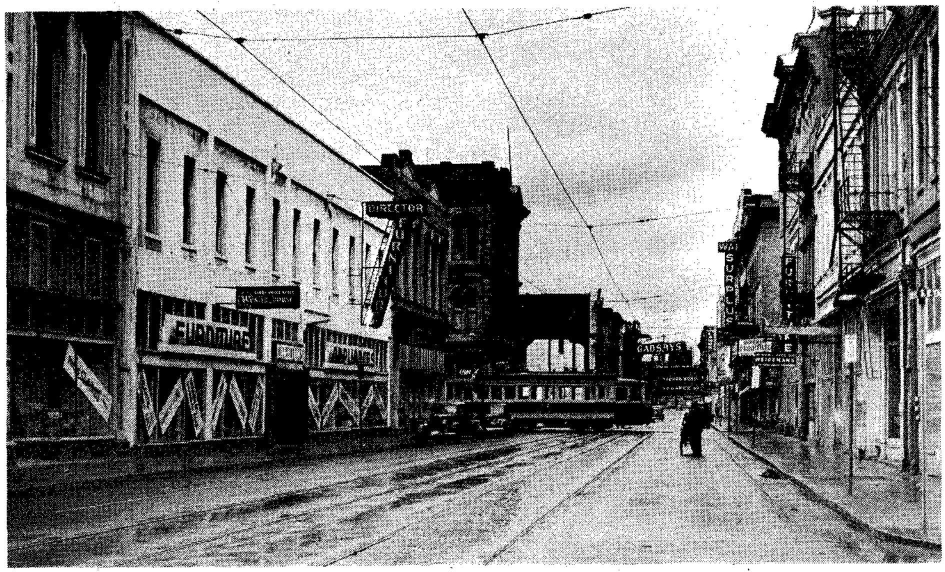
Finally, as dawn was breaking that beautiful May Sunday, she remembered that when Edward left the house Friday morning he wore a light gray suit and a blue-and-white striped silk shirt, but when he returned that night he had on a blue serge suit and a tan shirt. Only one explanation made sense to her: he had murdered Nathan Wolff and, having bloodied his own clothing, had taken some on which his victim had lent money. The discrepancy in Edward's attire had escaped her for a while because he owned a similar suit and shirt.

She said nothing about this at breakfast, however, being too sick at heart to do anything but look on in revulsion as her husband devoured two servings of hot cakes and sausage, making small talk all the while.

Although it had been many months since he had set foot inside a church, he seemed quite pious that morning and suggested they attend. Theresa went with him and made it a point to take him past the scene of what the press described as the most brutal murder in Portland's history. Martin showed no emotion as he glanced into the store, whose interior was a shambles. Almost casually he said, "Come on, Theresa, we don't want to be late for church."

He sang all the hymns with fervor and listened intently to the sermon. As they left he commented that he had never enjoyed a service more.

Theresa waited until they were home before again broaching the subject which had nearly driven her frantic. "I must know, Edward," she began, "where the



First Street in Portland at location where murder occurred, taken some years after the crime.

clothes are that you wore when you left Friday morning. You didn't have them when you came home."

"Of course not," he replied instantly. "The others got bloodied in the brawl I had with the guy I caught cheating. I left them at the saloon and borrowed an outfit from one of the proprietors."

The skeptical wife refused to accept the story without proof. "All right," Martin exclaimed impatiently, "I'll go down to the saloon and get my clothes. That ought to convince you." He stormed out of the house.

Meanwhile, Portland's best detectives led by their chief, Captain Charles Baty, were running down numerous clues in an effort to find the killer of Nathan Wolff, who had been a prominent Portland merchant for more than twenty-five years and left a wife and four children. The City Council, hoping to recruit the public's assistance in apprehending the slayer, offered $1,000 for information leading to his capture and conviction.

Captain Baty and his men reached a dead end in their investigation. Robbery seemed to be the motive; yet the ferocity with which the victim had been hacked after being shot in the throat, indicated a more personal incentive for the crime. And the discovery that the hatchet used in the attack had been taken from a woodshed in the extreme rear of the store appeared to be proof that the killer knew his way around the premises, most probably because he had done business with Wolff.

Late Sunday night, with Martin still away from home, Chief Baty called in all his men to discuss strategy for the following day. It was decided that, since the murderer's clothing undoubtedly had been stained with his victim's blood, the best approach was to hunt for the garments.

"The logical thing," the detective chief told his investigators, "was for the killer to get rid of them as soon as he could, because they would be a sure giveaway. He probably ditched them where he thought nobody would find them."

Baty instructed his men to cover the West Side thoroughly and not overlook any alley, trash pile, garbage can, sewer

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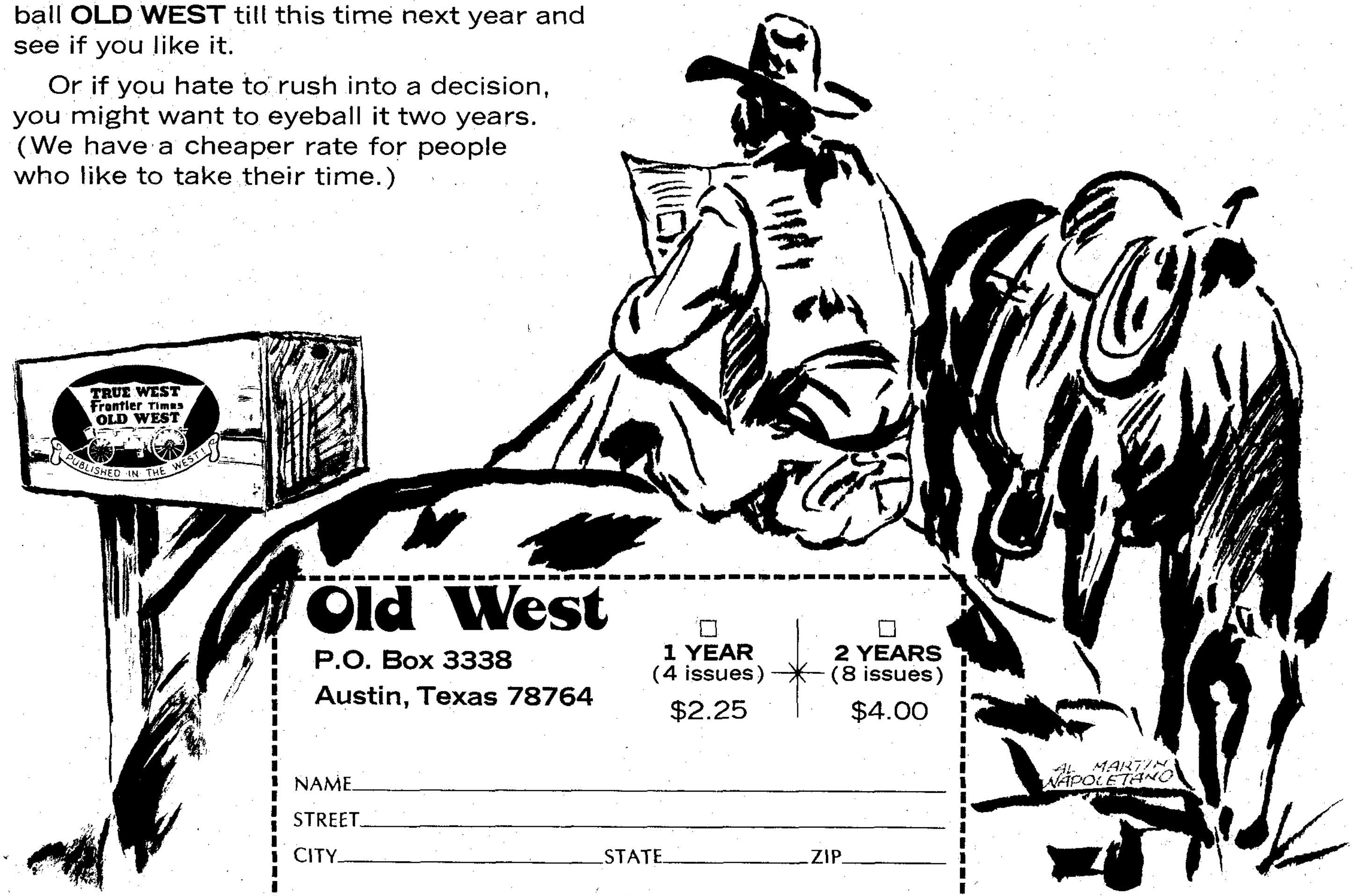

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catch-basin, vacant lot, or other possible disposal place. He also made arrangements to have the foot patrolmen take part in the search.

At 8 o'clock Monday morning an intensive dragnet was launched. Shortly before noon one of the patrolmen, John Goltz, who later became one of Portland's outstanding detectives, entered the back yard of the Washington Rooming House on Second Street. Spying a trash pile, he began to inspect it and, being thorough, he wasn't content with merely poking around. Halfway in the heap he came across a small package wrapped in a newspaper. When he opened it his eyes widened at the sight of a blue-and-white striped silk shirt, the front of which was thick with dried blood.

Goltz made sure no one in the rooming house owned such a garment, then hurried to police headquarters and turned it over to Chief Baty, who took it to City Physician Fred Ziegler for examination. The physician determined the bloodstains were not more than a few days old, coinciding with the time of the murder. He discovered a laundry mark underneath the collar.

Baty sent out every available detective, plus Officer Goltz, as a reward for finding the shirt, to canvass laundries in an effort to identify the garment's owner by the number. Late that afternoon Detectives John Price and Cliff Hellyer located the right establishment, the Opera House Laundry, and within the hour they drove up to the Martin residence at 602 Umatilla Street.

THERESA wasn't any more surprised to see them than she was over the fact that her husband had failed to come back with his missing clothing. She told them of her suspicions, concluding with the statement that if the police hadn't come to her, she would have gone to them that very afternoon, as she couldn't keep her thoughts to herself any longer.

"But I haven't any idea where Edward is," she said. "He might have left town or he might be with one of his girl friends. I guess he has a lot of them, and you can imagine what kind they are."

She gave them a photograph of her husband to aid in the search, and with this the detectives hurried back to headquarters. Chief Baty had copies made of the picture and distributed to his men, with orders to take the town apart to find Martin.

The suspect wasn't located that night, but detectives found several women who knew him. The nearest thing to a lead was a remark by one of them that she had heard "Eddie" was spending a lot of time with a girl on Union Avenue.

On Tuesday morning Chief Baty sent Patrolman Goltz and Detective Hellyer to the East Side to check on the report. Hours of diligent searching finally turned up Edward Hugh Martin in company of a young woman in a rooming house on Morrison Street. Although protesting he had done nothing for which to be arrested, he was driven to the stationhouse and taken before Chief Baty.

Martin categorically denied killing Nathan Wolff. He admitted pawning articles at the victim's establishment, but he claimed he hadn't been in the place since pawning his revolver a few days before the murder. As to his bloodstained shirt and the missing clothing he had worn when leaving home Friday, he said he had been in a fight, just as he had told his wife. He declared, however, it had been over a woman instead of a card game. He said he had been too drunk to remember much, so he couldn't tell them where he got the change of clothing. Maybe, he suggested, he had bought it at one of the numerous second-hand shops along Burnside Street.

When he was searched he was carrying $40 in gold and several dollars in silver. He claimed to have won the money in a poker game Sunday night, but he couldn't remember where the session had taken place.

He was adept at parrying Captain Baty's questions, and when District Attorney John Manning tried his hand at it, he fared little better. However, the prosecutor formally charged Martin with first-degree murder.

That evening, as news of his arrest spread through the city, more than a thousand persons, incensed over the vicious killing of a respected citizen, gathered at the police station and demanded that Martin be turned over to them. Chief of Police Charles Gritzmacher, however, persuaded them to disperse.

On the following day two developments occurred that completely scuttled Martin's claims of innocence. The first was the discovery by Patrolman Stark Lytle of a blood-stained light gray suit in the brush on a vacant lot near the corner of Montgomery and Water Streets. Theresa identified it as her husband's. The site of this find was on the route Martin likely had taken on his way home.

The second development was a surprise and a mighty welcome one for the police. Thus far unable to connect the suspect with a .38 caliber revolver, the type with which the merchant had been slain, they were jubilant when a young woman appeared at headquarters and cleared up this point. She said she had been acquainted with Martin for several months and that he often came to her apartment. On one occasion he had seen a revolver, which had belonged to her father, in a desk drawer and had remarked it was the kind of gun he preferred.

"Last Friday afternoon, around 4 o'clock," she related, "Eddie came to my place and asked if he could borrow the pistol for a day or two. He said he wanted to use it for target practice. I let him take it and I haven't seen the gun or Eddie since."

When Chief Baty confronted Martin with this damaging information, he brushed it off with: "She's sore at me for giving her the gate. I certainly never saw a gun at her place, much less borrowed one."

While the authorities were readying their case against the former West Pointer, more sensational news developed. First of all, W. J. Wax, who had recently moved to Portland from Warren, Idaho, viewed the prisoner in his cell and identified him as the suspected killer of an aged recluse in the neighboring state. Wax said Martin had been suspected of the theft of a pistol and was believed to be the old man's murderer, with a reputed hoard of hidden gold as the motive. However, there hadn't been enough proof to charge Martin with any crime.

The officials had barely recovered from this development when a telegram was received from the chief of police in Bellingham, Washington, saying he could connect Martin with the murder of Frederick L. Dames there—a crime identical with the killing of Nathan Wolff.

Dames, a butcher who often lent money at substantial interest, was shot down in his shop one evening and then dragged to a back room, where the assassin hacked him with a cleaver and drove a large screwdriver into his forehead.

Martin coolly labeled both charges "ridiculous," but he had to admit he had got into "a little trouble" in the Idaho town about the time of the recluse's murder. And it was established beyond a doubt that he had been in Bellingham when the butcher was slain.

On May 11, 1908—ten days after the Wolff killing—the defendant was indicted for first-degree murder by the Multnomah County Grand Jury. He pleaded not guilty and the court appointed two attorneys to defend him. They were Seneca Fouts and John A. Jeffrey, two of the state's most noted criminal lawyers.

The trial opened on October 6 before a jammed courtroom, many of the spectators being women. The sylishly-dressed, handsome young man listened attentively for ten days and then declared on the witness stand that he was "being railroaded for a crime the authorities can't solve." He insisted that the mountain of circumstantial evidence against him was either completely false or grossly tampered with; his attorneys emphasized that their client had served heroically in the Spanish-American War, had come from a fine family, was well educated and intelligent, and could not, by any stretch of the imagination, have committed the vicious crime of which he was accused.

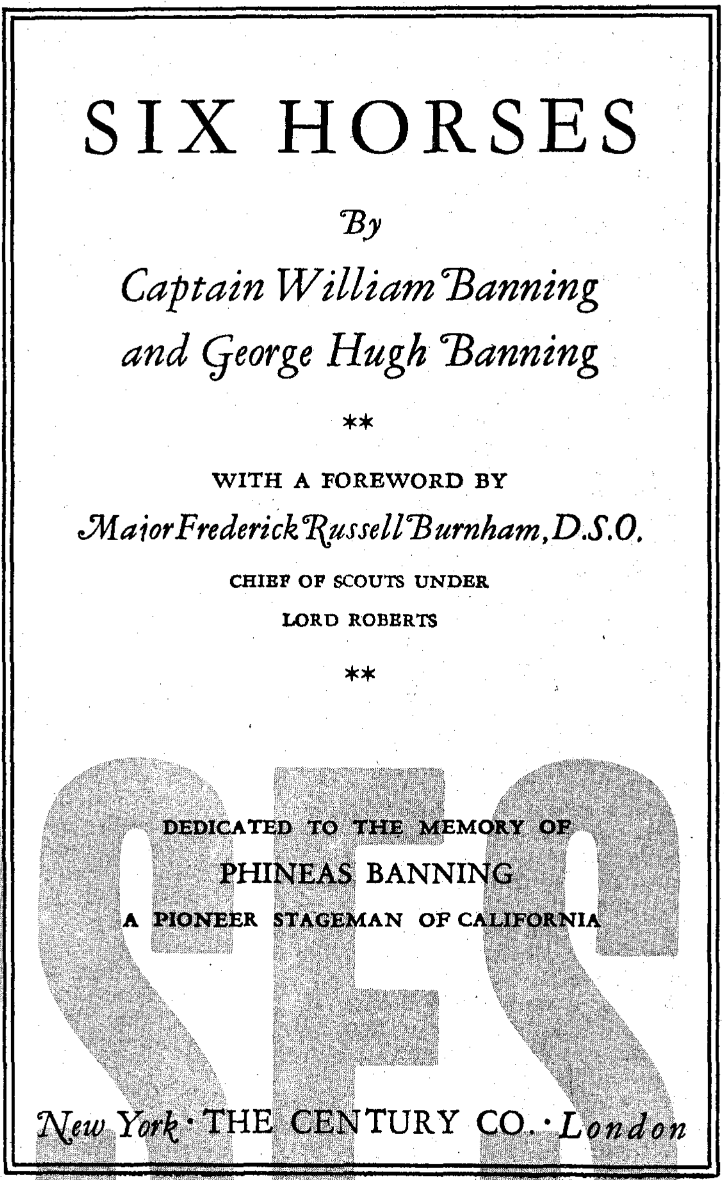
The jury deliberated for twenty-five hours and then brought in the verdict: "guilty of manslaughter." The foreman, Fred K.Hungerford, admitted to reporters that the jurors had agreed on a lesser charge in order to break a stalemate.

On October 20, Circuit Judge John Cleland, after terming the verdict a miscarriage of justice, sentenced Martin to the maximum term of fifteen years in the state penitentiary at Salem.

After serving six years and three months, he was paroled on December 11, 1915 upon recommendation of Governor James Withycombe, who yielded to pressure from organizations of Spanish-American War veterans who claimed that Martin had been unjustly convicted.

The freed killer went to California, where he died some years later, insisting to the end he had been innocent. Several years after his death, the house where he and Theresa had lived at the time of Nathan Wolff's murder was torn down. Under the porch, wreckers found a score of small envelopes, bearing the name of the Wolff store, which had originally contained pledged jewelry.

SIX HORSES



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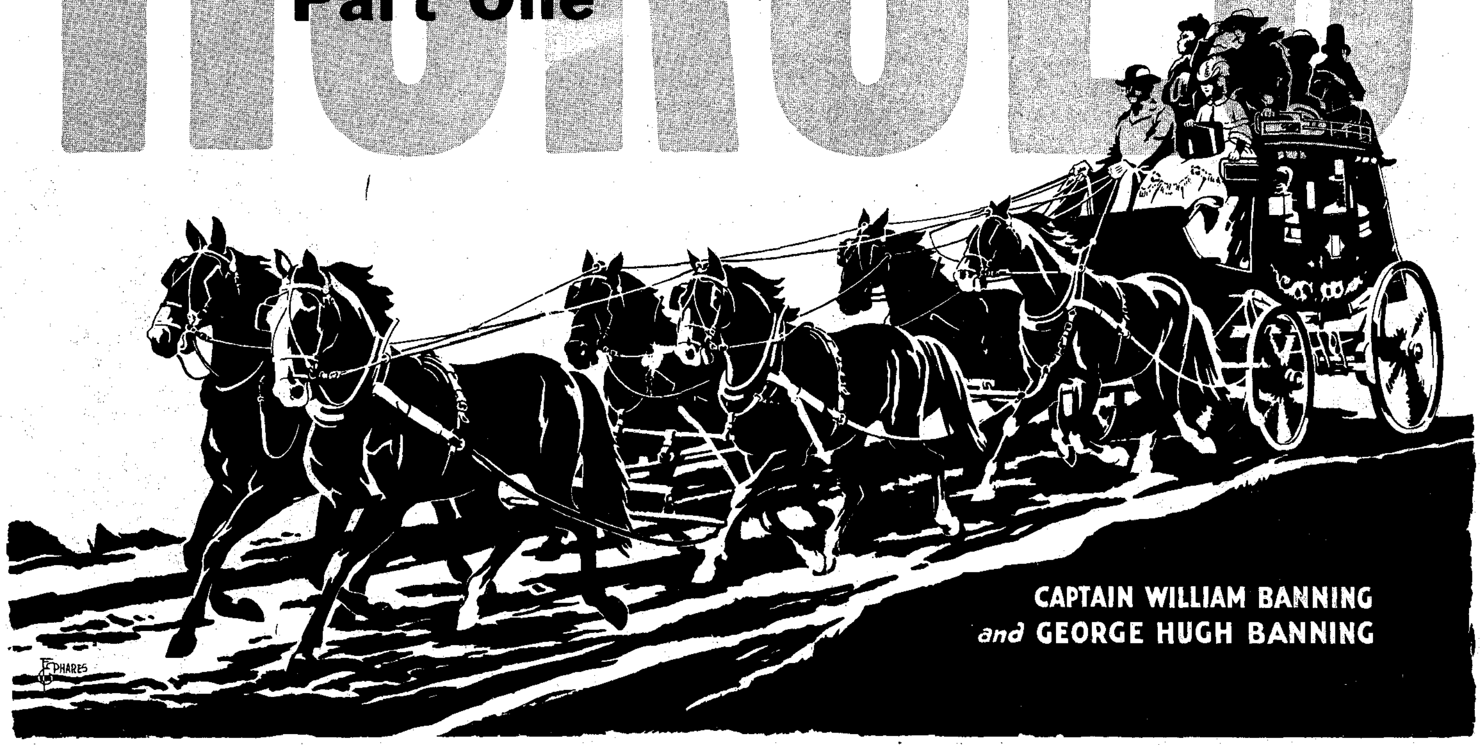

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"How does the horse know what you want him to do?"

"I talk to him through the ribbons, sonny," he answered.

And now I have just climbed down from the box of a coach belonging to that same old stage line, a line passing through its seventy-seventh year of operation. The vehicle, itself more than a half century old, was driven by a son of the original proprietor, by a pupil of the same John Reynolds. It was one of the old "Concords," but so perfectly preserved that it typified immaculately the period of its colorful reign, the days when it might have carried Barnum and his songbird, Jenny Lind, or the tragic Booth, besides many long-forgotten patriots, together with sweethearts that later became our grandparents.

Captain William Banning, the driver, as he tooled me along behind "six of the best," sending his invisible and silent commands along the ribbons, carried me back, not to the Wild West of fancy and myth, but to an old West that I recognized for the first time in many years. No other vehicle could have done it—no other could have come rolling down from those times and found itself still in such excellent trim that it could swing about, at it were, and roll back.

So we talked of the days long ago. We talked of the Argonauts, with their creaking ox-driven wheels, or their billowing sails, impelled by the power of gold to cross the deserts or mountains, or to brave the stormy seas of Cape Horn, to overwhelm the dons in their Arcadia. We thought of those hardy adventurers in their trials and disappointments; for they soon found that nature was still making it difficult to exploit her golden hoard. A few fortunes were made along the edges of the broad valley that could be reached by the huge ox-wagons, but the great wealth lay far up in the rugged hills and cañons. Means of rapid transportation thence, and dependable communication, became then a problem so imperative that, unless the exigency could be filled, this vast, new land might easily slip away from political and social contact with the older states of the Atlantic seaboard. Even the gold, the great lure, might lie in reef and bar unmined unless some means of intercourse, swift and sure, could be provided at once.

Here, then, was the opportunity for youth to "do the impossible"; and these pages tell how it was done—how a group of young men, headed by the immortal Birch, provided the romantic institution by which this country could be served (if not saved) while awaiting the arrival of the Iron Horse.

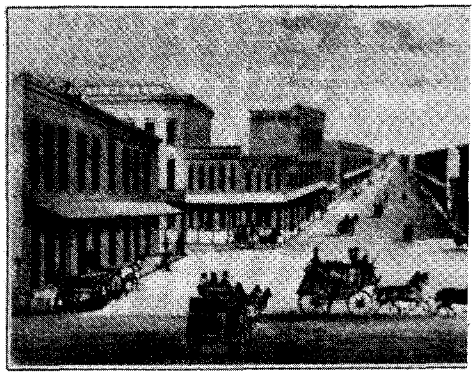
These young men combined in their unusual personalities the power to apply the Arab's knowledge of the horse to the mechanical perfection of wheel as developed by the craftsmen of Concord; for theirs was the American Coach known not only to the West that it was destined to conquer, but to the wilderness of the world, including those even of the colonies of coach-loving England. I have traveled many thousands of miles through South Africa in these splendid vehicles. Drawn by ten mules, whose Boer driver used a whip so long that he could easily reach the distant leaders, they carried as many as twenty-two passengers to the load, and endured a stress and strain from climate as well as country which would have shrunk and shaken any other stage-coach to pieces. It is no wonder that, long before these Concords made their way across the "American Desert," California found it necessary to import them by sail around Cape Horn. And in view of their inimitable qualities of excellence, great indeed was the heritage of these young pioneers and of the empire that so depended upon them.

High on the list of the adventuresome group mentioned in these pages let me stress the name of General Phineas Banning, to whose memory this book has been dedicated. He had many of the qualities of the great Cecil John Rhodes of Africa—a massive frame, dynamic in action, a keen brain, violent passions, and an abundant heart. So expansive was his vision that he could see without jealousy the end of his brainchild, the coach and six. He could see the passing of power from the ribbons of leather to the ribbons of steel, the prancing thoroughbreds driven from the roads by the snorting steam-engine. All of us in California are reaping the benefit of his having lived among us; for during the years of our blindness it was he who kept alive the vision of things yet to be. Captain Banning, the son, is the last of the great drivers. One wonders if the silent message that passes from and to his beloved six is not that of the Roman gladiators—"We who are about to die salute you."

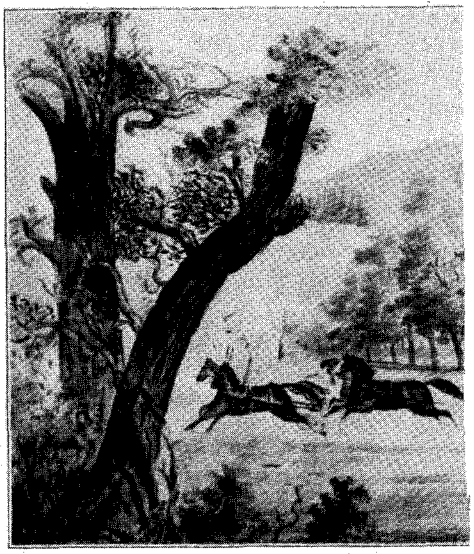
These are not sad thoughts; for each generation does its bit and passes down to the rest, and in this instance should do so without a pang. For close by stands a slender youth, a scion of the old general, the writer of these pages, an interpreter for him who "talks through the ribbons"; and, while not building the empire with thundering hoofs and wheels, he rises from it and its mother institutions to soar on man-made wings and look out upon it from the domain of the eagle, to view it in panorama, to sketch and recall it as it was.

F. R. BURNHAM

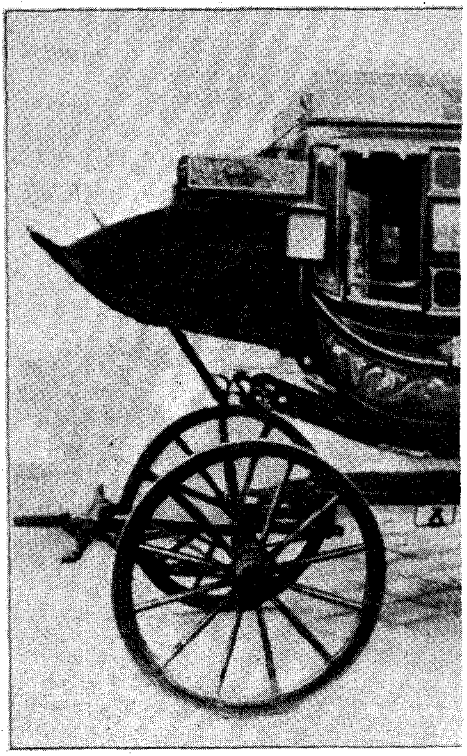
Los Angeles, California



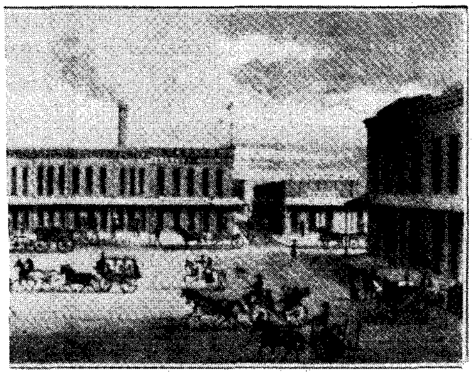
Marysville staging center in the fifties.



California Stage Company in 1853.



Concord mail coach built by Abbot, Downing and Company of Concord, New Hampshire in 1875.



Courtesy The Bancroft Library

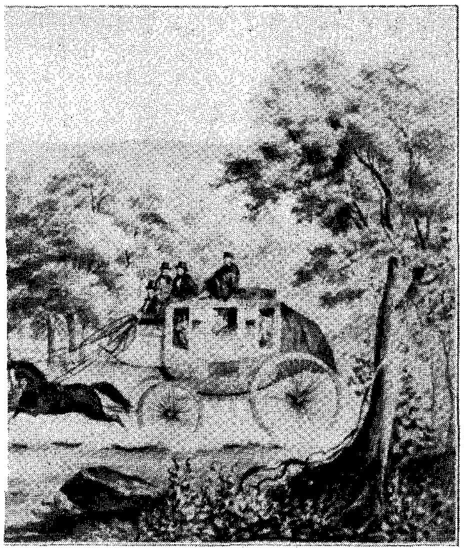


Photo Courtesy Mrs. Frank S. Stevens

GLOSSARY

AMONG stagemen, the word *stage* was commonly used in the sense of vehicle; it was any coach, wagon, or sleigh used for staging purposes.

Tht term *stage wagon or mud wagon* was distinct in its meaning from "stagecoach" or "coach," the latter being improperly called "wagon." The term *thorough-brace,* like "stage," was also used in the sense of vehicle; it was any conveyance whose body was suspended by rockers upon leather straps or thorough-braces.

Stage, in its original and stricter meaning, was a section of road between relays of animals, and was, in the case of first-class lines, about ten miles in extent. A *drive,* which comprised generally a number of stages, was a section of road between the points or stations where drivers, and usually their vehicles, were changed—it was seldom more than 60 miles long. A *division* was a line unit of arbitrary length, comprising generally a number of "drives," in charge of an agent of a superintendent or both, and ranged in length between 150 and 450 miles. In some cases there were divisions made up of divisions, as, for example, on the Butterfield line, where the eastern division implied all divisions east, and the western all divisions west, of a named central point, these great divisions having each a superintendent in charge, the lesser divisions heads being subordinate.

Stations were either "home stations" or "swing stations." *Home stations,* where often the station-master dwelt with his family, were also the dwellings of stage drivers and other line employees off duty, and were prepared to supply meals for passengers, and fresh teams for the stages as they arrived. *Swing stations,* where only several stock-tenders lived, were for purposes of relay only. A *stand* was, broadly, any station or relay post. But the word was used more often in connection with such points of the line as could scarcely be dignified by the name of "station." In the early days of the San Antonio & San Diego Mail, and of the overland routes of Chorpenning and Hockaday, most of the relay posts, for example, were "stands," boasting, as they did, only tents or mere brushwood inclosures for the shelter of stock-tenders.

A *conductor* was a traveling official (unknown to the later "shotgun messenger" days) who, usually as a ranking driver, was responsible for the welfare of passengers and cargo of a vehicle, or train of vehicles, over long stretches of certain overland lines. In the earliest days of the San Antonio & San Diego Mail, one conductor conducted the whole outfit from one end of the line to the other, taking shifts with drivers where the length of the drive demanded. Later he traveled half-way in charge of a coach, or a train of coaches, and was then relieved by another conductor, who carried on. There were conductors also on the lines of Hockaday and Chorpenning, and even, in some instances over certain sections, on both the Great Southern and Central "overlands."

The word *coachman* does not exist properly in the West-American stagecoach world. It was used only by a few passengers, usually foreigners, who didn't know any better. A stage driver, though he could tolerate the affectionate or poetic expressions of "Jehu," "whip," "whipster," "Charlie," "knight of the ribbons," etc., could accept the appellation of coachman no more than he could accept a "tip." He *might* accept a cigar, a box of cigars, a new hat (or, if over-tempted, even a ten dollar bill!), but the typical tip was as far beneath him as any coachman. Similarly the word *coaching* was not in his professional vacabulary—the operation was one of *staging.*

THE SPANS of a six-horse team were named, in order from front to rear, *leaders, swings,* and *wheelers,* or *lead team, swing team,* and *wheel team.* The four-horse complement had only the leaders and wheelers. *Off* meant *right; near, left.* One spoke of the *off leader,* for example, meaning the right-hand leader as seen from the driver's box; or *near swing horse,* meaning the left-hand animal of the swing team as seen from the driver's box.

The *whip,* so much overused and unconsciously abused by pen drivers, was a very different thing to the driver of a stage. For practical purposes, the instrument was held with the butt resting in the palm of the right hand and the stock held in the region of, and parallel to, the lines—it was never held up, like a coachman's whip, but down where it could serve promptly its greatest function. That was to signal the wheelers, to encourage either one of them into the collar at the proper time, and often when there was no second to lose.

The cracking of the whip, however, was a legitimate practice in the case of animals trained to answer that signal; and it offered the whipster an opportunity to show a skill which his passengers would be apt to appreciate. But the horse that actually required whipping did not belong on the line. Nor was it the practice to start the team with a crack of the whip, nor even to apply it shortly after starting; for to do so would ruin a team of any spirit—expecting the whip the animals could not be made to stand. The instrument itself comprised a hickory stock, five feet in length, and an eleven or twelve-foot lash of buckskin—*it was not long enough to reach the leaders of a six-horse team.* Still, there were a few—a very few—drivers who used the "six-horse whip"; but the lash of it, being twenty-two feet long, was too unwieldy for the average driver, and generally unnecessary for the purposes of driving. Drivers were, of course, very proud of their whips—the symbols of their order. Off duty they hung them carefully; they never set them down, never wound the thong around the stock, nor lent the instrument to their most trusted friends. Silver ferules, or rings, set at intervals along the hickory, were common, but sometimes frowned upon, apt as they were to hinder the elasticity of the stock.

TABLE OF DISTANCES BETWEEN THE WATERING PLACES OF

THE SAN ANTONIO & SAN DIEGO MAIL ROUTE

Miles between points.		*Miles from San Antonio*
—	SAN ANTONIO	—
7	Leon River	7
18	Castroville	25
25	D'Hanis (Saco River)	50
9	Ranchero Creek	59
4	Sabinal Creek	63
5	Comanche Creek	68
8	Rio Frio	76
6	Uvalde	82
9	Nueces	91
11	Turkey Creek	102
15	Elm Creek	117
7	Fort Clarke (Moras River)	124
7	Piedra Pinto	131
9	Maveric Creek	140
12	San Felipe	152
10	First Crossing San Pedro River	162
3	Painted Caves	165
16	Calf Springs	181
2	Willow Springs	183
16	Fort Hudson, second crossing San Pedro River	199
20	Head of San Pedro River	219
44	Howard Springs	263
30	Live Oak Creek	293
3	Fort Lancaster	296
4	Pecos River Crossing	300
6	Pecos Springs	306
32	Point of leaving Pecos River	338
16	Aroyo Escondido	354
9	Escondido Springs	363
19	Comanche Springs	382
9	Leone Hole	391
11	Hackleberry Pond	402
32	Limpia Creek	434
19	Fort Davis	453
10	Point of Rock	463
9	Baree Springs	472
13	Deadman's Hole	485
33	Van Horn's Wells	518
20	Eagle Springs	538
31	First Camp on Rio Grande	569
35	Birchville	604
25	San Elizario	629
6	Socorro	635
3	Ysleta	638
14	EL PASO	652
22	Cottonwood	674
22	Fort Fillmore	696
6	La Mesilla	702
65	Cook's Springs	767
18	Rio Mimbres	785
17	Ojo de la Vaca	802
10	Ojo de Ynez	812
34	Peloncillo	846
18	Rio Saur (San Domingo)	864
23	Apache Springs	887
9	Dos Cabesas	896
26	Dragoon	922
18	Mouth of Quercos Cañon	940
6	San Pedro Crossing	946
20	Cienga	966
13	Cienga Creek	979
20	Mission San Xavier	999
8	TUSCON	1007
30	Charcos de los Pimos	1037
5	Picacho Mountain	1042
35	First Camp on Gila River	1077
29	Maricopa Wells	1106
40	Tezotal (across El Jornada)	1146
10	Ten-mile Camp	1156
8	Murderer's Grave	1164
15	Oatman Flat (Gila Crossing)	1179
25	Second Crossing of Gila River	1204
32	Peterman's Station	1236
20	Antelope Peak	1256
24	Little Corral	1280
16	FORT YUMA	1296
7	Pilot Knob	1303
13	Cook's Wells	1316
22	Alamo Mocho	1338
21	Indian Wells	1359
32	Carrizo Creek	1391
18	Vallecito	1409
17	Lassator's Ranch	1426
7	Julian's	1433
7	Williams's	1440
14	Ames's	1454
16	Mission San Diego	1470
5	SAN DIEGO	1475

The Pioneer stage route over the Sierra Nevada Mountains as traversed by the stage wagon of J. B. Crandall in 1857 followed roughly along the line of "The Sherman Day Survey" which had been made in compliance with California's State Wagon Road Act of April 28, 1855.[1] This line, coursing the South Fork of the American River, touched Slippery Ford, Johnson's Pass, Lake Bigler (Tahoe) Valley, Luther's Pass, Hope Valley, and Carson Cañon, the distance as surveyed to the State boundary—Cary's Mill—being 59½ miles. Allowing five miles for the necessary detours, the distance traversed by Crandall's stage to the same point was called 64½ miles. Later, after some road work had been done, "The Sacramento Union" (January 5, 1858) published the distances between points of the route as follows:

	Miles
Placerville	—
Sportsman Hall	12
Junction House	3
Brockless Bridge	2
Sugar Loaf	11
Cottage Rock	4
Strawberry Valley	5
Slippery Ford	2
Summit	6
Smith & Douglas	2
Grass Lake	3
Hope Valley	3
Cary's Mill (in Carson Valley)	6
Smith's Ranch	4
Old's "	4
Cary's "	1
Mott's "	½
Corser's "	1
Daggett's "	½
Vansycle's Hotel	½
Genoa	2½
	—
Total distance from Placerville, California, to Genoa, Utah (later Nevada)	73

APPENDIX C

TABLE OF DISTANCES BETWEEN THE STATIONS OF

THE GREAT (SOUTHERN) OVERLAND MAIL

FIRST DIVISION

	Miles		Miles
San Francisco	—	Tule River	14
Clark's	12	Fountain Springs	14
San Mateo	9	Mountain House	12
Redwood City	9	Posey Creek	15
Mountain View	12	Gordon's Ferry	10
San José	11	Kern River Slough	12
Seventeen Mile House	17	Sink of the Tejon	14
Gilroy	13	Fort Tejon	15
Pacheco Pass	18	Reed's	8
St. Louis Ranch	17	French John's	14
Lone Willow	18	Widow Smith's	24
Temple's Ranch	13	King's	10
Firebaugh's Ferry	15	Hart's	12
Fresno City	19	San Fernando Mission	8
Elk Horn Springs	22	Cahuengo	12
Whitmore's Ferry	17	Los Angeles	12
Cross Creek	12		
Visalia	12	Division Total	464
Packwood	12		

SECOND DIVISION

Los Angeles	—	Vallecito	18
The Monte	13	Palm Springs	9
San José	12	Carrizo Creek	9
Chino Ranch	12	Indian Wells	32
Temescal	20	Alamo Mocho	24
Laguna Grande	10	Cook's Wells	22
Temecula	21	Pilot Knob	18
Tejungo (or Awanga)	14	Fort Yuma	10
Oak Grove	12		
Warner's Ranch	10	Division total	282
San Felipe	16		

THIRD DIVISION

Fort Yuma	—	Gila Ranch	17
Swiveler's Ranch	20	Maricopa Wells	40
Fillibuster Camp	18	Sacaton	22
Peterman's	19	Picacho del Tucson	37
Griswell's	12	Pointer Mountain	22
Flapjack Ranch	15	Tucson	18
Oatman Flat	20		
Murderer's Grave	20	Division total	280

FOURTH DIVISION

Tucson	—	Apache Pass	40
Seneca (Cienga?) Springs	35	Stein's Peak	35
San Pedro River	24	Soldier's Farewell	42
Dragoon Springs	23	Ojo de la Vaca	14
Mimbres River	16	Cottonwood	25
Cook's Springs	18	Franklin (El Paso)	22
Picacho	52		
Fort Fillmore	14	Division total	360

FIFTH DIVISION

El Paso	—	Horse Head Crossing	55
Waco Tanks	30	Head of Concho River	70
Cornudas de los Alamos	36	Grape Creek	22
Pinery	56	Fort Chadbourne	30
Delaware Springs	24		
Pope's Camp (Pecos River)	40	Division total	428
Emigrant Crossing	65		

SIXTH DIVISION

Fort Chadbourne	—	Earhart's	16
Valley Creek	12	Conolly's	16
Mountain Pass	16	Davidson's	24
Phantom Hill	30	Gainesville	17
Smith's	12	Diamond's	15
Clear Fork (of the Brazos)	26	Sherman	15
Franz's	13	Colbert's Ferry (Red River)	13½
Fort Belknap	22		
Murphy's	16	Division total	282½
Jackboro's	19		

SEVENTH DIVISION

Colbert's Ferry (Red River)	—	Riddell's	17
Fisher's	13	Holloway's	17
Wails' (or Nale's)	14	Trayon's	17
Boggy Depot	17	Walker's	16
Gary's	17	Fort Smith	15
Waddell's	15		
Blackburn's	17	Division total	282½
Pusley's	17		

EIGHTH DIVISION

Fort Smith	—	Smith's	11
Woosley's	16	Bolivar	11½
Brodie's	12	Yost's	16
Park's	20	Quincy	16
Fayetteville	14	Bailey's	10
Fitzgerald's	12	Warsaw	11
Callaghan's	22	Burns'	15
Harburn's	19	Mulholland's	20
Conch's	16	Shackelford's	13
Smith's	15	Tipton	7
Ashmore's	20		
Springfield	13	Division total	318½
Evan's	9		

NINTH DIVISION

By railroad from Tipton to St. Louis .... 160 miles

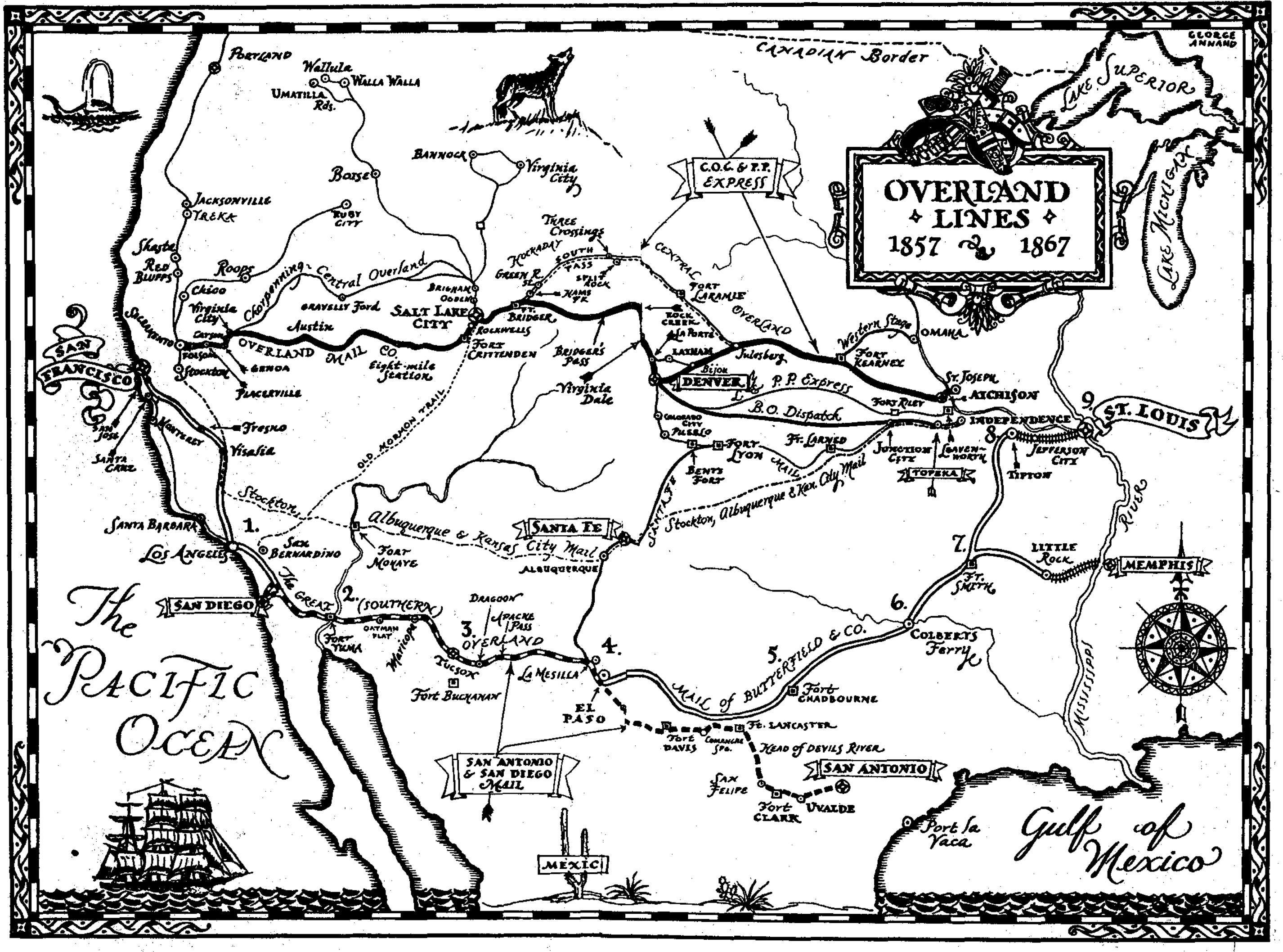
Total distance from San Francisco to St. Louis, 2,485 miles.

APPENDIX D

TABLE OF DISTANCES BETWEEN THE STATIONS OF

THE GREAT (CENTRAL) OVERLAND MAIL AND STAGE LINES

Miles Between Stations			*Miles From Atchison*
—	ATCHISON	Kan.	—
10	Lancaster	"	10
14	Kennekuk	"	24
12	Kickapoo	"	36
13	Log Chain	"	49
11	Seneca	"	60
12	Laramie Creek	"	72
12	Guittard's	"	84
10	Oketo	"	94
11	Otoe	Neb.	105
11	Pawnee	"	116
14	Grayson's	"	130
10	Big Sandy	"	140
14	Thompson's	"	154
14	Kiowa	"	168
12	Little Blue	"	180
13	Liberty Farm	"	193
15	Lone Tree	"	208
10	32-mile Creek	"	218
12	Summit	"	230
13	Hook's	"	243
10	Fort Kearney	"	253
10	Platte Station	"	263
11	Craig	"	274
15	Plumb Creek	"	289
15	Willow Island	"	304
14	Midway	"	318
15	Gilman's	Neb.	333
17	Cottonwood Springs	"	350
15	Cold Springs	"	365
14	Frémont Springs	"	379
11	Elkhorn	"	390
14	Alkali Lake	"	404
12	Sand Hill	"	416
11	Diamond Springs	"	427
15	South Platte	"	442
14	Julesberg	Col.	456
12	Antelope	"	468
13	Spring Hill	"	481
13	Dennison's	"	494
12	Valley Station	"	506
15	Kelly's	"	521
12	Beaver Creek	"	533
20	Bijou	"	553
16	Frémont's Orchard	"	569
11	Eagle's Nest	"	580
12	Latham	"	592
15	Big Bend	"	607
17	Fort Lupton	"	624
15	Pierson's	"	639
14	DENVER	"	653
11	Child's	"	664
12	Boon's	"	676
18	Little Thompson	"	694
8	Big Thompson	Col.	702
16	Laporte	"	718
10	Boner	"	728
12	Cherokee	"	740
12	Virginia Dale	"	752
15	Willow Springs	Wyo.	767
15	Big Laramie	"	782
14	Little Laramie	"	796
17	Cooper Creek	"	813
11	Rock Creek	"	824
17	Medicine Bow	"	841
8	Elk Mountain	"	849
14	Pass Creek	"	863
16	North Platte	"	889
14	Sage Creek	"	903
10	Pine Grove	"	913
9	Bridger's Pass	"	922
10	Sulphur Springs	"	932
11	Waskie	"	943
13	Duck Lake	"	956
12	Dug Springs	"	968
15	No name	"	983
12	Big Pond	"	995
14	Black Buttes	"	1009
14	Rock Point	"	1023
14	Salt Wells	"	1037
14	Rock Springs	"	1051
15	Green River	"	1066
14	Lone Tree	"	1080
18	Ham's Fork	"	1098
12	Church Buttes	"	1110
8	Millersville	"	1118
13	Fort Bridger	"	1131
12	Muddy	"	1143
10	Quaking Asp Springs	"	1153
10	Bear River	"	1163
10	Needle Rock	Utah	1173
10	Echo Cañon	"	1183
10	Hanging Rock	"	1193
10	Weber	"	1203
12	Daniel's	"	1215
11	Kimball's	"	1226
15	Mountain Dell	Utah	1241
14	SALT LAKE CITY	"	1255
9	Travellers' Rest	"	1264
11	Rockwell's	"	1275
9	Joe Dug Out	"	1284
10	Fort Crittenden	"	1294
10	No name	"	1304
10	Rush Valley	"	1314
11	Point Lookout	"	1325
15	Simpson's Springs	"	1340
8	River Bed	"	1348
10	Dug Way	"	1358
12	Black Rock	"	1370
11	Fish Springs	"	1381
10	Boyd's	"	1391
10	Willow Springs	"	1401
15	Cañon Station	"	1416
12	Deep Creek	"	1428
8	Prairie Gate	Nev.	1436
18	Antelope Springs	"	1454
13	Spring Valley	"	1467
12	Schnell Creek	"	1479
12	Gold Cañon	"	1491
15	Butte	"	1506
11	Mountain Springs	"	1517
9	Ruby Valley	"	1526
12	Jacob's Wells	"	1538
12	Diamond Springs	"	1550
12	Sulphur Springs	"	1562
13	Robert's Creek	"	1575
13	Camp Station	"	1588
15	Dry Creek	"	1603
10	Cape Horn	"	1613
11	Simpson's Park	"	1624
15	Reese River	"	1639
12	Mount Airey	"	1651
14	Castle Rock	"	1665
12	Edward's Creek	"	1677
11	Cold Springs	"	1688
16	Middle Gate	"	1698
15	Fair View	"	1713
13	Mountain Well	"	1726
15	Still Water	Nev.	1741
14	Old River	"	1755
14	Bisby's	"	1769
11	Nevada City	"	1780
12	Desert Wells	"	1792
13	Dayton	"	1805
13	Carson City	"	1818
14	Genoa	"	1832
11	Friday's	Nev.	1843
10	Yank's	Cal.	1853
12	Strawberry	"	1865
12	Webster's	"	1877
12	Moss	"	1889
12	Sportsman Hall	"	1901
12	PLACERVILLE	"	1913


OVERLAND LINES 1857 1867
George Annand
Canadian Border
Lake Superior
Lake Michigan
C.O.C. & P.P. Express
Portland
Wallula
Walla Walla
Umatilla Rds.
Bannock
Virginia City
Boise
Jacksonville
Yreka
Ruby City
Three Crossings
Hockaday
South Pass
Green R.
Split Rock
Hams Fk.
Central Overland
Fort Laramie
Shasta
Red Bluffs
Roops
Chico
Chorpenning
Central Overland
Brigham
Ogden
Gravelly Ford
Salt Lake City
Ft. Bridger
Rock Creek
La Porte
Virginia City
Carson
Austin
Rockwells
Omaha
Western Stage
Sacramento
Overland Mail Co.
Fort Crittenden
Bridger's Pass
Laramie
Julesburg
Fort Kearney
San Francisco
Folsom
Genoa
Eight-mile Station
Bijou
Stockton
Placerville
Virginia Dale
Denver
P.P. Express
St. Joseph
Atchison
San Jose
Monterey
Fresno
B.O. Dispatch
Fort Riley
Independence
9.
St. Louis
Santa Cruz
Visalia
Old Mormon Trail
Colorado City
Pueblo
Fort Lyon
Ft. Larned
Junction City
Leavenworth
8
Jefferson City
Tipton
Bents Fort
Mail
Topeka
Stockton
Santa Fe
Stockton, Albuquerque & Kan. City Mail
River
Santa Barbara
1.
Albuquerque & Kansas City Mail
Santa Fe
San Bernardino
Fort Mohave
Albuquerque
7.
Little Rock
Memphis
Los Angeles
Ft. Smith
The Great
2. (Southern)
Dragoon
Apache Pass
San Diego
6.
Colberts Ferry
Fort Yuma
Oatman Flat
Maricopa
3. Overland
4.
Tucson
La Mesilla
5.
Mail of Butterfield & Co.
Fort Buchanan
Fort Chadbourne
Mississippi
The Pacific Ocean
El Paso
Fort Davis
Comanche Spr.
Ft. Lancaster
Head of Devils River
San Antonio
San Antonio & San Diego Mail
San Felipe
Fort Clark
Uvalde
Port la Vaca
Gulf of Mexico
Mexico

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

STAGES, with their teams of six, are backed up in long rows, sweating porters and baggage-masters in front and behind. John Chinaman, with long tail wound at the back of his head, is running distractedly through the crowd in search of a lost bundle; anxious women, prolific in crinoline and gorgeous in silks and satins, are fretting and scolding over crushed bandboxes; and stern-looking men of an official cast are shouting fiercely:

"This way, gents! Over here with your baggage! Bring it along if you want it weighed; if you don't it won't go—that's all!"

And there is the machine that weighs; and there stands the inexorable gentleman that marks off the weights—ten, forty, sixty, ninety pounds per passenger—thirty pounds allowed; all extra baggage twenty-five cents per pound.

"Fifteen dollars for you, sir." "Twenty-five for you, sir." "Forty-six for you, madam." "Seventy-five for you, miss—heavy trunk that, miss."

"Oh, dear! Oh, goodness gracious! Must I pay seventy-five dollars for my trunk?"

"Yes, miss—sorry for it—no getting over it."

"Oh!"

"Quick, if you please, ladies and gents! Stage's behind time—won't get to Placerville before dark!"

"All aboard!" and off goes stage No. 1.

"Pile in, gents. Get down from that front seat, you, sir—place engaged. All aboard!" and off goes stage No. 2.

"Pitch in, Cap—all set!" and stage No. 3 follows through the dusty clouds that cover the road and the hillsides. And so on till we are fairly in and off, looking back with fervent thanks that we are clear at last. . . .

It was as J. Ross Browne found and described it on a lively day in the middle sixties when there existed a daily stagecoach service across the plains—a distance of nearly two thousand miles, coursed within seventeen days.

It is certain (he writes) there is no such a country in the world for feats of horse-flesh. . . . The length of our stage routes, the rapidity with which we travel upon them, and the facilities afforded by the expresses, are matters of astonishment to the people of Europe, who have not the faintest idea of the real difficulties to be overcome in carrying enterprises into effect in a wild country like ours.

During my sojourn in Germany, I received a letter from California by Pony Express in less than four weeks after it was written; and it was not until I showed the date and express stamp and carefully explained the whole matter that I was enabled to overcome the incredulity of my Teutonic friends. The idea of such a feat being accomplished by horseflesh was something they could not comprehend. Nor could they quite reconcile their notions of the practicable that we had spanned the continent with our stages—crossing deserts and mountains, from San Francisco to Missouri, as they would cross the cultivated plains and well-graded hills of their native country. ["Adventures in the Apache Country" 308-315]

Such enterprise was, moreover, unparalleled in the world's annals; for the world had never, perhaps, made such demands. It was a natural development, and a naturally rapid development with, not unlikely, the continued unity of the very nation at stake.

The prodigious gold rush of forty-nine was followed by a period of some thirteen years before any Pacific Railroad measure became a law, not to mention the seven additional years required for the law to become a railroad. It was in spite of the fact that the earliest floods of westward emigration had put the project rather clearly in the light of an exigency. As early as 1850, with California's admission into statehood, alarmists were not alone in their misgivings that the retention of perhaps half the new Western empire might depend upon the immediate driving of spikes and the clenching of iron bands across the continent.

Stage lines, real stage lines with regular and frequent relays over the wilderness to fill the temporary need, might have been vaguely suggested by the crude night-camping mule wagons that trekked with the mail and the occasional passengers from the Missouri frontiers to Santa Fé or to the Mormon city at Salt Lake; but for all that any system of horse transportation might have meant toward the preservation of national ties, there was to choose, it seemed, between the utterly inadequate and the utterly fantastic or impossible. The delay of the railroad was not to be taken lightly.

The very wilderness, with its unconquered nations of Indians, its deserts, its Continental Divide, its coastal barriers—the vast, vague map of the future—presented such uncertainties that it was not difficult to fancy as many national boundaries as those over the Continent of Europe. The virtual principality of Mormons, which often appeared to be waiting for the day—*der Tag*—when Uncle Sam might see fit to take issue with its attitude of independence—here was a slight manifestation of possibilities. But the youthful State of California, with her appalling increase of population, with her heavy infusion of foreign blood, young blood, and with her national barriers and resources—here were real potentialities; and they could not be overlooked.

Ties with the new State of the Pacific were more sound, no doubt, than all of the East was prepared to believe; but they were based to a considerable extent upon the promise of benefits which were being everlastingly withheld. The bond, though perhaps staunchly elastic, was stretching; and it was a stretch more like that of a hopeful imagination than of any pervading sense of national allegiance.

But this situation was not the most ominous one. The extended delay of rail legislation was a far lesser menace in itself than the circumstances causing that delay. For the same conditions of broadly divided national interests, leading rapidly and surely toward civil war, were likewise throwing one political faction against the other on the question of what overland route should be favored by Federal appropriations. Any feasible line of communications which happened to pass through Northern territories was sure to be condemned by the South and *vice versa.*

Thus, at a critical time when the ties between the North and the South were being tensed toward their point of breaking, those between the East and West were being put to an unwonted test. Something had to be done; and suffice it to say that *perhaps* the stage-coach did it, idle though it may be to speculate on what might have been the history and geography of any country had worse come to worst. But considering the tremendous rôle that the old vehicle assumed, and the visionary aspect which that rôle first presented, one is apt to look for a genius among the pioneers—someone who perceived the opportunity, asked for no precedent but simply drove in to fill the breach.

There was such a genius—a man, broadly, whom nobody knows. Not as many as two consecutive pages of history or biography have heretofore been devoted to his memory; but he died as the emperor of the whole West-American stage-coach institution; and it may be said of him fairly that he put an empire on wheels. He was Jim Birch, a Yankee. He is James E. Birch, with middle name lost even to his surviving kin, although some of them dwell in the mansion which he built from the gold-dust that swirled up from the fast wheels of his pioneer stage.

IT WAS with the creaking of ox-yokes and the slogging of cloven hoofs that he made his first journey to the Pacific Coast. And from the big muddy Missouri, along the green of the Platte, over the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and

Julia (Chase) Birch.

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Frank S. Stevens

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Frank S. Stevens

James E. Birch, the man who put an empire on wheels.

across deserts beyond, there were moving the fleets of young men like himself, the Argonauts of forty-nine—one white, monotonous, almost endless file. It was contracting and expanding, stopping here and starting there, yet in the grip, it would seem, of but one irresistible power, winding in such fibers as the maps of empires are made of, such stuff as romance is spun from—material like Birch, and also like Frank Shaw Stevens, who was fairly a part of Birch.

Now in the course of four months' journey from Providence, Rhode Island, to Sacramento, California, they were rocking in their saddle, side by side, relaying the cries from other horsemen in advance, and inhaling the dust of an interminable caravan. Dust and more dust, but they enjoyed it; they were dusty by trade—they were, or had been, stage drivers.

Whether or not they would ever "drive stage" again they could not have predicted with much certainty. But once a man had learned to hold the whip, to wield it and to handle the multiple lines; once he had trained his foot to the delicate manipulation of the brake and gloried in the sight of four or six horses pattering along before him, responding by shades of movement to his every whim, he was married to an art and could not hope to abandon it without surrendering much of himself. There was an infinite glamour to his calling. His whip had been his scepter and his box a throne. He had held the sway of the road and all that fringed it, from the little boys that tossed their caps as he passed, or the guests of the tavern who hung on his words, or the farmer's wife who urged him to sample her biscuits and cider, to the eyes that peeped at him from upstairs windows and the small handkerchief that sometimes waved. Knight of the Reins! Here he comes! There he goes! He knew what it was to be king.

Young Birch and Stevens were not, therefore, of any very humble origin, although now they were learning what it was to be looked upon simply as any mere Tom, Dick, or Harry. What was a driver, or even a reinsman, a master out here in this wilderness where the need of him as yet was wholly nil?

It was true—not a coach wheel turned in any land from the Missouri River to the Pacific shores. Some day, perhaps, someone would lay on the whip; but now travelers shifted for themselves and cared not so long as they "got there." The whole affair seemed only as a temporary fling. The New West, the new waste, was to be shorn of its gold; then . . . home again!

Thus Birch may have been thinking in rather broad transcontinental terms even at this early date; and if already his visionary travels involved a stage route of his own across this wild expanse, perhaps he was not alone in his fancies. There were rumors, for one thing, of a firm in St. Louis, bent on establishing a wagon service of a kind to ply between the Missouri frontiers and California, carrying some hundred and twenty passengers to the trip at $200 a head. It was an enterprise which, like several others of the kind, was destined to die in the embryo; and Birch was too practical a stageman to think of operating a mere passenger mule train with any hope of success.

But there were many other stagemen bumping along somewhere or other in the line—Charles McLaughlin, perhaps, and Warren F. Hall, J. B. Crandall, John Dillon, other whips not incapable of driving between the lines of history. In short, here in this caravan were embodied all the potentialities—the modes and methods, the habits and traditions—the best blood of New England's old stage-coach order. It was flowing toward a fertile field, the richest soil for which it could possibly have hoped. It was moving toward a land where it was bound to flourish independent of mail contracts—of government, politics—and to flourish to such an extent that a line extended eastward across the continent would appear not only as practicable but as a natural growth. The transplanted Yankee system was to know an eastward rather than a westward progression. From California, as more than a predominating influence, an improved New England school was to become the school of the plains.

All this could scarcely have been foreseen by the many whips now on their way to the new El Dorado. But dreams were at large, and there were probably few more glittering than those which accompanied the train of Birch and Stevens. Twenty-one years being the age of them both, they were apt to have had great expectations; yet Stevens appeared as sophisticated and deliberate as the typical driver of New England, openly suspicious of anything that glittered, to say nothing of the yarns from El Dorado. Birch was different—electrical, his eyes burning and sparkling as from a runaway dynamo within him. But he had himself well in control; and his mastery cannot be more clearly demonstrated than by his actions upon reaching the Gold Coast with the wild men of forty-nine.

Here, amid the carnival whirl of what-not in big boots and scraggly or braided beards, in sombreros and flaming serapes, on raven coats and craven stovepipes, in pig-tails and silken jackets—amid all that gyrated between Sacramento and Hangtown, between gambling-houses and churches, between temporary distraction and permanent dementia—Birch, by his equanimity, must have appeared madder than them all. He began doing only what he had done at home. He commenced "driving stage."

Stevens seemed also to be underestimating possibilities. He had invested in a wooden shack, a hotel in the center of Sacramento City—the center, that was, so long as two merchant vessels, retailing wares from their decks, remained in their present berths along the river bank. There were other rival establishments. "Eating is Done Here" was the sign on one; "Tip-top Accommodations for Men and Beasts" was the boast of another; "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks" was the appeal of the building of Stevens.

Here James Birch may have stored a saddle roll and wished his old friend well; but he, just now at least, was not seeking rest. There were relay stations to organize and stock to buy; and, while his route was to be only about thirty miles in extent, the investment and responsibilities were considerable. Several sporadic attempts at the staging business by rancheros and others (who knew nothing about it) had already resulted in so many failures. There was that to consider. Still, there was reason to believe that he, Birch, an experienced driver, was not taking quite their chances.

There was, moreover, a certain Alexander Todd, pioneering in the Western express business, just as Birch was pioneering along stage lines. Todd, too, could point back to premature efforts and failures of others; but having invested in a rowboat on the Rio San Joaquin, now he was prospering. If Todd could deliver mail to Stockton at a rate of four dollars per letter, carry gold-dust back in butter kegs at other such rates of profit, tax his oarsmen (his power plant) sixteen dollars a head, going and coming, and divide sometimes as much as a thousand dollars a day with his partner, surely the prospects were bright enough in the business of transportation. And thirty dollars a passenger would be no presumptuous rate of fare for a thirty-mile drive by stage.

In any event, Birch appeared one morning in September with an old rancho wagon. He was perched upon it in as stately a manner as though on the box of a Concord coach from the shops of Abbot-Downing. Holding some bull-whacker's lash as a true linesman would hold a stage-whip, he humored four nervous mustangs, four Mexican broncos that were apparently stage-struck before the gathering throngs. But it was:

"All aboard for Mormon Island! Forks of the American River! All aboard!"

It was all aboard for the maiden trip; all aboard, incidentally, for the very inception of everything which was to be regarded in days to come as West-American staging. He had conceived the embryo of a colossus; it was to become a giant even under his patronage, and stand prepared to meet a national crisis before passing from his control.

Blanket rolls, guns, and boots; picks and shovels and tin pans; hairy faces and war whoops; wild horses but master reins. . . .

"All aboard!"

THE EARLY STAGES

THERE was to be established in the following year (1850), over an old mail route between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fé, an isolated and rather forlorn mule-wagon concern which, even after more than a decade of operation, would boast only several relay stations over a distance of about 850 miles! A few other similar but still more primitive systems for the carriage of mail in various parts of the plains region were forthcoming shortly; but they were to be purely trekking institutions. And at present these camping-out lines could no more suggest a solution to the overland problem than did Birch's line of stock in California. The railroad was the project. One heard nothing but railroad.

There were arguments on the subject of routes for the laying of tracks, and of negotiable passes through the high Sierra Nevada, as though the locomotive were just outside, whistling for someone to open a gate. During 1849, and a brief several years thereafter, there was a locomotive attached to the general train of thought from the Atlantic Coast to California.

> **We want the railroad [cried the "New York Tribune" while the year was yet 1850] and cannot have it an hour too soon. If it were done tomorrow the difficulty would not be to find business enough, but to do all that would offer. California is a State of this Union, but is 40 days' journey from the seat of government. She should not have to be above ten days; she must not be if we would have our Republican Empire hold together and realize in the future all the greatness we so fondly imagine. [Quoted by the "California Courier," November 6, 1850.]**

The South had recently made another of her periodic gestures toward secession. As for California—"Each year, and as she grows more powerful, populous and wealthy," the Tribune concluded, "the tie that binds her to the confederation will become weaker unless it be strengthened by iron bands."

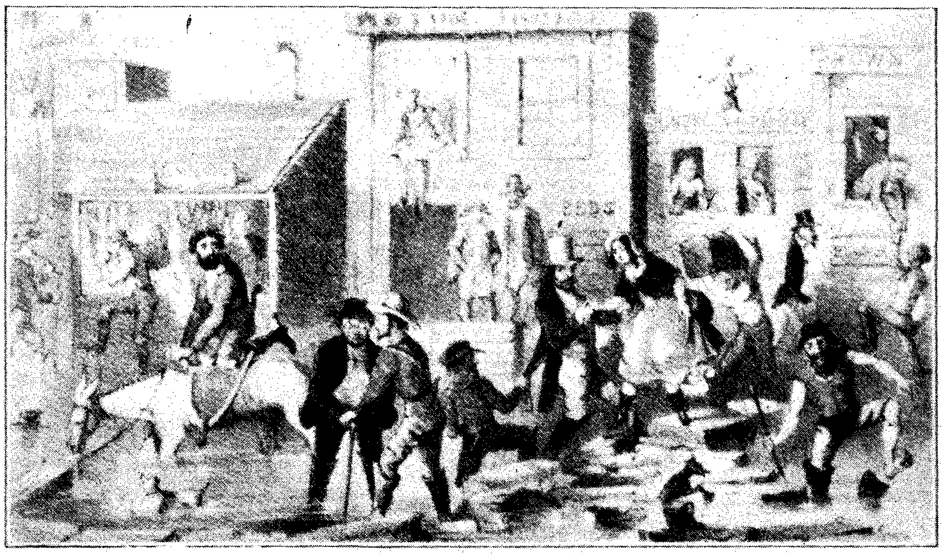
Roaring steam of this nature was being let off with equal force in Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, and elsewhere, not to mention the volumes of it that were generated in the various meetings, conventions, newspaper offices, and all spheres of common converse on the Pacific Coast.

Albeit, nearly two decades were to pass before the advent of rails across the continent. There was strife ahead, and enough of it without a civil war—more than enough arising from the railroad itself. Coveted by the South to serve Southern territory and by the North to serve its own, the project was soon to become so involved in sectional wrangling as to be classed with hopes deferred. If visible ties of union were required to meet the pending crisis, there was meaning to the crack of a pioneer's whip, to his cry of "All aboard!"

To Birch himself, it seems there was a far-reaching significance involved; but it was of a rather personal and private nature. It had to do with a young girl in New England, Julia Chase, stepdaughter of his former employer, Otis Kelton of Providence. It had to do with ways and means of returning to her with what fortune in gold would be needed to support a wife.

Thus Birch was bound to the country he had left by a wisp of hair. California, as the New York Tribune might well have considered along with its fears of disunion, was likewise bound to the nation that claimed it by myriads of similar wisps—dark ones, light ones, red, white, and all but blue ones; but of all these, there was one to warrant some special regard.

The romance involved in the life of Birch (which was also the romance of Stevens) was to have a peculiar but positive bearing upon his public career and hence, providentially, even upon the development of overland transportation throughout the West.



San Francisco in the winter of forty-nine. (Illustration from *Mountains and Molehills* by Frank Marryat.)

FRANK STEVENS did not join his friend Birch at once in the business of staging; and in fact his national significance as a stageman is of a rather singular nature.

It is true that his biography might accord him a conspicuous place among the earlier and later proprietors of important lines; that it might recall him, for instance, as having formed apparently the first and most perfect link in one of the later great overland chains, or as having served many years as an active vice-president, and later as a mainstay, of what was at one time the largest stage-coach firm in the world, or as having been a financial power behind one early overland line. All this was a part of his career; but it was the least of it. Alone, it would have placed him in a class of splendid pioneer whips who, though they served to put an empire on wheels, are all too numerous to name. And his other—his greater enterprises—unfortunately are not to be found in Stagedom. But this fact remains:

Frank Stevens was a friend of Birch; his life is inextricable from the romantic saga of Birch; and to Birch—first and last—belongs the story of a very noteworthy pioneer phase.

Now, however, Stevens was merely saving a few generous pinches of "dust," trying to content himself, perhaps, with "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks," while stages went clattering off to the mines and back with a share of their gold. Birch, having led off in the race, had been joined by others. The rumble of his wheels had been accompanied by a prospering jingle and attracted men of his calling from many parts of the country. Never before, in the world of hoofs and wheels, had there appeared such unbounded opportunities.

Travel—it was the impulse and the act and the life. There were fairly no moorings; neither home nor bonnet nor bib. There were restless young men in droves; there was the atmosphere of adventure with prospects everywhere. Be it slump or boom here or there in the gold-fields, the stages packed them coming and going. They sheared the gold fleece from their will-o'-the-wisps at a rate as high as a dollar to the mile. Soon there was scarcely a place in the whole mining region where four and six horse teams were not leaving their tracks.

Down the craggy mountains, loaded with passengers and express, came the stage, the driver with one hand, two arms, both shoulders, and all fingers working, his body swaying like a sailor's to the motion of a ship, his leaders dancing at the brink of damnation, wheels striking sparks out of granite, flicking chips into space, while passengers stared out over the blue tops of pines, chewing their cigars to a pulp. It was a common spectacle; miles by the hundreds were being rolled out every day.

The precocious nature of the yearling institution is suggested in part through the "Recollections" of California's first American governor, Peter Burnett. News of the "Department's" leap into statehood during the fall of 1850 had already thrown San Francisco into happy riot, but had yet to be dispatched to the capitol at San José. The governor himself joined the race among bearers, his vehicle a stage-coach, his driver one J. B. Crandall, a new part-owner with Warren Hall of the line. (In some of the advertisements of the day this name was spelled Crandal, and is so printed in the accompanying reproduction.)

"He was one of the celebrated stagemen," observes Burnett, who might have added, by the way, that Crandall, after a very enviable career among the pioneers of his kind, was to be the first to span the Sierra Nevada with a stage route. But at this early juncture he was regarded only as "a most excellent man . . . a cool, kind, but determined and skillful driver.

"There were two rival lines to San

José," Burnett goes on. And their quaint advertisements, to interrupt the late governor again, may be appropriately reprinted here so that we may select our own vehicle or driver in the race to San José. These notices appeared in the "Pacific News" during the latter months of 1850.

> **This was a time [says Peter Burnett] to test their speed.**
>
> **After passing over the sandy road to the mission, there was some of the most rapid driving that I have ever witnessed. . . . The people flocked to the road to see what caused our fast driving and loud shouting, and without slackening our speed in the slightest degree, we took off our hats, waved them around our heads, and shouted at the top of our voices:**
>
> **"California is admitted to the Union!"**

THUS FLEW Crandall's team over the dry, hard prairie lands and onward, through lightning relays, toward the capitol of the State. And there was Crandall himself, known as "the prince of drivers," with the governor beside him, racing on through the dust, through the yellow, whisking grasses and glades of oaks, neck and neck at times with a rattling rival, yet calmly watching his horses with a knowledge of their separate capacities, calling them by name, holding them in, telling each what to do, signalling with the most precise movements of individual or multiple lines, urging them at last, forging ahead. . . .

Ackley & Maurison's opposition advertised "60 miles, in about Six hours," but Ackley & Maurison were to taste the dust of "Berford"—of Hall & Crandall. Crandall had passed. It was fitting that he should have. It was fitting that the governor should be the first to bring the news to his seat of government. But it was perhaps more fitting that it should have been driven home thus to the heart of the new State aboard a stage-coach, and with such a splendid reinsman, and future blazer of overland roads, upon the box.

They had stretched on into San José. California admitted to the Union! Steamer news! California admitted!

Almost literally she had come in on wheels. And it may have been aboard the typical American coach from Concord, New Hampshire; for the first of an endless succession of them to be imported by clipper around Cape Horn had already appeared, drawn by six splendid bays, in San Francisco (June 24, 1850) several months before Crandall's race.

Upon that occasion—the advent, it appears, of the first real coach of all Trans-Mississippi Stagedom — large crowds had turned out to marvel and to reminisce, to be carried, as one editor was already able to imagine, "several thousand miles over the hills and far away" to the States. [See (San Francisco) "Alta California," June 25, 1850—a date exactly five days before a coach, probably of the Troy or Concord make, is said to have pulled out on a maiden trip from Independence, Missouri, for Santa Fé.]

Long since recognized there as the only perfect passenger vehicle in the world, it was an epoch-making Yankee creation whose excellence, in the light of its purpose, had never been, and was never to be, duplicated by other manufacturers. Abbot, Downing & Company alone knew how to make them. With a record (now mostly lost) dating back to 1813, it is not surprising that by 1858 this historic firm, covering four acres of ground in Concord, New Hampshire, was to boast "the largest factory in the United States," with buyers in Mexico, South America, and the colonies even of coach-building England, including Australia and South Africa, one fourth of the yearly output being marked for export. There were reasons for this popularity.

The conveyance itself, as one cannot be reminded too often, was not the worn, torn, dead thing of our museums, much less the grotesque rattletrap of our fiction, drama, and other oft-profaning arts, but a resplendent and proud thing—a heavy but apparently a light thing of beauty and dignity and life. It was as tidy and graceful as a lady, as inspiring to the stagefaring man as a ship to a sailor, and had, incidentally, like the lady and the ship, scarcely a straight line in its body.

With trim decking and panels of the clearest poplar, and with stout frame of well seasoned ash, this body, in all of its tri-dimensional curves, fairly held itself together by sheer virtue of scientific design and master joinery, for very little iron was used; and this, where needed, was iron only of the best Norway stock.

It was a body design evolved as a pleasing modification from the early nineteenth-century types, shaped somewhat like an egg, but surviving in this period only as "cuts" for advertisements. The newer type, the typical, was, among other things, far more commodious, having ample and well-upholstered space inside for nine passengers. Outside there was room for at least a dozen more, while the "boots"—the cargo holds of the front and rear—devoured mail bags, express boxes, and baggage, if not an occasional stowaway or some passenger desiring to curl up for a little nap.

"Thorough-braces"—two lengths of manifold leather straps of the thickest steerhide—suspended this heavy structure, allowed it to rock fore and aft, and, incidentally, to perform a vital duty beyond the province of any steel springs. It was a function of such importance to the Western staging world that we may hazard the contention that an empire, as well as the body of its coach, once rocked and perhaps depended upon thorough-braces.

Without them, at least, there could have been no staging to meet a crying need. Without them over the rugged wilderness, any vehicle carrying the loads that had to be carried, maintaining such speed as the edicts of staging demanded, would have been efficient only as a killer of horses. For thorough-braces, while they served the purpose of springs to a very adequate extent, had the prime function of acting as shock-absorbers for the benefit of the team. By them violent jerks upon the traces, due to any obstruction in the road, were automatically assuaged and generally eliminated. It was the force of inertia—the forward lunge and the upward lurch of the rocking body—that freed the wheels promptly from impediment, and thus averted each shock before it came upon the animals. Passengers could tolerate a little buffeting, while the coach itself had been made to withstand any shock that any road could impose, and to survive this punishment through a lifetime at least, given the usual care.

Each spoke of the Concord wheel, hand-hewn from the clearest ash, was the result of a series of painstaking selections, carefully weighed and balanced in the hand, and fitted to rim and hub (where eyes could not stray) as snugly as any surface joint in the best of joinery. So well seasoned was the whole that it was practically insensible to the climatic changes in any part of the world. Africa proved the fact for Major Frederick R. Burnham, who saw the wheels of many wagons shrink, warp, and go to pieces, the Concord wheel standing alone and holding its shape. Such qualities of durability in a coach weighing about 2,500 pounds may not appear at once to be the soundest boast, but when it is added that no other vehicle of equal capacity, and few enough of any capacity, ran as easily over the average road, there is little more to be said.

It is no wonder that California, with the rugged mining zones of her mountains to face, began importing Concords before the year of 1850 was half done, and no wonder that scores of them were to follow, though it were by the route of Cape Horn. The growing demand was everywhere apparent. Fifteen months of existence, and the local system could count at least fifteen busy stage firms and a mileage sufficient to extend suggestively well-nigh to the Rocky Mountains.

It was in fifty-one when Frank Stevens sprang into the race and founded the "Pioneer Line" from Sacramento to Hangtown or Placerville—the same line which later old Crandall was to project beyond the Sierra Nevada to a point not six hundred miles from Salt Lake City.

Birch extended his route considerably and was adding two more. He was out to conquer along with a dozen other rising firms in whose dusty tracks opposition rose and fell. The traveler of fifty-one had only to visit one of the larger staging centers — Marysville, Stockton, or, above all, Sacramento—in order to appreciate their numbers and the competition involved.

In Sacramento, for example, he might have stopped at the Crescent City Hotel —a new establishment of seventy-five rooms, extra bunk space, and with coffee, beans, and venison for breakfast by candle-light at five in the morning. But even at this early hour, there was always consolation in the fact that some hundred other travelers had also been routed from their blankets. By disposing hurriedly of breakfast, moreover, he could spend time to advantage at the bar.

This room, before the stages pulled away, was crowded with red or blue shirted miners in boots, with their guns and various accouterments, with their patchwork trousers and fiery complexions, all bound for various diggings; and what a tremendous circus parade of vehicles was required to take them there! Outside this morning, as every morning, the congestion was a hub-rubbing and swearing affair. Stages stood four abreast, occupying the whole wide street for a distance of some sixty-five yards. And despite this very early date, though the four-horse ranch wagon still prevailed, there were many real Concord coaches among them, and teams—to quote J. D. Borthwick, an Englishman who viewed the scene— "as good as ever galloped with her Majesty's mail." ["American horses" from Ohio, Kentucky, and elsewhere, driven in from over the plains, were rapidly supplanting the native mustangs in the staging world. Borthwick says that at this time dray horses were being imported from Sydney; cab horses were the finest—worth from $1,000 to $1,500 each; that a three-minute horse was the "slowest worth driving," that a two-forty horse was not considered fast, and that stage-coaches sometimes covered "60 miles in about five hours" (which of course *was* considered fast). See Borthwick, "Three Years in California."]

THE ANIMALS were pawing and snorting, grooms at the leaders' heads trying to quiet them down. Drivers were humoring them and calling out the towns of their devious routes. Runners were living up to their names, hustling here and there, yelping and shouting:

"This way, sir! Nevada City! Over here for Nevada! Over there for Stockton and Sonora! Birch stages connect for Sonora and the Southern Mines!"

"Shasta! Here! Shasta, sir, and Tehama! Baxter & Munroe stages for Tehama and Shasta! . . . One-Horsetown, you say?"

"No. Georgetown!"

"Horsetown! You bet! That's us! One-Horsetown!"

And the Georgetown aspirant, carpet-bag and all, was fairly boosted into the Horsetown and Shasta coach, while the runner went leaping off to catch another and ship him to parts unknown.

Then with a firing-off of whips in the lead, the great mass of stages began to move. There were the sounds of cavorting hoofs and the shouting of miners. Hostlers cleared away as best they could. The rolling mass gained speed, such speed at last that it appeared unable to remain any longer intact. Off flew the many component parts over the arc of an open fan, and in nearly as many directions as a fan has ribs. There was a waving of "wide-awake" hats— Good-by! *Au revoir! Adiós!* and the same perhaps in Chinese, Norwegian, Hawaiian, German, Portuguese, and half of the languages of the civilized world; for these stages were loaded to the utmost with nearly everything. Away they went over a vast sea of green sprayed over with wild flowers on a straight course for the still-invisible mountains. Roadless, fenceless, postless, hedgeless, houseless—it was, says Mr. Borthwick, like going to sea with a fleet of small vessels. They spread rapidly away from one another, and farther away till they were all hull-down on the horizon.

Then it was:

Creeping through the valley, crawling o'er the hill,
Splashing through the branches, rumbling o'er the mill;
Putting nervous gentlemen to a towering rage.
What is so provoking as riding in a stage?

Spinsters fair and forty, maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast into their neighbors' arms;
Children shoot like squirrels darting through a cage—
Isn't it delightful, riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing, heads severely bumped,
Friend and foe together get their noses thumped;
Dresses act as carpets—listen to the sage:
"Life is but a journey taken in a stage."

That was the impression, at least, of some local bard of the day whose inspiration, to judge from its domestic flavor, most have sprung from the old Spanish *Camino* to San José. Otherwise it might have come from any or all roads in the State. They were all rather bumpy. A driver did well to avoid them whenever it was possible, and for this reason they often appeared to be hundreds of feet in width. But in the mountains the way was so narrow that only at certain known points could two vehicles pass. A Mrs. D. B. Bates, telling of the trying conditions to be encountered by women on the Gold Coast in the early fifties, calls staging in the mountains "perfectly awful":

One night about eleven o'clock [she writes] a lady came into the hotel [at Marysville] looking more dead than alive. She was leading a little girl of about seven years of age, who was in the same plight as her mother. They were both covered with bruises, scratches and blood, with their garments soiled and torn. They were coming back from Bidwell's Bar, a place about forty miles from Marysville, in a stagecoach in which were nine Chinamen. The coach was all closed, as it was rather cool in the mountains in the evening. All at once they found themselves turning somersets.

The coach was overturned down a steep bank. All the Chinamen with their long cues reaching to their heels, were rolling and tumbling about in the most ungraceful manner imaginable. They were vociferating at the tops of their voices in a language which, if spoken calmly . . . is harsh and disagreeable in extreme. "And," said she, "such a horrid din of voices as raged in my ears, it was scarcely possible to conceive of; which, together with the fright, was almost sufficent to deprive me of my reason." The driver was seriously hurt, and so were some of the horses; but the inside passengers escaped without having any of their limbs broken, but their cues were awfully disarranged.

Stage-coach accidents, according to all sound experience as well as careful statistics, were, however, extremely rare; but there is no doubt that riding was rough, generally, over the whole staging West. [Early California daily journals seldom failed to note even the slightest of stage-coach mishaps. One deliberate count of them all covered a period of five years—1855-60—and indicated that, certainly, there was not an average of one accident per month—forty of them over a period of sixty months being the actual findings. All these entailed about twenty-five mentionable injuries and but one consequent death.] In certain regions at certain times, where and when nature granted, this was not the case; and it is true that the building and maintenance of a few highways in later days might have done credit to the work of Sir James and Mr. John Louden McAdam as happily known to the wheels of the old British mail; but it would scarcely do for a Western stageman to boast of his roads—especially in the presence of some coaching enthusiast from England.

He might better confine his boasting to the fact that his roads, however scientifically graded, were terrible, his country rough enough to shake passengers out of their wits, hills steep enough to frighten them into distraction, turns of such a nature that six horses and coach might cover, all at one time, the essential curvatures of the letter S; and so on. Then, not only would he be rather close to the truth, but at the business end of the stage-coach horn. He would be in the position of the seaman from around Cape Horn confronting the mariner from Lake Lucerne: "You've never seen nasty weather, m'lad, and you'll never be a sailor till you do."

In short, there is no warranted comparison between the old British and the later American institutions. The vastness of the latter's country, and the brevity of its life therein, put the problem of good roads almost beyond consideration. It became necessary for the Yankee to develop his equipments, his methods, his men in a manner to surmount obstacles which neither the British coach, the British methods, not the British coachman was ever obliged to contemplate. The Englishman was happily able to make his ways suit his means; the Yankee was forced to do the opposite. Two very different systems naturally evolved.

One Western driver of the early fifties may be recalled from Horace Bell's "Reminiscences" as having driven a six-horse coach, for certain reasons, over "a precipice"—it was, no doubt, a very steep grade. "Down! down! down! Rickety clatter bang! Sometimes the horses ahead of the stage, sometimes the stage ahead of the horses, all, however, going down down with a crash!"

The driver, it seems, was simply proving to an unbelieving world that a stage-coach and team could traverse this particular mountain; that the pass was worthy of improvement. The hope was to stimulate popular subscription for the construction of a road; and in this light, as it proved, the demonstration was "a complete success."

The enterprising linesman, having extricated himself and animals from the wreckage, promptly dispatched riders with news that the coach had successfully gone over—gone over, in fact, with flying colors. Appropriations from merchants and business houses were forthwith advanced. A small army of men, armed with shovels and picks, were soon on hand "to repair parts of the road" which the coach in its descent had "knocked out of joint." Overland trade—freighting and staging—followed between two parts of California which had formerly depended on the sea for all such intercourse; and it was by the route thus blazed that there later passed the first transcontinental stage into northern California as a precursor to the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Thus pathfinding of a kind was sometimes an important part of the Western stageman's business; and, as it may be seen, similar feats to promote the construction of negotiable mountain transits belong with far-reaching significance to the annals of these pioneers. Their ways, in one sense, were rough; but on the whole they were rough in one sense only. There are apparently many misconceived notions with regard to the old order as it ranged in its prime through the West.

SIX-HORSE CALIFORNIA

WITHIN memory today some first-class stage routes remain as glowing impressions, something to recall all the brilliance of earlier days; for there were lines of stock in the seventies and eighties—even later—that did not appear to cringe before the "menace of steam"; some teams, vehicles, and trappings continued to carry a sparkling pride and the show of prosperity that had been so pervasive with the pioneers; but such happy recollections have long since ceased to prevail. The general impression of the old Concord coach seems to have become as much of a ruin as the dilapidated salvage in our museums, or the desecrating effigies that totter in our street parades.

"Look child! See what your great-grandfather traveled in when he came across the plains. Think of riding in that!"

And some poor child's great-grandfather rolls in his grave. Yes, think of traveling in that. . . . What is it?

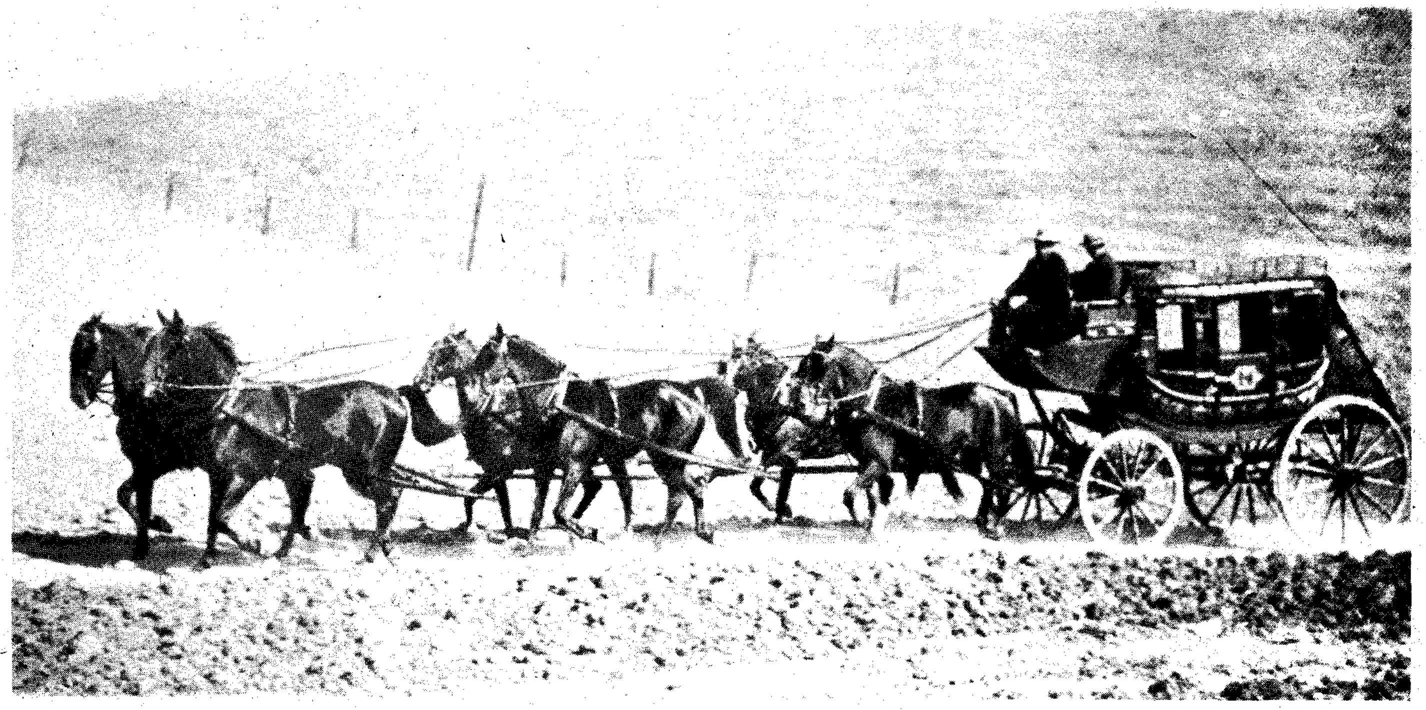
One old "Concord," having been shipped from the East around Cape Horn, having served long in the Sierra Nevada over one of the most historic and immaculate routes in the West (The Pioneer), having been tossed by the Black Hills of South Dakota through the romance of old Deadwood days, ended its adventurous career in a circus, William Cody on the box. Of all those remaining splinters and rags, "Buffalo Bill" was justly proud; for it seems he had helped to rescue what was left of the coach from the Indians. In view of his purpose, and also in view of the man, it was well; but now unfortunately, there is another Concord to be rescued from another breed of savages before it has been torn to pieces.

If it had been left, as in the case of its story, to suffer only the consequences of slight or neglect—if the casual writer and the casual artist, having no acquaintance with the nature of his subject, had simply left it alone—then the task of rescue would carry more hope, or seem perhaps less presumptuous. Worshipers at the shrine of a West that never was may not like to have the wreck that they call a coach, or the dray animals that they call a stage team, or the teamster that they call a driver, supplanted by anything better. But since it is true that one old California stage line of the early fifties has been carefully preserved in all of its essentials and attributes, to include the pride and love that have kept it in continual operation for more than three quarters of a century, it has been possible to photograph for these pages a living model to demonstrate what once prevailed. And it seems to be the case that there are few things more comparable to the old-time seafaring pride, as it obtained especially in the handling and maintenance of the clipper ship, than the scrupulous stagefaring attitude of all stagemen toward the arts and crafts of their calling.

So far, of course, these pioneers had been obliged to make the best of what equipage was available. To import stagecoaches and trappings around the continent of South America, and fine animals from across the plains, was costly, and considerable time was involved. Yet is was the very cream of New England's stagemen that had come. They were not apt to content themselves long with makeshifts—this especially as they

The old typical Concord coach and team, directly descendant from a line of the early fifties whose equipment has been carefully maintained to represent accurately the old pioneer institution.

Photo Courtesy Keystone



began to realize that they were transplanting their old institution into the most promising fields that the world had ever before offered; and more especially, perhaps, since James Birch was the man with the whip-handle. He was the coming magnate. If any doubts on this score had existed prior to 1854, now a new phase arose to dispel it.

IT CAME ON with a grand merging of at least five-sixths of all lines in the State—virtually all lines in the new West, for that matter, there being on the plains as yet no staging worthy of the name. Under the style of "California Stage Company," there sprang into action on New Year's Day, 1854, an unprecedented giant. It was a corporation which, at the outset operated more stock than was later to be known to the Southern Overland Mail, the three-thousand-mile bi-weekly transcontinental stage line; and it was nearly to double its capacity within the succeeding eighteen months, carrying passengers daily over a distance of some fifteen hundred miles, all within the State of California. Indeed, not until the Ben Holladay control of nearly all staging over the central and northwestern plains would there exist a stage-coach firm of greater magnitude than this early company as it ranged in the middle fifties; nor yet can there be found a similar institution, large or small, more perfectly equipped and managed.

Its officials, unlike Ben Holladay and a few other great magnates of later time, were stagefaring. They were men, that is, who understood thoroughly every detail involved in their business, from the care of animals, the setting up of thorough-braces, the adjustment of an axle, the reining of a six-horse team, and so on, to the stocking of a line and the general office administration. They were men born with whips in their hands, and were the prospering survivors of a rattling competition among hundreds.

Birch and Stevens had come out of the boiling to find themselves at the top. Having been prominent among the organizers, Stevens was elected vice-president and Birch the president of the new monopoly. Thus under the thumbs of these twenty-five-year-old whips from Providence was the largest stage-coach firm in the world, its stock being assessed at a million dollars. Combining, as it did, practically all lines radiating out of Sacramento, Marysville, San Francisco, and elsewhere, it afforded a sight for the eyes of history.

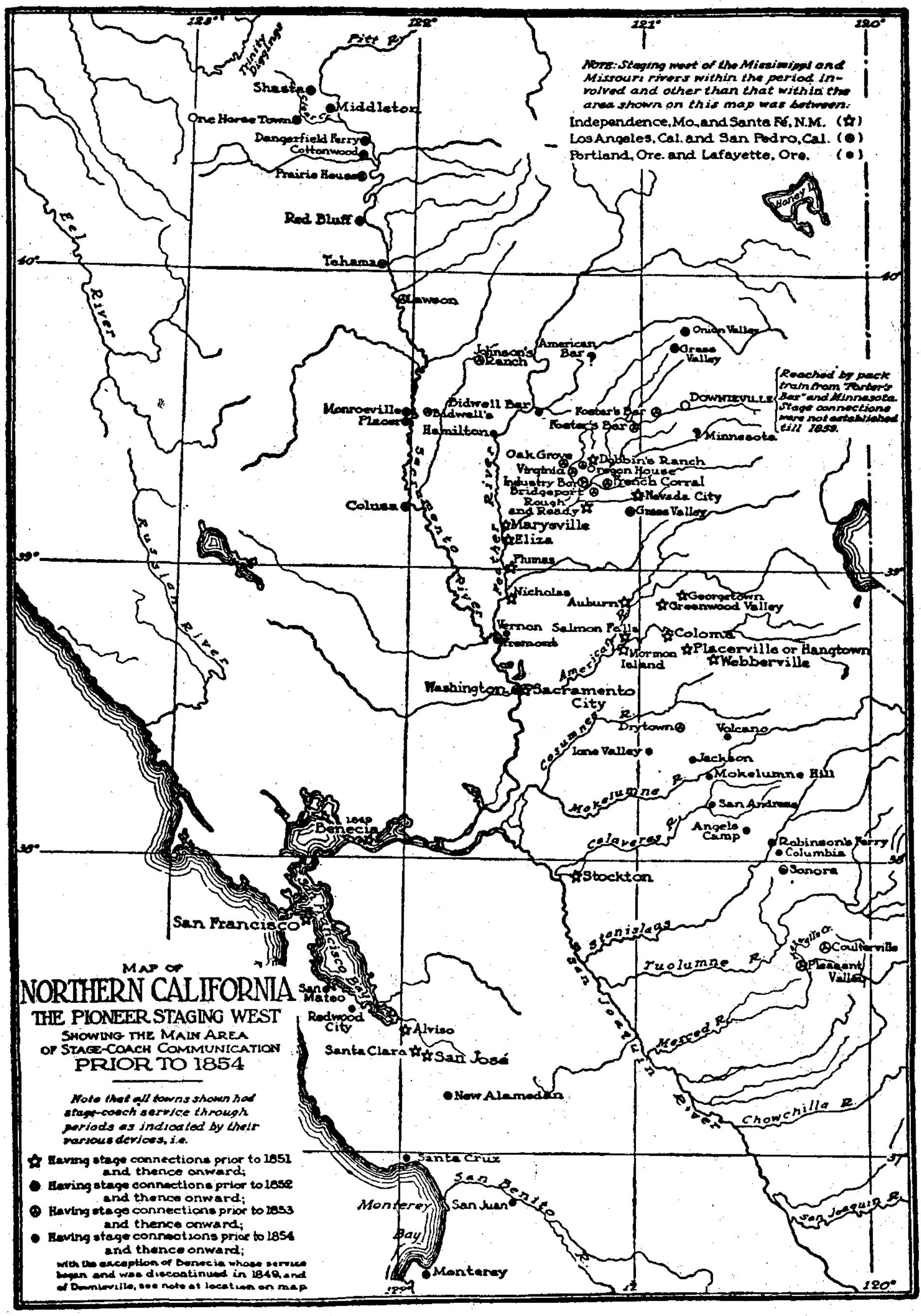
There was to behold in Sacramento alone, on any day of the week, a crowd of between two and three hundred prospective passengers all togged out as though about to take any number of parts in the wildest extravaganzas—the conventional chorus of stovepipers, a coolie chorus, a procession of haberdashing Israelites, and the usual big Pikers' mining parade. Although their distribution from this particular center involved only sixteen separate routes, there were generally required twenty or more full-fledged Concord coaches to accommodate the crowd, most of them with six-horse teams.

The bodies of the vehicles, with their graceful hull-like sheering and flaring, were gay with intricate scrollwork, highlight, and color. There were flashes from silver ferules along the whip-stocks, from silver harness buckles and ivory rings. There were more than a hundred fine horses, champing their bits, swishing their long glossy tails, and thumping the ground. Then, to see them jump at the signal of whips while the gay procession went bounding forth over the plains of the Sacramento Valley—it was a sight for kings, but more to the satisfaction, perhaps, of these young staging princes who could look upon their handiwork. Here was the very acme of perfection in equipage made possible by a prosperity such as few stagemen could possibly have enjoyed before.

During the year preceding this grand merger, nearly all the inadequate spring contraptions on wheels had made way for the thorough-braced product. Demands for the best had come with a sudden vengeance, so that now all things in general were prodigies of flawlessness; virtually everything was new. Like a hundred gay dragons just rid of their last-year's skins, these excellent creations from New Hampshire with their long spanking teams were rampant throughout the gold-fields. In the nature of the circumstances, it would appear incredible that so many of them in such absolute pink of condition could ever have been so concentrated in action at any other time or place in the annals of American staging.

There was also a showing of speed. It was not quite that of the old British Mail at the height of its macadamized

Map of Northern California compiled by the authors.


MAP OF
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
THE PIONEER STAGING WEST
SHOWING THE MAIN AREA
OF STAGE-COACH COMMUNICATION
PRIOR TO 1854
Note that all towns shown had stage-coach service through periods as indicated by their various devices, i.e.
☆ Having stage connections prior to 1851 and thence onward;
● Having stage connections prior to 1852 and thence onward;
⊕ Having stage connections prior to 1853 and thence onward;
• Having stage connections prior to 1854 and thence onward;
with the exception of Benecia whose service began and was discontinued in 1849, and of Downieville, see note at location on map
NOTE: Staging west of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers within the period involved and other than that within the area shown on this map was between:
Independence, Mo., and Santa Fé, N.M. (☆)
Los Angeles, Cal. and San Pedro, Cal. (⊕)
Portland, Ore. and Lafayette, Ore. (•)
Reached by pack train from "Foster's Bar" and Minnesota. Stage connections were not established till 1853.
123°
122°
121°
120°
40°
39°
38°
37°
Trinity Diggings
Pitt R.
Shasta
Middleton
One Horse Town
Dangerfield Ferry
Cottonwood
Prairie House
Red Bluff
Tehama
Lawson
Eel River
Honey L.
Onion Valley
Grass Valley
Johnson's Ranch
American Bar
Downieville
Foster's Bar
Minnesota
Monroeville
Placer
Bidwell Bar
Bidwell's
Hamilton
Oak Grove
Virginia
Industry Bar
Bridgeport
Rough and Ready
Dobbin's Ranch
Carson House
French Corral
Nevada City
Grass Valley
Colusa
Marysville
Eliza
Plumas
Sacramento River
Feather River
Russian River
Nicholas
Auburn
Georgetown
Greenwood Valley
Vernon
Salmon Falls
Fremont
Coloma
Mormon Island
Placerville or Hangtown
Webberville
Washington
Sacramento City
American R.
Cosumnes R.
Drytown
Volcano
Ione Valley
Jackson
Mokelumne Hill
Mokelumne R.
San Andreas
1849 Benecia
Angels Camp
Calaveras R.
Robinson's Ferry
Columbia
Sonora
Stockton
San Francisco
San Francisco Bay
Stanislaus R.
Tuolumne R.
Coulterville
Pleasant Valley
San Mateo
Redwood City
Alviso
Santa Clara
San José
Merced R.
San Joaquin River
New Almaden
Chowchilla R.
Santa Cruz
San Benito R.
Monterey Bay
San Juan
Monterey
San Joaquin R.

career, but in view of the roads or the lack of them, of the grades and mulitiple turns encountered as these stages came swerving down the Sierra Nevada, of the precipices they skirted, the banks they shaved, the freighters they passed on the way, in view especially of the crowds they carried along with the heavy express, baggage, and mail, it was speed enough and generally more than enough for the traveler. Over roads that were often well graded but seldom free of chuck-holes, rocks, and gullies, ten miles an hour was frequently made, six being an exceptionally good average rate for the whole West in later days.

During a heavy competition between Hall & Crandall and Baxter & Company on the run between Sacramento and Shasta, one of the Baxter drivers in the summer of '53 is recorded as having come down the valley from Shasta to Colusa, a distance roughly of 160 miles, all stops included, at a rate of more than thirteen miles an hour. A record was made going the other way on a section of the same road in the same year when a stretch of sixty miles was coursed in six hours and fifteen minutes, which included a half-hour's stop for breakfast and, necessarily twenty-five minutes for the changes of animals. "Through in six hours," over a sixty-five mile run had been the boast of Slocumb & Morse; and the sixty-mile route between San Francisco and San José was often covered in as short a time.

It is likely that the California Stage Company, in the absence of competition, could better afford to spare its teams; but, by the same token, there was now, as never before in California, an economic incentive for stagemen to improve their own roads and thus make fast staging possible without imposing heavily upon endurance of animals, or the nerves, incidentally, of the passengers. It was one of monopoly by which the public not only benefited but appeared to appreciate the benefits.

THE GREAT prevalence of the six-horse team was another feature of this singular phase. Not only was there the usual desire for a grand display at the various centers of staging, but often two dozen passengers or more were carried as a single load, and with these heavy cargoes there was required dispatch through a rugged and mountainous country, all of which justly compelled a full complement of the finest American stage stock—teams valued at from two to four thousand dollars apiece. The animals had been driven in from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Virginia, generally by the emigrants but sometimes by special agents of the company itself.

Stagemen now had money to invest, and there was no menace of rails to curb them. Of the California Stage Company's original million-dollar stock valuation, Birch had contributed about seventy-five thousand in animals and vehicles alone. All this he had earned in the business within four years, and had, several years since, put aside enough more to establish himself and bride, the former Julia Chase, in a great mansion which still stands in the village of Swansea, Massachusetts.

Thus bound to California by his stage lines, and to New England more than ever before, he was continuing to think in very expansive terms. His travels between the two places had once been purely visionary, but now he was virtually a commuter by sea between his home in New England and his business on the Pacific Coast. If he had ever before felt the need of better communication between the two places, now he was all but obsessed with the subject; and eyes were already on him as the practical hand to undertake the first coach mail line across the "Great American Desert."

In the Far West he was recognized as a champion of the project. No longer did there appear anything fantastic about the undertaking. Birch was at the head of an organization whose stock, if distributed from Sacramento to St. Louis would have sufficed for more than adequate service between those termini. Even in Washington, D. C., he was being called upon to discuss the enterprise, to give his estimates of costs and all that might be entailed in the stocking and operating of so vast a system.

A generous government subsidy for the carrying of mail was, of course, the prime necessity. It was also the stumbling-block. It involved the same barrier of politics that had held up the Pacific Railroad. Was the route to lead through Southern or Northern territory?

It was a vital question. The fact that both sections of the country realized that iron rails might materialize in the tracks of Concord wheels made it so much the more difficult to answer. Congressional measures promoted by either faction were blocked or sidetracked by the other, although both, at last, were strong in the opinion that the project was a practical one. Behold the local developments on the Pacific Coast and the man at the reins. But the wheels in Washington were slow. The career of James Birch was therefore to be confined for some time longer to the limits of California.

The pioneer institution, however, after its long stride ahead in '54, did not cease to grow. Indeed, its growth was so rapid that a continued monopoly over all sections became impossible. By 1856, although the corporation had increased its rolling-stock from 111 to 195 coaches and stage wagons (mud wagons, as they were known in later years), there had grown up at least 1,400 miles of additional route in the control of independent firms, many of them having been surrendered by the company to its own trustees—Charles McLaughlin, Charles Green, C. S. Coover, and other capable men of long standing. In short, there were about 3,000 miles of line, concentrated within the new State, roughly a year before a single stage, going or coming, had ever crossed her eastern boundary. The overland mail was still being carried in from Salt Lake and beyond on the backs of mules and men; and there remained the whole so-called Wild West without its typifying stage-coach.

In California there was the stage-coach without its "Wild West." Strangely enough, not until this year, 1856, was the old vehicle any better acquainted with an Indian's war-whoop or a bandit's threat than it was with any other wild attributes that have since been foisted upon it. The month of August, however, was to provide the baptism of fire, a full initiation into the environment of the coming era.

INDIANS, of course, were generally of little concern to the stagemen of the Pacific Coast. Nearly all transportation in Oregon and Washington, where the natives were apt to be hostile, was confined to navigable streams. But now the California Stage Company was expanding northward toward trouble. With its eyes fastened upon Portland in the adjacent territory, it intended an immediate connection with Jacksonville, just beyond the California border.

Toward this end it had recently stocked a trail that had never known stage wheels before. The route joined Yreka, in the extreme northern region of the State, with Red Bluffs on the Shasta and Sacramento road. The journey involved two days and three nights of continual travel through a country so desolate, in part, as to be more fantastic than real. There were beetling precipices like walls of masonry, rocks of cathedral spires, naked mountains like castles or fortresses, and long vistas through gnarled, scrubby woods revealing all manner of weird forms that were all too suggestive of the very devils known to infest them. Stages that plied over this section crossed a waterless waste. From the ferry on the Pitt River southward over a distance of twenty miles to a station called Hot Creek, Indians were the only inhabitants.

It was near the last of August. The down stage, driven by one Jared Robbins, or "Curly Jerry" as he was better known, had proceeded southward only several miles from the Pitt River station. He was alone; but he had become accustomed to that. This was no popular route, for about as many reasons as there were Indians in the chaparral. On this occasion Jerry was warned of their proximity only when a shower of arrows announced it. Some grazed and splintered upon the wagon, some pierced his clothes, and others lodged themselves firmly in his body; yet he remained on the box and continued his driving.

There was no chance to double back for the river station. It was a seventeen-mile stretch that he confronted, and other ambuscades as well. No sooner had he cracked his team into their smartest action, coursing the rocky trail, than another flight flanked him with no less effect than the first. Of course, the Pitt River men were after his animals, yet even some of these had been struck. But they beat on. Wheels bumped over rocks and boulders, or crushed over scrubby snags. Several times the vehicle all but capsized, and more often than this there arose the question of how long it would hold together.

It did hold together a little longer, but not long enough. Half-way across an open plain, something snapped. There was a jolt and a heavy listing. One thorough-brace, the multiple straps upon which half the weight of the vehicle depended, had parted, shifting its burden to the brake beam. Another jolt, and this too carried away. Jerry went plunging into the midst of a half-dazed and befuddled team.

Fortunately, the animals held their ground. Their driver, though bleeding from his many wounds whence splintered sticks protruded, was able to quiet them as he pulled himself from the tangle. But there was no time to squander. The Pitt River devils were swarming down—a dusty mass.

Jerry had done well enough, perhaps, to cut away a good horse and show them his heels, but there was that in him, besides broken arrows, to identify him with his race. He had no intention of rewarding the scoundrels with his employer's stock; and before the dust was wholly settled about him, before the Indians could be certain that another flight of arrows might be needed, they beheld their prize, a small cavalcade, making off, the white man riding.

The story is a short one after this, although in length of road it extended over many a painful mile, with here and there another burst from the gauntlet. But there was a still living rider at the end of the trail to slide into the arms of station attendants; and unless the old records here employed spoke a little too soon, Mr. Jared Robbins, with wounds from sixteen arrows in his body, survived.

The Wild West, it seems, was eager to claim its own. The stage-coach was already entering its world of hazardous romance; and this year of 1856, this month of August, had come on not only with war-whoops but with bandits and bullets as well.

THE COMING OF THE HOLD-UP MEN

THERE is a story, substantially true, of a very young boy who "took to the road" just for fun. Perhaps the sound of distant coach wheels had prompted him, or it may have been a prank casually planned. In any event, he masked himself with a large bandanna, armed himself with a stick that suggested a pistol, pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes, partially concealed himself in some brush at a bend of the road, and waited.

It was growing rapidly dark. A blackness crept up the canyon like a rising tide. The twilight, taking hold of his shadow, had stretched it out to the proportions of a giant. He felt very big. He stood up on a rock and felt bigger. Now, he thought, he'd give that old stage driver the scare of his life. "Stop!" he'd yell out. "Put up yer hands!" he'd say to the passengers. "Throw down that there express box!" Then they'd all have a good laugh, maybe.

But things didn't turn out that way.

The stage-coach stopped promptly enough—so promptly, in fact, that the command to halt got no farther than the young brigand's throat, where all other peremptory orders were hopelessly jammed. Everything inside him whirled round in a panic. Before he could make himself laugh, or let himself cry, down came the box of Wells-Fargo treasure with a deadening thud to the ground. And down came the heart of the desperado with no less of a thud into his boots. A whip cracked, there was a clamoring of hoofs. A puff of cold air rushed back through the pine trees, and the dying echoes of Concord wheels sounded faintly like a bag of bones. Stop! But the deed was done. A mere boy, without half trying, had robbed a stage.

There is also an instance of a one-armed man who held up and successfully looted not only one coach but a pair of them. And there is another—a record of all records, the responsibility for which must be shifted to John C. Shay, author of "Thirty Years in California," Mr. Shay having given in convincing detail what must here be dispelled at a breath.

It appeared that a single road-agent had held up three coaches in a line. By means of a hat sent the rounds, he was compelling the contributions of all hands, when suddenly there hauled upon the scene five freight wagons! He smiled. So much the better. And, having held them up very casually, he went on with his business—a growing business it might seem; for now, with a clanking of arms and a beating of hoofs, came the crowning feature of the event: about a hundred and fifty mounted soldiers.

The lone robber, surveying them as though they had just drawn up for inspection, made no move to escape. Neither did he alter the angle of his firing piece. With far more method than madness he kept it trained as before upon the noncombatants. So much for the soldiers! He had brought them to a halt, put them "at ease," and was now proceeding to wind up his affairs. He was a trifle hungry. And it 'peared to him as how one of the teamsters might have a lunch box to spare.

Mr. Shay is able to lighten the tax upon credulity by explaining that the guns of these troopers were not loaded. But the fact remains: one man was able to hold up a procession of three stage-coaches, five freighters, and several troops of American cavalry! Not only that, but his exploits, from start to finish, proved a thorough success.

ALL THIS took place when staging was about to stop; and surely, if the stopping of stages had come to this; if it were now a game for children and one-armed men, it was perhaps about time that the old institution should have gone to a happier hunting ground. Yet, again, how often did the robbers of earlier times meet real resistance in a stage-coach? Certainly the glamour now attached to our Wild Western road-agent can scarcely be attributed to the hazards of his trade. His risk was generally far less than a burglar's. Of the fire he faced and exchanged in fictional romance, records can show but a spark. Cheap, indeed, has been the price of his chivalric glory—he accepted it with a bonus in cash; and, to insure greater safety in his pursuit of crime, he could even afford to affect or maintain a conscience.

"Sir," says one of his victims, "you've taken my last cent; and there is my unfortunate mother. . . ."

"Oh, well, give her this with my compliments."

"You're not going to take that watch, are you? It's one my grandfather gave me as he lay on his dying bed, saying . . ."

"Hell, keep it!" And to the driver: "Keep yours, too. I wouldn't rob a hard-working man." Or to a woman: "Never mind anything from you, miss. I respect a lady."

Sometimes he seemed so considerate and gallant that they invited him to join them in a drink. As a general habit, he would not molest passengers at all. The express box was all he wanted. No one could deny him that. Who but a fool in the average case would see fit to risk his life against such odds even to protect his own purse?

Yet there was a day when, in this light, most men must have been fools. They were apparently such unmitigated madmen that you could not possibly hold up a stage without being considered the fool preëminent. This day belongs to the fifties, the Western pioneer phase. And from forty-nine until well along into the year of fifty-six, there were no open attacks upon a stage-coach. There were several instances of theft from the vehicle; but it was never held up in the accepted sense of the expression.

Common bandits, too, were quite numerous enough. There had been Joaquin Murietta, for one, with his organized packs of road-wolves. He had been active in the California mining belt during a part of 1853—a year of record production throughout the diggings. Considerably more than fifty-seven millions of dollars in dust and bars may be accredited to that year as having come down from the mountains by stage. Through the cluttered little mining towns, through wild and lonely forests and gorges, from station to station, night and day the vehicles ran by the hundreds. Only in very rare instances was there provided an escort other than the occasional express agent or casual passenger. Single cargoes were very apt to range from twenty-five to a hundred thousand dollars; and very often these enormous sums were carried, not, as in later times, in an iron box, bolted down under the driver's seat, but they were packed loosely in a wooden case which more often than not was carelessly strapped in with the baggage in the afterboot!

What richer field of endeavor could have been offered the notorious Joaquin? Yet during his sojourn in these tempting regions, there was not a single stage stopped by him or by anyone. There was none held up within these precincts either in 1853 or at any time prior thereto; nor were there to be any for several years to follow. The reason for this need scarcely be explained to anyone acquainted with the Pacific Commonwealth as it was in its adolescent years; but the answer may be suggested well enough perhaps through the events of a certain initial exploit.

IT WAS in fifty-six that a bold devil tried it—a man with the alias of "Tom Bell"; for it was Bell who blazed the crooked trail that stage-coach robbers of later times were to follow, improve, and make generally safe for crime, little realizing the perils that had shadowed its pioneer!

Bell was, broadly, of the gentleman type; and, like some of the old buccaneers, his thirst was more for the dramatic than for blood or even for gold. He swaggered under the proscenium arch of his ego, affecting all the bravado and dashing qualities that had immortalized his predecessor, Joaquin. He might, for example, at a time when the world sought his scalp, drop carelessly into a tavern for relaxation. If suspected, or recognized, he would simply wait for action. If none came, he might announce himself, then laugh and vanish.

Like Joaquin, again, he often appeared in two different places at once. It seems he had been shrewd enough to assume the name of a bandit contemporary. The latter was known here and there as an ordinary leader of sneak-thieves, just as the other was elsewhere identified with the bloodiest of desperadoes. Reliable reports as to the appearance and nature of "the man" were thus very often contradictory. They led to so many blind trails and so much more confusion that "Tom Bell," in the minds of many, was neither this nor that—he was purely a mythical character.

He was nonetheless, fully six feet of flesh and blood, plus two heavy revolvers, a bowie knife, a jacket of mail, and with some forty-eight followers at his beck and call. His eyes were pale blue, flashing under sandy eyebrows; his hair long and auburn—he might have been very handsome but for an unsightly disfigurement. His nose had been broken, flattened through some accident of childhood.

From Rome, Tennessee, he had come to California with the gold rush, and evidently with a few good intentions, a sound education, and substantial experience for a young man of twenty-five years. He was Dr. Thomas J. Hodges then, a practicing physician who had done service through the Mexican War. On the Gold Coast he continued his practice, but it didn't pay. He tried mining with no better success, gambling with no better, grand larceny with still worse; so that he may be said to have started at the bottom in 1855 when he found himself a state prisoner on Angel Island.

His career moved rapidly after this. Through his knowledge of human ailments he was able to develop very plausible symptoms of a trouble which could not be treated on the island. Consequently he was shipped to the county jail in San Francisco; but here, in spite of special treatment, he became convincingly worse—so feeble, it appeared, that he warranted but little watching. Soon he'd be gone, the warden predicted; and soon, indeed, he was. He had vanished completely.

It happened, too, that other prisoners were about to pass away in a similar manner from the State's control. They were too great a burden on the prison budget. They had been gobbling up all the profits of the mess-room contractor. It became necessary for some to escape, and many did.

Alias "Bill White" was among those favored by the hoax, although White was as bloodthirsty and cunning a demon as Angel Island had ever shielded from the noose of the Vigilantes. A wild-eyed German, with a crucifix tattooed on one arm, who called himself Jim Smith, was another thus honorably discharged for the good of the service. Alias "Ned Connor" was a third. There were more, but these three most interested Dr. Hodges.

THE DOCTOR, having already borrowed the name of Tom Bell, had identified it most intimately with the highway; and it was a privilege when conferred upon these late renegades when he enlisted them in his fold. His higher intelligence and more obvious daring helped to uphold him as the leader he presumed to be; but his knowledge of surgery was no small asset in itself. Even one of his victims, wounded by White in a gun battle, was to benefit by Tom Bell's early training—receive professional attention at his hands and be sent off in a wagon held up for that special purpose, the teamster being obliged to pay the doctor's fee.

Tom Bell was no killer. There are no records to indicate positively that he ever killed; yet few nights passed during the spring and summer of fifty-six without word of some lonely traveler's encounter with Bell or with men of his colors. He had already increased his number to some four dozen banditti, with headquarters in the mountain recesses of such wild expanse that they might have concealed a fair-sized army.

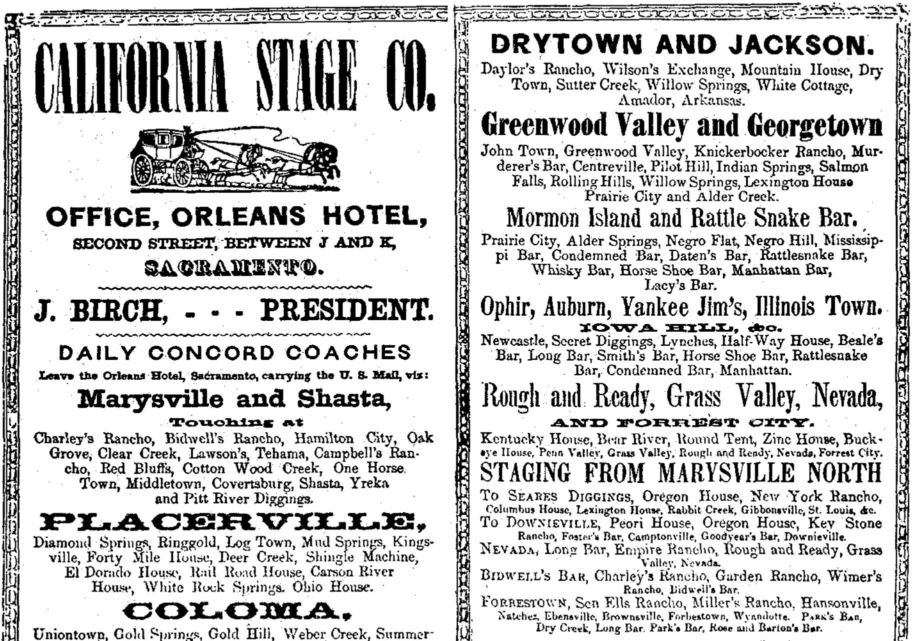
But the various members often met in small groups at certain ranch houses, stage stations, and taverns of the mining belt. There was the Mountaineer House on the Auburn and Folsom road, where coaches of the California Stage Company changed their teams, yet where all the inmates from proprietor to hostler were secret agents in the employ of Bell. There was also the Western Exchange, or Hog Ranch House, where another rendezvous was afforded the gang by a gross, red-haired woman, Elizabeth Hood, one of whose several daughters was the mistress of the bandit chief. Of the most immediate importance, however, was "The California House," about twenty-eight miles from the great staging center at Marysville on the Camptonville road.

It was a narrow highway, cut through an almost impenetrable, and certainly an interminable, forest of pines that reached up to make daylight dark. Along this route the down stage came thundering. When the breeze was low and favoring, one could hear the rattle for miles—the great Concord wheels that supported treasure from some of the richest diggings in the land. It was here for several weeks during the summer that Bell, White, and five more of his boldest followers, planned what was unprecedented in the annals of the new Western empire.

On the twelfth of August there was action.

Down from Camptonville, hell-bound if a coach ever was, Langton's Express came rolling up to the California House. A man dressed as a miner climbed down and the coach drove on. This fellow, Smith Sutton, well known at the rendezvous, was one of Tom Bell's intelligence men. He reported everything as favorable. Although, as usual, there were many passengers aboard, it happened that four were Chinamen and another

Courtesy The Bancroft Library



CALIFORNIA STAGE CO.

OFFICE, ORLEANS HOTEL,
SECOND STREET, BETWEEN J AND K,
SACRAMENTO.

J. BIRCH, - - - PRESIDENT.

DAILY CONCORD COACHES
Leave the Orleans Hotel, Sacramento, carrying the U. S. Mail, viz:

Marysville and Shasta,
Touching at
Charley's Rancho, Bidwell's Rancho, Hamilton City, Oak Grove, Clear Creek, Lawson's, Tehama, Campbell's Rancho, Red Bluffs, Cotton Wood Creek, One Horse Town, Middletown, Covertsburg, Shasta, Yreka and Pitt River Diggings.

PLACERVILLE,
Diamond Springs, Ringgold, Log Town, Mud Springs, Kingsville, Forty Mile House, Deer Creek, Shingle Machine, El Dorado House, Rail Road House, Carson River House, White Rock Springs. Ohio House.

COLOMA,
Uniontown, Gold Springs, Gold Hill, Weber Creek, Summersit House, White Oak Springs, Green Springs, Mormon Island, Negro Hill, Lexington House, Willow Springs, Alder Springs.

MOKELUMNE HILL AND SONORA
Daylor's Rancho, Ion Valley, Jackson, Middle Bar Bridge, Mokelumne Hill, Frenchman's, San Andreas, Kentucky House, Farman's Rancho, Angel's Camp, Valliceti, Murphy's, Carson Hill. Robinson's Ferry, Columbia, Shaw's Flat, Springfield.

DRYTOWN AND JACKSON.
Daylor's Rancho, Wilson's Exchange, Mountain House, Dry Town, Sutter Creek, Willow Springs, White Cottage, Amador, Arkansas.

Greenwood Valley and Georgetown
John Town, Greenwood Valley, Knickerbocker Rancho, Murderer's Bar, Centreville, Pilot Hill, Indian Springs, Salmon Falls, Rolling Hills, Willow Springs, Lexington House Prairie City and Alder Creek.

Mormon Island and Rattle Snake Bar.
Prairie City, Alder Springs, Negro Flat, Negro Hill, Mississippi Bar, Condemned Bar, Daten's Bar, Rattlesnake Bar, Whisky Bar, Horse Shoe Bar, Manhattan Bar, Lacy's Bar.

Ophir, Auburn, Yankee Jim's, Illinois Town.
IOWA HILL, &c.
Newcastle, Secret Diggings, Lynches, Half-Way House, Beale's Bar, Long Bar, Smith's Bar, Horse Shoe Bar, Rattlesnake Bar, Condemned Bar, Manhattan.

Rough and Ready, Grass Valley, Nevada,
AND FORREST CITY.
Kentucky House, Bear River, Round Tent, Zinc House, Buckeye House, Penn Valley, Grass Valley, Rough and Ready, Nevada, Forrest City.

STAGING FROM MARYSVILLE NORTH
To SEARES DIGGINGS, Oregon House, New York Rancho, Columbus House, Lexington House, Rabbit Creek, Gibbonsville, St. Louis, &c.
To DOWNIEVILLE, Peori House, Oregon House, Key Stone Rancho, Foster's Bar, Camptonville, Goodyear's Bar, Downieville.
NEVADA, Long Bar, Empire Rancho, Rough and Ready, Grass Valley, Nevada.
BIDWELL'S BAR, Charley's Rancho, Garden Rancho, Wimer's Rancho, Bidwell's Bar.
FORRESTOWN, Sen Ells Rancho, Miller's Rancho, Hansonville, Natchez, Ebensville, Brownsville, Forbestown, Wyandotte. PARK'S BAR, Dry Creek, Long Bar. Park's Bar, Rose and Barton's Bar.

At all of the above places, stoppages are made for the accommodation of Passengers. The Capital Stock of the above Company is ONE MILLION DOLLARS, and is the most extensive and complete Line of stages in THE WORLD.

J. BIRCH,..............................President.
F. S. STEVENS,....................Vice President.
J. P. DEIGHAN,.......................Secretary.
C. McLAUGHLIN,.....General Sup't, Marysville.

TRUSTEES.
J. Birch, James Haworth, C. Green, C. S. Coover, O. N. Morse, C. McLaughlin, W. F. Hall, F. S. Stevens, J. F. Jenkins.

was a Negress. There was no trouble to be expected from them. The rest might fight, but Langton's box was rather worth fighting for. It contained $100,000 in gold.

Tom Bell, Bill White, Jim Smith, Ned Connor, Monte Jack, English Bob, and a Mexican, Juan Fernandez, were soon in the saddle. They overtook and passed the coach by another route, then, from a junction, doubled back a short distance toward it, where they drew up under cover of a shrubby ravine and waited.

PLUNDERERS OF THE GOLD EXPRESS

THE stage-coach had already finished a downgrade clatter and started on a short climb toward the forks. The Chinamen were gabbling; but all at once, like a wary family of blackbirds, they hushed. The express agent, William Dobson, armed only with two navy revolvers, was glowering through the dust at several mounted men. They were masked and heavily armed. One advanced and ordered a halt.

John Gear, the Langton driver, whose first duty was in behalf of his passengers, obeyed the command; but Dobson, Langton's messenger, whose first duty was in behalf of the treasure, listened only an instant to the threats, then drew and fired, unhorsing the spokesman with the initial shot.

Slight confusion fell upon the bandit ranks along with Dobson's bullets; but the attacking number had suddenly increased. Fire was returned for fire. Four Chinamen and a white man leaped from the stage and fled. The unfortunate woman had been shot dead. Two other passengers had received painful wounds, but they and the remainder joined Dobson in his defense of the coach.

It lasted only a short time—an indiscriminate and wild shooting from both sides; but the marauders were obviously on the retreat. Tom Bell, though wounded, and Bill White, both unrecognized at this time, covered the withdrawal and were the last to vanish through the brush of the adjacent ravine.

The stage proceeded slowly, Dobson, in his excitement, threatening to shoot the driver unless he snapped some life into his team. In the heat of the moment he did not know that one of Gear's hands was completely disabled; and before he could discover the fact, the attack had been renewed from another quarter by a mounted Mexican. Bullets flew again. The Mexican was bowled from his saddle by the expressman's fire. He crashed into the thicket. This ended the affray, some forty shots having been exchanged in all; the coach, with its dead and wounded, rocked on into Marysville.

The treasure had been saved at the cost of a disinterested woman's life; but it is noteworthy that no blame for rash proceedings was attached by popular opinion to either Dobson or his employer. In so far as the journals of the time may reflect a public attitude, quite the reverse was the case. For the express agent's bravery a liberal reward, to include a dinner in his honor, was greeted by the press with applause. As for the life that had been lost in the affair and the injuries sustained by passengers and driver—that was another matter entirely. These misfortunes, of course, would be avenged.

AND NO ONE, even at this advanced phase in the development of the Commonwealth, was picturing a mere sheriff and a few half-hearted deputies "on the trail" or as "investigating." No one was worrying about fraudulency in court—judges and jurors who, in exchange for "a little commission," a share in the loot, might be glad to take orders from the defendant, as later in Nevada's silver days. This offense, it seemed, was everybody's business. It was a public affront, a kick at the very props of society. Already more mining communities than one had put down their shovels and taken up their guns. They, least of all, could countenance an attack upon a stage, the vehicle upon whose welfare they were largely dependent.

The offenders, however, had not remained long in the neighborhood; but neither had the authorities and the parties of citizens in pursuit. It was a campaign of several months; but it was one of many when the best citizens of the country—men like Frank Stevens, for example, who carried scars of Vigilante action—were determined, as members of the well-known "Committee," upon a round-up. They were not apt to fail. The capture, in this case, of six accomplices and of White and Fernandez was a long step in the right direction. Any suspect carrying a certain talisman, a bullet curiously marked with several dots and a cross, could be readily *identified as a member of the band;* and there were other telltales as well. White, having chanced to fall into the hands of the law, had turned state's evidence.

Ned Connor had no such opportunity. Having already been several times wounded during the battle on the Camptonville road, now he engaged a small party of citizens and fell with a bullet through his heart. Few men, if any, of the entire gang escaped altogether. Tom Bell's career ended on October 4, or about six weeks after the hold-up of the Langton stage.

It appears that Elizabeth Hood of the Hog Ranch House, who with her three daughters had been apprehended in the Tulare regions—the central part of the State—had pointed out the trail to a certain deputy sheriff. Then a small body of volunteers did the rest.

It was in the upper reaches of the Merced River that they came upon "the doctor." He sat unsuspecting—a leg tossed carelessly over the saddle of an exhausted mustang. He had mistaken the men for elk hunters. But with his unsightly disfiguration, there had been no mistaking him.

There was no resistance, no attempt to escape. Bell was granted exactly four hours in which to write letters to his family in Tennessee, while his captors waited and dangled a rope from a sycamore. The deputy sheriff arrived, accommodatingly and tactfully, only after this time had elapsed and when there remained only the letters and the scalp of Tom Bell to carry back with him to Sacramento.

It was unfortunate, some newspapers believed it a duty to state, that the deputy had been too tardy to prevent such lawlessness in the execution of a criminal. But so it had been; and so it was that the earliest Western stage-coaches, with their immense cargoes of gold, had ranged as free and protected as though under the surveillance of an army. There was the deterring spirit of a social organization as well as the ready gun of the passenger.

Even as late as 1859, when some dozen attacks upon the vehicles by road-agents could be counted in all, the successful plundering of one was attributed to the fact that there had not been "any passengers in the stage to protect it." Then, too, there had been only $1,500 to protect.

PROGRESS in the business after Bell's pioneering was slow. But in the following year a second attempt was made while a coach of A. N. Fisher Company was on its way to Stockton with an accumulation of express from three mining camps. Wells-Fargo and Pacific Express treasure amounted to $37,600; but there were no special agents in charge, and only one passenger aboard. The time was about an hour before daylight on August 17. The stage-coach, in almost total darkness, two miles out of Angel's Camp, was winding through its most desolate stretch of road, when the monotony was suddenly relieved by the quick, shadowy forms of two men at the heads of the leading team. Three others, *mounted, and flourishing their arms,* sprang up beside the stage.

There was little that a driver could do under such circumstances. Not only were both his hands very full, but there was the safety of his passengers to consider, however little they were expected to consider him. Yet in this case there was no action whatever. The odds of five to one might have explained it; but, for the Sacramento *Union* it would appear that such odds were not sufficient. The editor believed that, since the lone passenger had been aroused from a sound sleep only to blink down the bore of a double-barreled gun, he must have been "overawed."

In any event, the robbers were allowed their own way for a time. They made off with the box of gold and might have reaped the benefits, had it not been for the prompt action of several mining towns. All the loot was recovered, however, and all the looters were captured before that day was done.

May 3, 1858, was the next stop. By this time travelers were more accustomed to going about unarmed. There was a coach loaded with them on this occasion. Only one occupant carried a weapon—I. N. Dawley of Nevada City, a banker's agent in charge of a large quantity of dust, which he carried on his person. The stage-coach was near the town of Nevada on the Auburn and Folsom road when halted by five men with pistols and double-barreled guns. They told Dawley, among others, what to do with

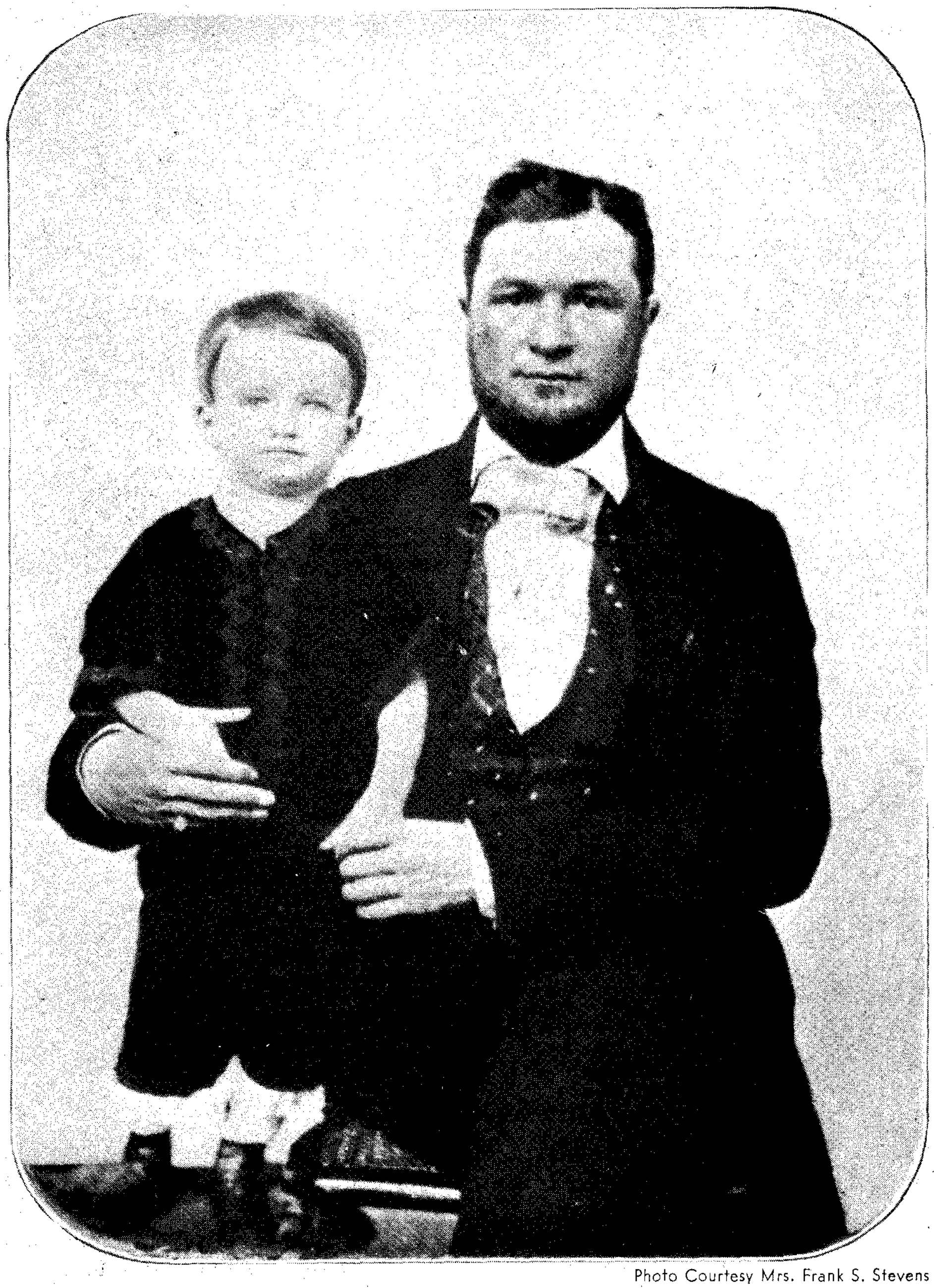


Photo Courtesy Mrs. Frank S. Stevens

Frank Shaw Stevens and stepson, Frank S. Birch.

his hands; but this gentleman had a will of his own. He drew!

He might well have drawn his last rattling breath in addition, but for one bandit's sense of humor. He told Dawley to be careful. No, no! Somebody might have to kill him.

There was some logic in that. Mr. Dawley replied that he fancied, after all, it *would* be foolish to fight when, really, there was nothing to fight for. The coach just behind, he explained, carried all the express. Nor did a search through the boots and elsewhere belie the statement; and the driver was ordered to drive on.

He did so; but the intrepid Dawley was very uneasy. In order to save the dust of Marks & Company he had parried an attack in the direction of Wells-Fargo. He felt obliged to adjust matters, to rally all hands to the rescue of the other stage, and in open battle if necessary. But it was only to learn of the defenseless condition of his fellows. The robbers, meanwhile, had pounced upon the other victim.

It was to be a rich haul this time, and it might very well have been richer. This second coach happened to be one which certain buyers of dust in Forest City had missed some distance back on the road; and now, on horseback and with $16,000 among them, they were racing to overtake it. They were headed directly for the highwaymen. But the latter, at the ominous sound of hurrying hoofs in their direction, turned and fled with what plunder they had already collected. A moment later two horsemen, having discharged a third with their mounts, climbed breathlessly with their bags of gold aboard a stage which had just been rifled of $21,000.

HERE, with nearly a decade of staging about to close, was the first successful stage hold-up, and the only one of three "successes" during all the fifties worthy of mention. In September, 1858, a woman tried it. She was the notorious "Dutch Kate" of Marysville—wore men's clothes, smoked, gambled, drank whiskey along with the best of drinkers; and if it were true that she could swear to do justice to any occasion, there was offered an opportunity on her first stagefaring exploit.

She had just lost $2,000 at cards. There was news of considerable treasure on the road from Camptonville, and Dutch Kate, with two men to show her how, set out on the late Tom Bell's preserves to recover her losses. The work seemed very simple, once she had started it. She beheld ten passengers submitting quietly, perhaps smilingly, to her demands. She wanted only the express box, and it was dropped to her without any ado. When she told the driver to "get up and get," he got—that was all there was to it. When she opened the box—that was all there was to that. It was empty, and, worse still, among the passengers whom she had not searched, one, according to the papers of the following morning, had carried a purse worth $15,000.

Other coaches were held up during the year and a considerable number the year after. Express companies were more and more able to stand their losses; and, accordingly, the public was becoming less and less responsible in its attitude, and stage passengers more discreet. Times were changing. No doubt they were changing for the better; but there was something unique about the Fighting Fifties before Tom Bell had blazed the crooked trail.

Then society as an avenging jade had been glad to sit on the lid, as it were, of all treasure boxes transported from the mines. In her hand she held a ready noose. She was not law-abiding, did not intend to be, just yet. She was a kind of in-law of the out-law Judge Lynch, yet differed from him in at least one commendable respect: she was so dispassionate and impersonal in her determination to punish; she was so matter-of-fact, so terrifyingly cool and relentless. Her sparkling display of gold was a lasting temptation; but she was a warning in her very allurement, and withal the most respected creature in the mines.

Some men did not trust her wholly. One man is known to have placed three rattlesnakes in his trunk to guard his dust upon shipment. Other men did not understand her at once; but if they lived through their lessons they were apt to learn. She encouraged them, for instance, to go heavily armed as a means of protecting her; but let anyone make a half-threatening slip for his weapon, and see if she cared who shot him.

Order, not of appearance but of fact, and not for tomorrow but now—this was her will above all; and as she looked anxiously toward the stage-coach for her continued prosperity, the stage-coach was a thing tabooed. Some liberties with the vehicle were taken during the fifties, it is true, but no such liberties as are taken by our modern romancers.

FORCED ACTION

THE stage-coach's baptism of fire by Tom Bell's band and the Pitt River Indians had happened as an appropriate, however unwelcome, ceremony; for the year 1856 was fraught with other action looking toward the advent of a staging era whose most conventional background would belong largely to outlaws and savages.

In view of the hopeless political situation involving the Pacific Railroad, the whole nation was now fairly united in the opinion that, by one route or another, no time should be lost in establishing a fast coach mail across the plains. James Birch, meanwhile, was rapidly gaining influence among the many agitators for the enterprise. He had wisely refrained from any partisan stand but, as a mail contractor and stageman of substantial resources, was prepared to enter a bid for the desired service over any route that the powers might see fit to ordain.

California, by now, had virtually lost him. Having entrusted his large holdings in her transportation business to friends of the California Stage Company and resigned his position as president (in favor of James Haworth, one of the trustees), he had withdrawn from all but his affairs at the national capital to a gay life in Massachusetts. Here, in the village of Swansea, with an estate of many acres laid out in broad lawns, terraces, lakes, and sylvan vistas, extending from the old state road to the sea, he found recreation in a hobby which had been his business as a boy! He played stage driver with "toys" that were the envy of Massachusetts.

Besides his new colonial mansion, replete from basement to cupola with such rare treasures as his taste could conceive, there were huge and elaborate stables, filled with blooded horses, various types of coaches and sleighs, together with the finest carriages for Mrs. Birch. Little wonder that the West could not hold him—this year especially; for in October of 1856 a new member was added to his family, a son to be christened "Frank" in honor of Stevens in California.

It was, however, scarcely in the nature of Birch to retire from business on any account at the age of barely twenty-nine years. Yet there remained nothing on the Atlantic Coast to hold his professional interest. Old stage-coach days in the East were clearly on the decline; and California, though it had become a stageman's paradise, was too far from a happy home. For the sake of a continued career, in short, Birch had been compelled to confine his whole energy to the promotion of a transcontinental coach mail.

The project was now being threshed out with real intention at Washington, D. C., but there were still many stumbling-blocks in its path. Steamship interests, threatened by the move, were blamed for pulling all the political strings within reach to prevent the birth of so formidable a rival; and the hopeless wrangling on the eternal question of feasible routes continued to play into their hands.

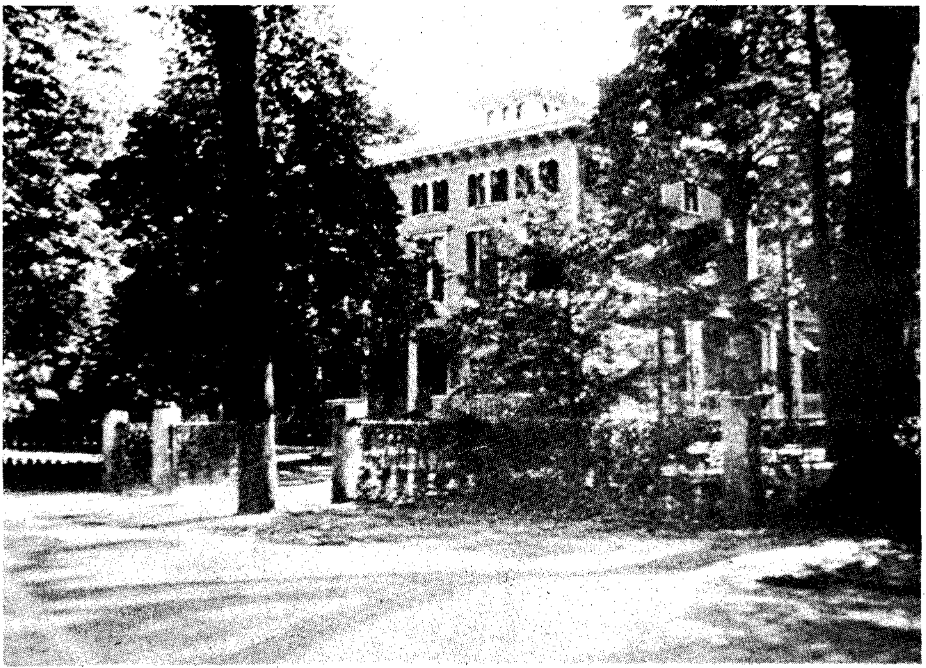


Photo Courtesy **The Providence Journal**

Old Birch-Stevens home, Swansea, Massachusetts.

FIVE railroad surveys, commenced in 1853, had been completed and reported upon by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis. This report professed to demonstrate, in part, the utter impracticability of the popular emigrant trail to California—a route leading through northern territories by way of the Mormon capital. Deep snows, especially in the Sierra Nevada, were represented as prohibitive obstacles. Of the remaining routes surveyed, there was only one, it appeared, that was worthy of consideration. It was acknowledged to be hundreds of miles longer than any other. In the shape of a rainbow, it swept as far south as the Mexican border. It entered California at a point as far removed from the populated region as Salt Lake City was distant from Sacramento, and most of the country through which it passed was an untraveled waste. But for a railroad, or for the coach mail line to precede the railroad, no route surveyed but this one through the southern domains had been reported as practicable or negotiable through all seasons of the year.

All this from the cotton-grower "Jeff" Davis and the cabinet of President Pierce, was likely to be regarded with suspicion. It was perhaps a move toward the development of Territories to become slave States.

In view especially of emigrant needs on the long-neglected Salt Lake trail, it was a move contemplated apparently with an almost brazen disregard for a crying need, the need of a nation at large.

California, naturally inclined to favor the shortest and most popular route not only for the sake of a more rapid and frequent mail service, but to facilitate the emigrant travel as well, joined the loud cry of repudiation. There was a resentful popular opinion on one side and a very powerful administration on the other, either one of which was prepared to block any pertinent measure of the opposing force.

But it was obvious, nonetheless, to the whole Southern faction that immediate action was necessary. If the mail stage line were to lead the way for a railroad through the new territories of the South, there remained no time to squander. California and Missouri were at the bitter ends of their patience. California was already struggling to raise funds for a highway of her own across her wintry Sierras, across the very backbone of political contention. By way of a pass called Johnson's, which the Federal surveyors had not deemed fit to survey, she was about to build a road and establish a regular line of stages across her eastern frontiers into western Utah (later Nevada Territory). She was about to prove, once and forever, that all of her northern gateways were not, after all, beyond further consideration.

And she was otherwise active. Through the energy of a few of her citizens, a colossal petition, begging the immediate construction of a military wagon road to course the Salt Lake emigrant trail, had been circulated throughout the State. It had been presented to the national Senate in the early spring—several huge volumes containing the signatures of 75,000 Californians. As the most gigantic memorial ever brought before that body, and with the strong support of merchants and bankers of New York, Congress was bound to act, and did.

It was in February of the following year—1857. While a very likely overland mail bill (which purposely deferred all question of route) was still pending, a great wagon-road measure was approved by President Pierce. In view of the political difficulties, the appropriation was for the construction of more highways than one, $200,000 being provided for the further improvement of the Southern or Border route, and, among other provisions, a very agreeable $300,000 for the Salt Lake or Central route. The latter appropriation, however, happened to contain an ironical little joker with sharp teeth.

Federal road construction by way of Salt Lake was to terminate at a certain region at the eastern boundary of California; and this "certain region" had been fixed, unaccommodatingly to say the least, at a snowy point well north of California's own selected Sierra Nevada transit—that which she, as a State, had recently surveyed over Johnson's Pass. The state survey had already stimulated private subscription contemplating a trans-Sierra stage road to connect with the government highway. The result was as might have been expected.

Local enthusiasm devoted to this truly strategic development was damped; and that rather cold far-northern section of the State which had been favored by the Federal measure became suddenly very animated and strong in its opposition to the Johnson Pass champions. California, like the nation she had condemned for the same human failing, was divided heatedly against herself. The staging project over her mountains was delayed accordingly. The Southern partisans in Washington, about to make hay while the sun shone, took up the whip with a vengeance, intending this time to drive through and to force the coach mail into action along the circuitous Border route.

The time had come, at any rate, for hopeful mail contractors to stand by. Directly in the wake of the Federal road appropriations was a measure authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for the long-delayed service. It was news universally welcomed, and especially to those naïve souls who could credit the fact that the selection of the route would be left, according to law, to the mail contractor himself. But the fact that all bidders were to include, with their bids, proposals of route; the fact that the Postmaster-General was to choose whatever bidder most suited him; the fact that he hailed from Memphis, Tennessee and that Memphis was among the candidates for a position at the eastern terminus of the line—all this and more could not be overlooked. It was something, as history would prove, for all eligible contractors to bear strictly in mind.

JAMES BIRCH, at any rate, was on hand—a man still in his twenties about to match his experience, capital, and national prestige against the combined forces of John Butterfield, William B. Dinsmore, William G. Fargo, James Gardner, Marcus L. Kenyon, Hamilton Spencer, and Alexander Holland—seven joint bidders representing the most powerful express companies on the Atlantic Coast. But in spite of them, and everything behind them, it appeared at first to most of the world that the rails were not bent in their direction. No bidder but Birch had created and controlled an organization comparable in its magnitude, efficiency, and splendor to the California Stage Company; few men had handled more mail contracts; and no man could combine more capital with experience than he. If he were to be defeated, as even his opponents did not believe he could be, numbers indeed would be required.

THE WHIP THAT CRACKED THE SIERRAS

MEANWHILE there were certain optimistic Californians who presumed that it might be still within their power to thwart the national administration in what seemed an extravagant intrigue. They were practical men who did not believe it quite necessary to travel all the way down to Mexico in order to reach San Francisco from the Eastern States' frontiers! They were the promoters of the highway over Johnson's Pass, champions of the short main emigrant trail that led in by way of Salt Lake. And in their supporting counties of Sacramento and El Dorado would each vote $25,000 during the September (1857) election, a fair road for stage-coaches could be built over Johnson's Pass into the Carson Valley, where a national highway should, but would not, connect.

But no matter. There was already money subscribed to begin the work. The connection beyond would take care of itself. But to maintain public courage in the face of all obvious national intentions relating to the overland mail was a problem entailing much doubt. Furthermore, the California Stage Company was no longer interested in Johnson's Pass. Due in part to the establishment of a little railroad from Sacramento to Folsom, the firm had moved its headquarters northward to Marysville, where other mountain passes were favored. The one hope seemed to be, dramatically, with an inveterate and typical pioneer stage driver, and none less than J. B. Crandall.

It was the same Crandall who, in 1850, had driven the governor from San Francisco to San José, racing the stage of Ackley & Maurison and bearing the news of California's admittance into the Union. He had been a proprietor of Hall & Crandall's various staging systems from that time until the incorporation of the monopoly. Now as a member of the firm Crandall & Sunderland, operating between Folsom and Placerville (old Hangtown), he was about to extend that line thence eastward to a definite place in history.

Crandall's present system was the same which Frank Stevens, in 1851, had christened "The Pioneer." The name then had not been inappropriate; but now, with Crandall himself at the reins and driving, there was to be no resting upon past laurels—not so far as the line was concerned, nor as the name of Crandall connoted "the prince of drivers." Their goal lay in the white clouds beyond the Sierras where no man had ever driven a stage before.

Enough of all this talk about routes and roads! Enough of all theories and surveys made to order by politicians! If a roadway over these mountains as mapped would not lend itself to staging on paper, he, Crandall, would drive a real stage over the mountains themselves—stock the old emigrant trail and extend his line on to Genoa in the Territory of Utah for regular service! Let them argue then as to whether or not such a thing could be done. It seemed to him that it could be; and, what was more, he would have the line in full operation within ten days.

THUS Crandall had volunteered before certain practical though very optimistic men—a certain board of directors that had been raising funds for the Sacramento and Carson Valley wagon road to cross Johnson's and Luther's passes. The interested counties would vote bonds in September; this was the month of June; but there being enough money on hand for some slight improvements along the trail, Crandall's new venture provided reason enough to let several grading contracts immediately. To determine what sections of the route most needed grading became an object of the expedition; for Crandall had offered to take, on his first trip over the Sierras, as many directors as cared to pile aboard his stage.

Then one morning—June 11, 1857—the famous reinsman, having strung good horses at intervals along the route, aroused himself at an hour which would have been called early even by the most relentless drivers of his school. The smoky lights of Placerville had digested little more than their midnight oil and had guided or supported, perhaps, the last homeward-bounders from the gambling halls only an hour before. Some of the directors, routed shortly after from their dreams, continued thence in various states of conciousness and torment through periods which were cut from eternity. But Crandall's stage had borne them out of town promptly at a quarter past three.

The vague flicker of his candle lamps went rippling along over the cobblestones, went writhing over the washed boulders of a demolished countryside, while pathfinders for a future era jerked and nodded their sleepy heads in the shadows of the Nevada mountains.

They were J. G. McCallum, T. Foster, H. Cheatum, W. M. Cary, C. Stump, a Mr. Randolph, and a newspaperman who was to leave all records but the trace of his own worthy name. They were mostly the directors from Sacramento. Those representing the interests of El Dorado had put out some time before, proceeding for the main part on horseback under the leadership of J. H. Nevitt and C. P. Huntington, Nevitt being the president of the board.

Fortunately for the members of the staging party who could not overcome their sleep, the first stretch of the journey was rather smooth driving. Pleasure-bent coaches had traversed it occasionally on excursions to a place called Sportsman Hall, about twenty miles east of Placerville; but beyond this point the first tracks to be left by stage and team were those of the Crandall expedition.

The adventurers found themselves in better spirits on leaving the Hall. A six-o'clock breakfast, with hot coffee included, enabled them to respond to cheers from an encampment of apostate Mormons near Bartlett's Springs farther on. These renouncers of the faith, it seemed, had been "fleeced" by their saintly chieftains and they would have no more of it. They waved farewell with the towels and wash-pans of their morning ablutions as the stage pulled on toward Brockless Crossing on the South Fork of the American River.

CONSIDERING what significance may be attached to their journey, it seems a pity that the stage of Crandall was not to be quite the first one over the Sierras. In so far as its passengers could be certain at the time, there was a chance that they would be. But it happened that a gay party, whose greatest concern had been vested in what liquid refreshments remained in the casks, had been granted use of a stage by the California Stage Company and had made a trip from the town of Oroville northwestward by way of Chaparral Hill and Roop's Ranch to Honey Lake—the proposed fixed terminus for the Federal wagon road across the plains by the Salt Lake route. Having made, between the dates of May 29 and June 11, a successful round trip, the California Stage Company was to win the honors of having dispatched the first stage-coach over the eastern boundary of the State.

However, since the Honey Lake expedition led to the establishment of no stage line, and appears to have stimulated no action toward road construction; since, in short, it was utterly without material issue, Crandall and his party may still be regarded as the practical pathfinders. They proved the worth of a route for staging over these barrier ranges—a route which was to be put to immediate service by Crandall himself; the same route which was to make Hank Monk famous (for reasons unknown) in driving Horace Greeley very rapidly into Placerville, and which was to become a section of the Central Overland Mail, without question one of the most exemplary stage roads in the West. Now it was Crandall's extension of Stevens' "Pioneer"—the first line to penetrate the Great Salt Lake basin from the shores of the Pacific Ocean, a definite eastward progression with a future.

The expeditioners themselves were able to foresee a vital import in their possible success. It must have seemed that the halls of the national capital vibrated a little as down the grade to Brockless Bridge the Pioneer stage went thundering. Thence up the other side it merged into a country as wild as the primal creation.

The great pines were already running up to the heavens for their light. Rocky slopes from a mere trail on the mountainside were so cleft away to the bed of Silver Creek that the sight was better left unwatched by those who could pin no faith in the performance of miracles by a reinsman. Aspens all about were trembling their proverbial worst, and there were few complaints, if any, at times when all hands were requested to change from the Crandall line to another very popularly known in the mountain as "Foot & Walker."

THE EXERCISE was pleasant and the scenery delightful. Rapid streams gushed out here and there from banks of ferns. Upward, on the hill called Peavine, was a tangled verdure in undergrowth, swinging prickly pods and wildflowers in profusion. Rich green and yellow mosses, and fungus like powdered gold, clung to the shaggy trunks of white oaks and pines. Long festoons of parasite stuff dangled between the branches, or hung wavering among the shadows like gossamer. It was a long climb to the Peavine summit, but it passed with a sigh for a past ordeal. At Foster's Halt, near Strawberry Valley, thirty-five miles from Placerville, cold ham and coffee did for supper, yet sufficed for a spirit of celebration. Then there was sleep under trees whose moss-bearded branches appeared to have tangled in the stars.

Slippery Ford! That was the next ordeal. Some of the party must have dreamed of Slippery Ford.

"You can get past Peavine—*maybe;* and you may get on a little farther. But you're at the end of the Pioneer Line, sir, when you run in to Slippery Ford." Warnings to this effect had been proffered by many who believed they knew. It was a subject for conversation at four o'clock the next morning when old Crandall saluted daylight with a crack of his whip.

The team leaped forth toward the impassable ford as though all animals were confident that their hoofs, like the feet of flies, could take a straight wall of rock at a canter. They attempted to prove it at their first opportunity, plunging down into a racing stream and on up a slope of naked granite. Several chipmunks jumped and fled for their impertinent lives. There were clatterings and splashings, deep rushing and gurgling sounds; there was the sight of four sleek and struggling animals, their sinews tensed in long ridges and ripples from their craning necks to their haunches. Crandall spoke to them calmly, his keen eyes glancing at each of their separate moves. But it was past in a trice. Some one ventured:

"If you can do that, you can bet your boots you'll do as well at Slippery."

"It's the end of stage travel, they tell me," mused the driver, "but I don't see how it can be worse than what we just hit."

Several passengers who had been smiling now began to frown; but Crandall went on: "It couldn't be much worse'n what it actually was. Coming back'll be easier going."

Thus the final ordeal in passing fell to ridicule, real ceremonies being reserved for a point just ahead. It was reached simultaneously with the first view of Lake Bigler (Tahoe), seen at a distance through forest vistas and over the tops of pines as though it were two separate ponds—great mirrors bearing the images of peaks and pointed firs, many still white with snow. The horses were slushing through long drifts here and there which had tumbled from overhanging boughs; for here were the heights of Johnson's Pass about to be christened in honor of the president of the board.

His name rang out as a bottle of old wine fell and crashed beside the hoofs of the leaders. "Nevitt! Nevitt's Summit!"

ECHOES returned the compliment from a valley beyond where Nevitt himself was to meet them. Surely a return compliment had been due—this trip had been an achievement.

The route onward through Lake Valley and Luther's Pass to Cary's Mill and the Mormon station of Genoa was to amount to little more than a continuation of ceremonies—these mostly from the throats of natives who on sight of the stage would find it difficult to believe their senses. Welcoming cheers and the firing of guns were to greet them later upon their return to Placerville; and it was an enthusiasm destined to grow, to materialize in county appropriations to the amount of $50,000 for the bettering of a practicable road—a road, incidentally, which stands for the main part today as a California and Nevada boulevard for motorists.

But at the time when Crandall, with his panting team, sat resting on the top of the world, it was all too late to check the wheels of politics. Though ten days be added to the overland journey and nearly a thousand miles to the stage line, the route for mail coaches from Memphis to San Francisco by way of the Mexican border was as good as stocked.

For Crandall, however, there may have been some satisfaction in the thought that here lay a section of the Central route which would advertise a national blunder so long as that blunder obtained. Here lay the impassable bugaboo in the path of the Pioneer Line, being subdued and tamed under the hoofs of his horses, the thong of his whip, and the wheels of his Concord stage.

For seven years this bugaboo had reigned over the Sierra Nevada, isolating a populated State as though it had been an island colony in some remote zone of the sea. From the Missouri River by way of Salt Lake and along the dreary Humboldt there were long wagon trains, leaving the graves of their drivers and the bones of their oxen to mark the trail, still plodding their way to the Pacific Coast in the manner of the days of forty-nine. A seven years' campaign for something better had only now come to a head —now that the deep basin of California had become a caldron and commenced to boil over.

It had bubbled up to the brim at Honey Lake with a coach of the California Stage Company. Then up and over the brim at Johnson's had popped the stage of Crandall to serve an immediate demand and eventually a lasting benefit. The stages of Birch would be the next ones out, and this time with an impetus to carry on across the plains. The stagemen of the coming era were to tend an empire, following many trails blazed by the daring of pioneers.

—To be continued in the next issue.

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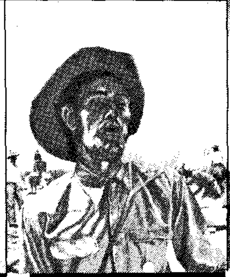
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4 Ceremonial Dance

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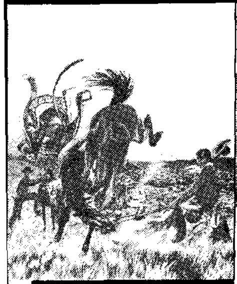
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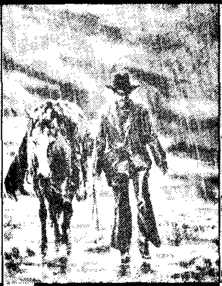
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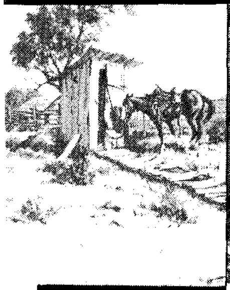
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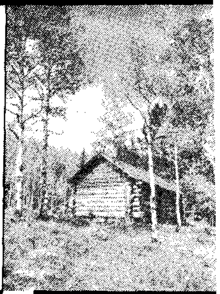
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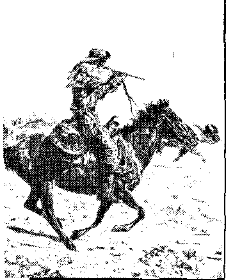
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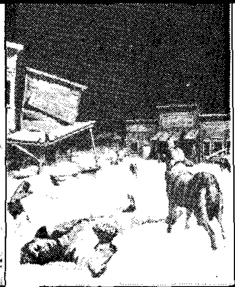
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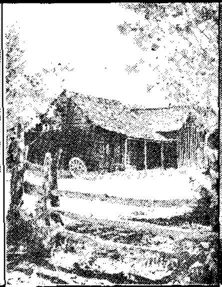
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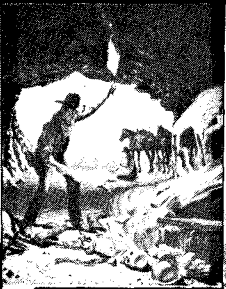
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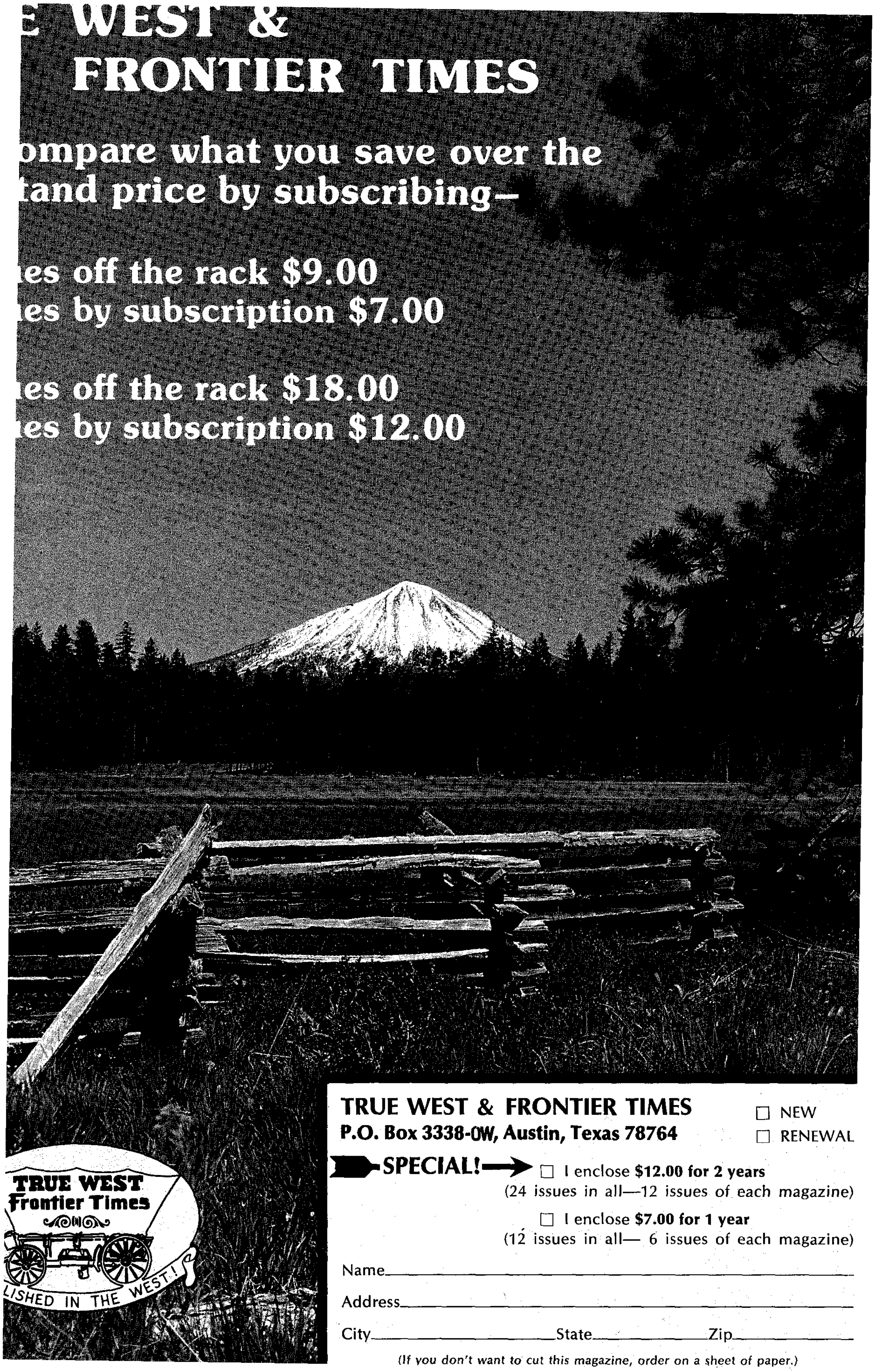

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